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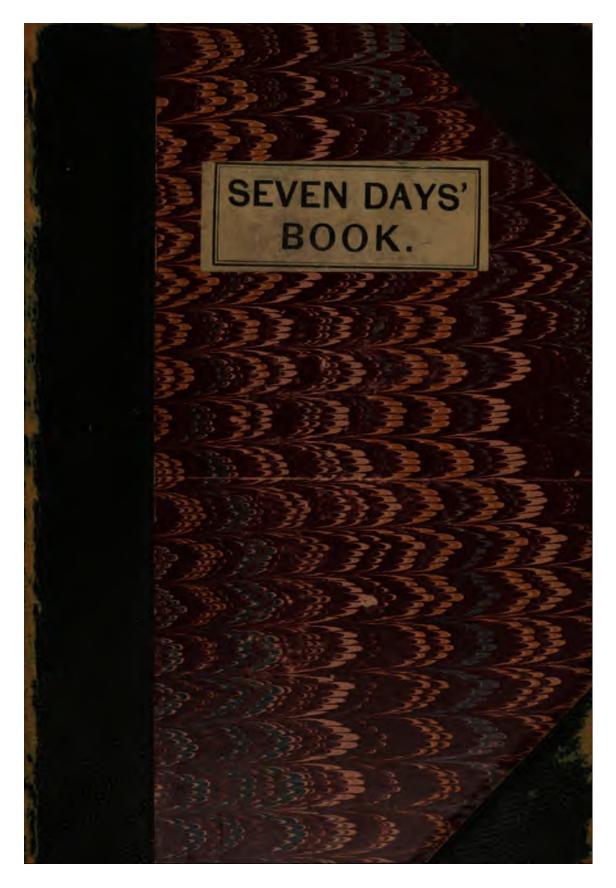
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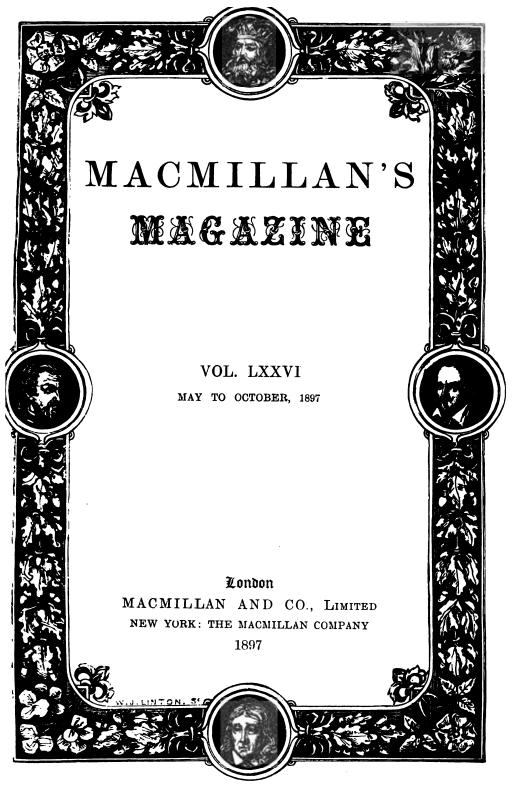
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXVI



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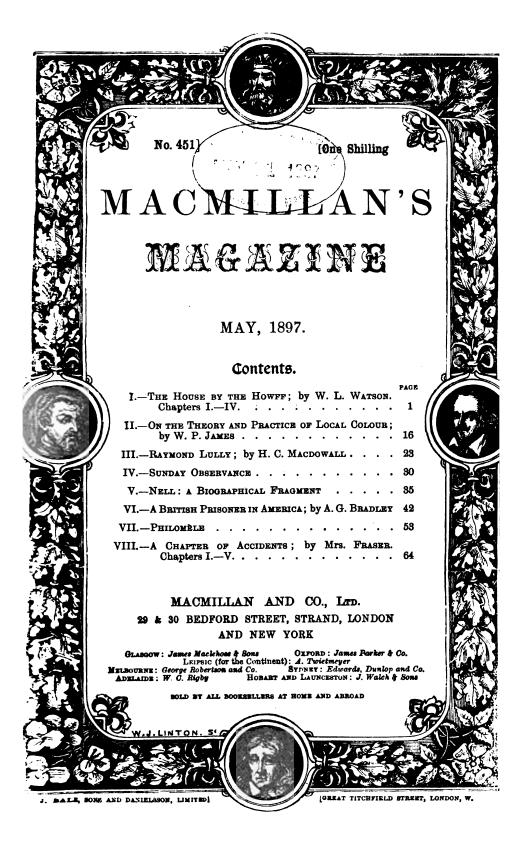
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1897.

## THE HOUSE BY THE HOWFF.

By W. L. WATSON.

## CHAPTER I.

THE night of the 26th of September. 1746, was fair and pleasant. A moon, one quarter waned, shone with fitful brightness through slow-moving clouds. If James Grier, as he strode along on the post-road between Perth and Dundee an hour past midnight, had been a fanciful man there was much in the prospect about him to arouse his interest, for under the alternations of broad light and uncertain gloom the long flat stretch of the Carse o' Gowrie, which he was traversing, was filled with romantic ghostliness. Far away on his left the ominous bulk of Dunsinane and King's Seat loomed at intervals vaster than their reality, and then fell away into cloudy shadow; while down to his right an occasional gleam seemed to show where the full Tay was running silently to the sea. But Grier was a firm-footed, clear-minded man, with little knack of imagination. Armed only with a stout staff he held steadily onward, seeing nothing by night but what he could explain by day. was something martial in his deliberate, measured tread, and at times he would carry his staff upright against his shoulder, as if it were a sword. echo of his footsteps in the solitude, which is apt to play upon a nervous man, troubled him not at all; and

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when a watch-dog rushed barking from a farmhouse by the wayside, he neither swerved nor hastened, but only lowered his staff to strike if need were. carried a hundred pounds in English gold about him, being the amount of deposit demanded on the purchase of a small farm on which he had set his heart. But he was late. better prepared had already lodged their proposals, whereas it was only on the previous evening and by great efforts that he had been able to get the money together, and it was his purpose now to reach Dundee by early dawn in the hope that even at the eleventh hour he might obtain preference for his offer from the lawyer charged with the business.

He held sturdily on, relieving the monotony at intervals by some sips from a flask and a mouthful of oatmeal cake. After three hours' walking he judged himself to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the village of Longforgan. The sky had been getting more clouded, the moon fainter, and the night air colder. The hour by his watch was half-past three. some time James Grier had been whistling under his breath the tune of a marching-song, accented strongly by the steady beat of his footsteps, when of a sudden he broke out aloud into the fag end of the refrain :-

En revenant de la guerre, ma chère, En revenant de la guerre.

Stepping out with fresh energy under the comforting sound, he began the next strain, Tu as de moi, en souvenir, when from the shadow of a large oak by the roadside a man stepped out, and greeted him with "Good-night, sir."

"Good-night to you," answered Grier, showing no disposition to stop. The man effectually, but without ostentation, put himself in the way. "I remark," he said, "by your song that you have served in France." A passing gleam showed Grier that he held in his left hand a silver snuff-box, while the thumb and forefinger of his right were closed on a pinch of the powder, with which he dallied gracefully.

"You are right, sir; I have served in France; but at present I am in haste."

"The business must be important that takes you abroad at this hour of the night."

"My business is my own. As for the hour, that is everybody's."

"It is a pretty answer," was the calm rejoinder, uttered with much politeness. By this time Grier had been able to observe that the stranger had the air and dress of a gentle-The latter was neither wholly civil nor military. It smacked of both conditions; but there was no mistaking the import of the sword that hung by his side, and Grier knew by the particular fashion of the side pockets of the coat that they were made for pistols. "A politic answer," the man continued; "but without insisting on my authority, I would beg you of your courtesy, sir, to tell me whence you have come."

"Without admission of authority, sir, and merely as courtesy, I answer, from Kinfauns."

"I thank you; and have you seen any person on the way?"

"As for instance?" asked Grier, less from curiosity than to break the feeling of being interrogated.

"A young gallant on a horse?"
"No; neither gallant nor horse."

"Ah, and your own business, I think you said, was—?"

" My own."

"True, I had forgot you said so before. And yet, sir, it will be necessary to make a slight advance upon that somewhat meagre reply. It grieves me to hint at force, but within easy call [he carried the snuff gracefully to his nose and waved his hand vaguely towards the roadside] I have sufficient to compel your arrest and an examination of your person. At the sound of this [taking from his sleeve a silver whistle and holding it daintily between his fingers like the pinch of snuff] you would find yourself——"

Before he could finish the threat, uttered with such polished deliberation, James Grier, dropping his staff, seized him with most sudden accuracy by the throat, held him so for some seconds with the force of a garrotte, and then threw him on the grass by the wayside, where the fall made but little noise. With the same practised adroitness Grier placed a knee on each of his extended arms, and pinned him thus, motionless and quiet. Using his free hand he took from the man's pocket a silk handkerchief and, in spite of a violent resistance, gradually forced it into his mouth. Next he undid his belt, and turning him face downwards bound his arms behind his back by the elbows. Finally, he placed him, thus gagged and pinioned, in a sitting posture by the wayside bank, and rising, said: "Yes, sir; I learned much in France; how to bind bandits for one thing. Be na greatly cast down at your mishanter. Worse might have befallen ye, but that I ken na well who ye be. But this will serve ye for a lesson, not to stop honest men from their private affairs on the King's highway."

Remembering the allusion to a force in reserve, James Grier had in all this been as noiseless and swift as possible. He now continued his journey, and some two hundred yards or so further on was pleased with his precautions, for he became aware of the presence of three or four men who paced up and down in the shadow of the bordering hedge, cursing their luck and the chill air, while, to judge from the champing of bits and the jingling of bridles, their horses were ready at hand. When Grier came opposite to the group the darkness for the moment was profound, and at the sound of his footsteps the men stopped in their perfunctory sentry-like walk. Grier began again to hum his marchingtune. Suddenly from one of the group came the peremptory challenge, "Who goes!"

"Friend," he answered without stopping; then with fine audacity he added, "I passed your captain further up."

"Have you seen anyone else?"

"Not a soul. Good-night."

They did not answer his salutation, but fell back by the hedge, resuming their imprecations on the fate that kept them there.

Reflecting on what had passed, as he pursued his way with quickened pace, Grier inclined to the belief that his rough-dealing with the captain (for at that rank he now rated him) had been a mistake. Sudden of temper, and trained by the wars to speak little and act quickly in case of quarrel or difference, he had, on being threatened, instinctively grappled with his man. But, from the disposition of the force on the road and the captain's questions, it was becoming plain to him that an ambush had been laid for some far higher game than he. Like

a vagrant hawk, he had torn asunder the mouth of the snare set perchance for a royal eagle. Well, the thing was done, and it was not in his temperament to care much. His chief concern was the safety of his hundred pounds, and next, that his road was open, for if the men discovered too soon the plight of their leader and followed him up, he would hear the horses long before they could reach or espy him, and hide till they passed. But he desired to avoid any such necessity, and therefore maintained his increased pace with unfaltering An hour passed thus steadiness. without incident, and the east began to show a tint of the coming day. From the top of the next rise in the road he could descry the first outlying houses that marked the precincts of the town. If he chose, he could now descend a path to the river's bank where no horseman could follow; but after a moment's hesitation he decided to keep to the high road. So he drained his brandy-flask, brushed the heavy night-dew from his hair, and pressed on steadily until the West Port came in sight. At that moment, however, the wind blowing behind him from the west brought to his ear the ominous ring of a horse's hoof, and turning, he beheld a single rider advancing also to the town. a pursuer, or was he the gallant for whom the captain's question showed he had been waiting? In either case he was alone; and Grier feared no single opponent, even at the odds of a horse. He therefore placidly kept on his way, but instead of entering the town by the West Port, turned sharply to the left along a by-path at the end of which was a detached hostelry. He was somewhat surprised to note by the clatter behind him that the horseman was following the same path, and slackening speed; by the time it came abreast of him the horse was at a

walk. He turned and encountered in the rider the face, so far as it was visible beneath the overdrawn hat, of a remarkably handsome youth, whose eyes were bent on him in close but not obtrusive scrutiny.

"A good-day to you, sir," said

"And I wish you the like," was the reply. The voice was low but full, and had a tune in it. The rider sat his horse gracefully, wearing a long blue cloak, which left nothing but his feet visible; there were no spurs on his boots, and Grier could see no sign of a weapon of any kind, but the cloak was so ample as to cover the saddle where pistol-holsters might be. The horse was a splendid animal, and although it had evidently gone fast and far still carried itself gaily.

Grier had no longer any doubt but this was the gallant for whom the ambush had been set. He would attempt certainty by a sudden remark, and so said, "Ye were watched for to-night."

The young horseman showed a trained discretion. "Watched for?" he repeated, as if in surprise.

"Yes, indeed. Saw ye not beyond Longforgan a man lying bound by the roadside, and some horsemen further on?"

"I know nothing of this or of Longforgan. You mistake who I am." The youth, saying this, reined-in at the stable door, and after a moment's hesitation dismounted. "I wish you good-morning," he said to Grier, to mark a parting.

"Nay, sir; I take my morning drink here also. Let us be frank. I take ye for the gallant on a horse for whom an ambush was lying out on the high road, and but for me ye wad now be in their hands. But, young sir, I am pleased to bear the wyte of what will happen rather than you. I have done my youth's adventure; you

have yet the gait to gang; may it be far. Come, drink wi' me."

"Pardon my refusal; I am in haste." He struck thrice with his closed hand on the shutter of a side-window. In a minute or two a sleepy ostler appeared, who, without sign or word, led the horse into the stable. The youth gathered his long mantle about him and made as if to depart.

"You are ungrateful, sir," said Grier.

"Nay," was the answer, given with fire, yet deprecatingly; "no man shall say that of me. If I owe you for a service done, tell me of it."

"This night," said Grier, walking with long strides to keep up with the young man's rapid gait, "I have come from Kinfauns to see whether to-day I may get the lease of a farm from the lawyer-agent here in Dundee. That is my business, fair and honest. My stable is limited, so I came on shank's naig. Beyond Longforgan I was stopped and questioned by a gentleman seemingly in authority. Me at first he wanted nocht with, but inquired after a gallant on a Then he grew curious of me, and used threats of search. Fearing for the hundred pounds I carry with me,"—he slapped his breast—"I seized him quickly, gagged and bound him wi' little fyke or noise, for I am an old soldier. But for that,—excuse me, sir; I take a pride in't; 'twas a welldone job-but for that you would have been stopped. When you passed. doubtless the men beyond did not yet know of their leader's case, and so ye came through skaithless."

"Sir," said the young gallant, "I admit the service, and am grateful."

"Now that is frank and free. As for the service, say no more; 'twas done for myself, and but left-handedly for you."

"But not less effectually. I dare not give you my name; it is not in my discretion to do so; but what may yours be!"

- "Grier—James Grier, sergeant of late in the King of France's service."
  - "And where will you be found?"
  - "At Lowrie's in the Thorter Row."
- "I will remember. But be wary about your identity; I fear me you have bound a King's officer."

"King?" said Grier half fiercely— "which King?"

The young man started and looked at him fixedly, with some excitement in his face. Grier noticed how fresh and youthful it looked. No razor had ever been laid to that smooth skin, and his figure, though tall and shapely, gave promise rather of skill and agility than force. At the question his hand appeared to move under his cloak towards his left side, and a slight click was heard as of a loosened sword.

"Stand easy, sir," said Grier; "it's a fair question: which King?"

"Is there more than one?"

"There is one by God's right; he's oversea. There's another by man's might; he's in London. To which do you uncover?"

"To both."

"Tuts, sir," said Grier impatiently, striking his iron-shod staff on the causeway, "ye are over wary for a youth. Ken ye not a friend when ye speak wi' him? For why should an ambush be out for you, gin ye be not on danger's errand?"

By this time they had come to the top of a wynd, or narrow street, that broke off to the right, following the line of the old town wall.

"Sir," said the cavalier, "my business takes me down to the Nether-gate. Although done in your own defence you have rendered to me, and to far greater than me, a service this-night. My thanks again for it. If either you or I come under question of what has passed, I know nought of you nor you of me. My hand for troth."

Grier took the proffered hand and held it. "So it is, sir. And my further service to you if need be. But trow me further. Is it for the King?

—ye ken who I mean."

The youth put his finger on his lips, and scanned the windows of the overlooking houses. "Hush," he said, "the stones hear now-a-days; the very causeway is Whig. Farewell, and Godspeed in your affairs."

"I wish you the like, sir; my troth on't. But first—

To him that's ower the main, May he soon be back again!

Drink it dry, sir."

They both reverently uncovered, and made as if they drained a glass. Grier held on straight down the Argyll-gate with the same resolute audacious step, his staff every now and again ringing clear in the quiet morning air as he struck the stones, pointing off the thoughts that were passing through his mind.

## CHAPTER II.

THE gallant, turning down the wynd, proceeded swiftly but with alert circumspection. There had been a slight strut in his walk while in Grier's company, but no more than was permissible to one so young and handsome; now it gave place to a step as light and free as that of a deer on the open Soon he came to the end hillside. of the wynd where it emerged on the Nether-gate, and, pausing, cast a searching glance to east and west of the broad street. There was no one Crossing the roadway he made astir. straight for the side gate of a large and handsome house standing in its own grounds. The gate yielded noiselessly to his hand, as also did the door of the house at the end of the garden path, and he passed into a low hall. Immediately a tall man leaped up as if from a half doze, and doffed his hat low to the newcomer.

"You come to the very hour," he said; "is it success?"

For answer the young cavalier took from under his cloak a packet, sewn in grey canvas and sealed with wax, and handed it to the tall man.

"Good, good," was the response. "You're a braw gallant, indeed, and it is a pity you should never be known for one." He made another courtly bow to the youth, and gazed at him with a curious admixture of hesitancy and admiration. Then his look changed to sadness as he continued: "The times are against us; fate also is in the league. But tell my lord, your father, if the news has not already reached him, that the Prince is afloat, and if the wind serve and the seas be clear will shortly be in France. Others, alas, are also afloat; twenty true men yesterday sailed for London, battened down under hatches. Heaven have mercy on them in the law's clutch there! I go too on my errand. but that you will pray for me at times, -you; it will sweeten the time that I must spend far from Scotland."

"I will pray for you," said the youth, removing his hat.

"Nay, be covered. You have done a brave deed when it was wanted. "Here," he said touching the packet, "is our warrant for fortune when the good times come again. The Prince is not ungrateful, and this is our record of lands pawned and effects sold for his cause. But, come; we waste time." He concealed the packet in the lining of his cloak, and led the way along the passages of the house, and through an outer door that opened on a long garden stretching down to a bordering wall by the river-shore.

"Gang warily," he said, "and pardon my leading." They descended a path sheltered from view by the wall on one side and a thick-set privet-hedge on the other. Reaching the bottom with careful footsteps, they entered an arbour in which were four men in the dress of foreign sailors, stretched in uneasy attitudes on two benches. On a little table were cards and dice, two empty bottles and some glasses.

"Rouse ye, Hans," said the tall man, roughly shaking a black-browed, curly-haired individual, who rose up sleepily at his summons. "Tis time to be gone. Are you sober, and know what you are about?"

The seaman pointed with a contemptuous grin at the empty bottles; "Not enough to be drunk," he said.

"Plenty more aboard, Hans. Let us be off." Turning to the youth, while the other sailors bestirred themselves, he said with the previous reverential courtesy: "Farewell! Here is one will ne'er forget your gallantry. You are young, and will live in a new time. Be happy; kings come and go; we are all the sport of fortune, but there is pleasure in the game howe'er it goes. God's luck upon ye. Farewell!"

"Farewell, Sir Francis," answered the young man, and a look of pity came over his face, as he shook the proffered hand.

The five men passed noiselessly through the postern-door. On the foreshore lay a ship's boat, at the oars of which they arranged themselves, while the tall man took the tiller and pushed off. Retiring into the leafy shelter of the garden, the young gallant watched the boat rowed rapidly over the grey water to a schooner of Dutch build that lay about half a mile out in the fairway. The time seemed to him long as the boat gradually lessened with distance, but he scarce took his eyes from it for a moment. At last it reached the ship's side, and soon over the quiet Tay came the sound of the whistling blocks as the mainsail was hoisted, and the clank of the capstan weighing anchor. Then he saw the vessel make way slowly. Other sails were spread, and soon before the favouring west wind, on an even keel, she grew smaller and smaller, and the screaming sea-mews were the only other moving things he could descry over the broad estuary. With an exclamation of relief he turned up the garden-path and entered the house, where he was received by an elderly woman, who embraced him affectionately. "Will ye sleep?" she asked.

"No; I am too glad to sleep, and my father waits."

"But ye maun e'en wait here too for a time. Come and rest ye." She led the way into a bed-chamber, and as the youth sat down and looked at her a shame-faced flush spread over his face.

"It's not for you this work," said the dame. "Undo these unmannerly things." She loosed the cloak and coat. "Fie, fie," she cried, as the tight fastenings yielded with a snap over the full bosom; "ye'll play the man to your ain hurt yet, Christine."

"It had to be done, and done secretly; and there's not a man in Dundee but is marked."

"Then it should na have been done at a'," answered the old servant, as she proceeded with the removal of the male attire; "an' I think but little o' my lord your father to risk sic limbs as these in nicht exploits." From an oaken press she brought forth some feminine raiment, and making a bundle of the male garments, threw them with a contemptuous gesture into a corner.

The girl, who all the while had stood with a demure half smile, half blush, on her face while being stripped of her cavalier clothes, now said: "There goes all my manliness, Elspeth."

"Ay, an' mair than becomes ye or your father to permit. But sit doon," she added with tenderness, "sit doon, Lady Christine, an' I'll busk ye braw. Oft have I done the like for your ladymother. Ah me, she's in the mools. What a dautit bairn ye were! Pray heaven, my lass, the dead see na what's passing on earth, else will your mither have a sair time."

At this appeal the young lady's eyes filled with tears, and old Elspeth. busying herself about her, loosed the great knot into which her hair had been tied and hid away in the high cavalier hat. As it fell down her shoulders the old nurse continued, but in a low, confidential whisper: "I saw Pitcairn yestreen." There was a pause, while Elspeth began to comb out the shining locks. "And he did nocht but spier an' speak o' ye." Another pause, and Elspeth could see the girl's bosom heave. "It was Christine this an' Christine that a' the time, an' I roosed ye finely." She stopped again, winding a long tress round her deft fingers. "An' he wished to ken if ye ever thocht o' him." She now appeared to become absorbed in her task, and showed no sign of resuming her talk. Christine moved uneasily, and impatiently tapped her feet on the carpet, but Elspeth continued her task mutely.

"And what did you answer, Elspeth ?"

"Answer? Who to?" said the nurse, with affected forgetfulness.

"Were you not speaking of Major Pitcairn!"

"Oh, Pitcairn! What said I but the truth?"

"The truth?"

"An' what for no?"

"But you do not know what I think."

"I ken what ye telled me." The girl jumped up with anger in her face.

"But I was na making so little o' ye as to say ye said it. Thinking's another thing."

"Oh, Elspeth, shame!"

"Nae shame, my bairn. The day I see you an' Pitcairn wedded an' safe oot o' this deil's war an' confusion, I'll dance wi' joy."

"But I am not going to marry Pitcairn."

"Faith, an' ye love a man an' no wed him, I'll gang to my grave an' greet wi' your mither in heaven."

The girl buried her face sobbing on the old woman's shoulder.

"Now, now, my lamb. My way's the right way, an' your father's the wrang. Dinna tie your heart up in men's coats again, for ye'll get a To-night is the first man's thochts. Speak Pitcairn fair, my lass; he's a true lad though he be a Whig. I'm as Jacobite as a woman can be, for it's been the faith o' the family sin' I can mind. But love's a higher prince than Charlie, and hearts can owerrule politics. Politics ye can stuff into a pouch among gowd, but ye'll no cram love into sae little bulk. Come now, eat something an' rest a wee, an' syne I'll walk wi' ye to your father's house by that dreary howff."

#### CHAPTER III.

Lowrie's in the Thorter Row, which James Grier had named as the place he would be found at, was an old three-storied house with a high peaked front. An outside stair, built parallel with the front wall, led from the street to the first floor, ending in a broad stone slab which served as a landing-place to the principal door. This stone stage was upheld by two oaken posts, and the under part of the stairway being unenclosed, made a recess half the width of the footpath, and was the portal of the little shop on the street level where Lowrie re-

tailed snuff and tobacco. To the wall above the house door was affixed a board whereon was painted the word Lodgings.

Lowrie was a master-Thomas mariner retired from the sea, whose friendship Grier had won many years before at Bordeaux, where he had saved his life in a street brawl. was sure of his welcome, therefore, but he had made such good way over the latter part of his night's journey, that he now found himself before Lowrie's house at a much earlier hour than he had contemplated. There was no sign of movement, and he hesitated how to proceed, for any knocking that would waken Lowrie would also disturb the whole street, and he had reasons for avoiding publicity. Lowrie, he knew, shifted his bedroom according to the exigencies of his lodgers, and to tap at a window by chance might result in rousing the wrong person.

As he stood in this perplexity, his eye caught a bundle of rough sacking in the corner under the stairs; it seemed to move, and presently there peered forth from beneath it the red shock-haired head of a boy. stared at Grier with sleepy yet keen eyes, and, grasping a crutch, stood erect. One leg was doubled back at the knee, the opposite shoulder had a slight hump, his skin was yellow and unhealthy-looking. There was a kind of brutish idiotcy in the shape of his head and brow, while the lower part of his face, particularly the mouth, showed something of gentleness and even refinement.

"This is Lowrie's," he said.

"I ken that fine, laddie," said Grier in a whisper, lifting up his finger warningly; "but where is Lowrie?"

"Sleepin'," was the curt reply.

"And a sensible man, too. Which room?"

The boy pointed to the top room of all to the left.

"Then I must e'en wait till Lowrie wakens, unless ye ken a way to get at him," said Grier.

The boy examined Grier all over twice with the most unabashed coolness. At last he said: "Gin ye'll stand on the stair-head an' lift me up I'll rap at his window wi' this," touching his crutch.

"Ye have a brain, laddie, though appearances are against it." Grier took him in his arms and climbed the "Whisht now," he said, as he lifted him up and balanced him on his shoulders. Propping his lame leg against the wall the boy reached out his crutch and tapped gently three times on the window-pane, maintaining his position to see the effect. In a moment or two the sash was softly lifted and Lowrie peered out in evident astonishment. Grier set down the cripple, and looking up, repeated to Lowrie the previous whisht.

"What, you, Grier?" He came down and opened the door. "Come to bide?"

- " For a wee."
- "Nicht or day, rain or fair, man, but you are welcome. Pase, Señor."
- "Cut the lingo, Lowrie. Wha's this laddie; yours?"
  - "Na, faith."
  - "Does he blab!"

Lowrie's hands went instinctively to where his pockets should have been, but encountering only a night-shirt he said to Grier, "Give me twa bawbees." Grier handed him the coins. "Here Davie," he said to the boy impressively, "ye saw nobody this morning; ye never rapped at my window, an' ye've been sleepin' a' the time."

The boy nodded, his eyes glittering as he took the money, and he said in a strange cracked voice that seemed to come from his nose, "I never waukened till seven this mornin'." At that moment the town-bell struck five.

"That's so, Davie; stick to that and the bailies will never take ye."

Davie stole noiselessly down the steps and rolled himself up again in his sack beneath the stair, while the door closed on Grier, whom Lowrie led up to his bedroom. There from a cupboard he produced three curiously shaped bottles. "Take your pleasure, old friend; rum, brandy, Scots' malt, and the King has had no toll on any."

"Damn the King, and his minions,"

said Grier vehemently.

"Whisht, you fool," said Lowrie, "Leezie, the lass, sleeps through the wall. Her mother's cousin is married on a bailie, an' clavers in these times are good evidence. Drink while I dress, and tell me what brings you here; syne I'll get you something to eat."

Grier proceeded with great deliberation, and much dramatic emphasis, to relate the cause of his night's journey, and the mysterious occurrences which befell. At the incident of the man by the wayside Lowrie paused with his fingers on the buttons of his waist-coat, and when Grier further proceeded to tell of the young horseman, his meeting and parting with him, the old mariner's eyes glowed with astonishment, and he said: "There's a traitor somewhere."

"What ken ye o' the matter?" asked Grier.

"Only this, that they tried me with the venture and I refused. For what excuse have I to give for being on the road from Perth at night?"

"But what is the affair, and who was the youngster on the horse?"

"I ken nothing but that I was to bring a packet to be given me at Kinnoul, just outside Perth. Not liking the task I was told no more. But somebody kens that should na, else why was the messenger waited for? An' who was he? These are questions, Grier; but as for you,

you're finely in the mesh. Odsake, man, ye've assaulted and tied up a King's officer, and I'll pawn my head its Captain Arklay."

"What care I? Let his King untie him."

"But, man, you'll be sought for, an' you're here."

"Then," said Grier, "I'll go elsewhere."

Lowrie looked at him severely, and answered: "And I have a mind to let ye go for your little faith in me. If you take my words that way, go."

Grier resumed his seat in silence, and filled two glasses, one of which he handed to Lowrie: "Drink, man, and forget it. Here's to our old friend-

ship."

"Sink or swim," responded Lowrie, while they clinked their glasses and "Look ye, Grier; emptied them. the times are fickle, an' the provost of the town has issued orders to the burghers to render an account of all newcomers abiding in their houses by twelve o'clock o' the day on which they arrive. Now you are not biding wi' me, strictly speakin'. You are here, an old friend, on a specific errand, to which the lawyer-man ye are going to see will testify. And so I will omit the return o' your name."

"But what have I done? I can bide the wyte o't. No man as yet has the privilege to stop and search passers on the highway like a foot-

pad."

"You're a simple fiery man, James Grier; you have no wit for politics. In times like these the law and its powers are instruments for ensuring the conviction of all persons obnoxious to the King—the King that reigns. The other King—..."

"God bless him," said Grier.

"Amen," responded Lowrie, fastening his neckcloth,—"would equally benefit if the power were his."

"Ye get learned, Lowrie; ye speak 'ike a counsellor."

"Aha, friend; I study policy, not aw."

"And smuggle spirits."

"Yes, but I smuggle wisely, James, wisely; and pay my tobacco duties with most ostentatious punctuality. You are not wise, not with that kind o' wisdom. You have an awfu' tongue, James, a most outrageous, plain-speakin' tongue. Captain Arklay will search you out wi' a' the power o' law and force at his command, and it will go hard wi' ye, if taken, to escape the prison, and Heaven kens what more."

"And what does your high wisdom

counsel?"

"That ye go about this business o' the farm at the earliest moment, and by midday at latest take the road for Kinfauns and hame again, where you had best lie quiet, an' never say king nor country in your cups."

A rustling at the door caught Lowrie's ear. He stepped forward and opened it abruptly. "It's me, Maister Lowrie," said a female voice; "I'm gaen doon to clear up the shop."

"What! wi' but a petticoat on? Ye're a curious lass, Leezie; mind the word—curious; an' ye may fa' into trouble over it, sae tak heed. Go and dress yoursel' decent like; it's early yet."

He shut the door and said to Grier, "I feared the kimmer wad be listenin'."

"Then why do you keep her?"

"I telled ye already, for policy. Her friend the bailie is a slippery man. When Charlie's pipes were skirled in the Market-gate for recruits, he opined, cautious man, that the fortune o' war might go one way, or might go anither. It's gone the ither; an' now ye may ken the bailie's true opinion. He's a deep man, an' a whittret for rebels, James, rebels." Lowrie pointed to himself and Grier. "I keep the lass to daur him. But I will get ye something to eat."

He went downstairs, and Grier's

reflections took a serious turn. He began to appreciate his friend's reasoning, and as his recent history and opinions would not bear strict Whig scrutiny, he was disposed to take his advice and despatch his business, returning home quietly thereafter.

Lowrie appeared with some cold beef and bread, and like true Scots they said nothing while their mouths were full. Grier at last remarked:—

"In case of question they would think I was a decoy set first over the road to clear the way."

"Precisely. They wadna stop at question; they wad assert it and prove it."

"Pah," said Grier, throwing down his knife and fork, "I'll no break my brains more about it. I'll go sleep till nine, when I can see this Auchenleck the lawyer. What's he, Whig or Tory!"

"He's a lawyer," answered Lowrie grimly.

Grier threw himself with an air of impatient discontent on the bed, and composed himself to sleep. Lowrie descended to the shop and began to arrange his stock, for it was marketday. By seven o'clock he had his shutters open, and shortly after various farmers entered to make their purchases of snuff and tobacco, for which Lowrie was famous.

By nine o'clock the Market-gate was busy with the county throng. Samples of the new crop were handed about and priced, and corn and politics jostled each other for pre-eminence.

Suddenly a clatter of horses was heard, and all eyes were turned to a military party of five who trotted into the wide market-place and reined up at the Townhouse. Their leader, who was no other than Captain Arklay whom Grier had so unceremoniously handled on the high road, dismounted and entered the building. He looked sour and out of temper, and though not

yet thirty, did not bear his years well. The crowd closed round the four troopers, and some bold individuals tried them with questions. In a little time the town-sergeant and several messengers came out, and dispersed themselves hastily in different direc-Evidently the magistrates were being summoned to a council. Wild rumours began to circulate, and the troopers in consideration of surreptitious refreshment, chiefly in the form of strong liquors, conveyed to the bystanders by hints and snatches the strange tale of the tying-up of Captain Arklay. If truth be told they showed a lively appreciation of the pretty trick played on their captain, and as they were not acquainted with the details, the story lost nothing of picturesqueness in their mouths.

Lowrie, attracted by the bustle as he stood at the door of his shop, despatched cripple Davie to bring him word of what was passing. The boy shortly returned with a highly coloured narrative, in which Lowrie at once recognised the gist of Grier's adventure. Calling Lizzie into the shop, he went upstairs and wakened his friend.

"Rouse ye, man; the troop is back and Captain Arklay is in the Townhouse. Your tale's in everybody's mouth, and your one fox has grown to ten. Make haste and do your business. There will be a requisition over the whole town for ye in the next hour. If ye care to bide the question, come back here; ye sall never say Lowrie deserted ye. If not, take the road for hame."

"Lowrie, ye mean well; but I will flee from no Captain Arklay. Why should I know him from a footpad?"

"James Grier, ye jump finely to my argument. That defence would go near to hang you, man. Not to know Captain Arklay from a bandit in these times is high treason."

"Lowrie, an I had not known ye in

the auld days I'd say ye had never been a man, but a stickit lawyer, you've grown sae nice in points and reasons."

"It's a puir tod that has but one hole, James. Go and do your business; it will speak for your story. But as for packets and riders mind ye ken nought."

Grier went out into the street with head erect, fuming contemptuously, and turning the corner walked straight to where the crowd stood gathered in the Market-gate. There by judicious elbowing he made way close up to the troopers, and scanned them in a way to invite attention, particularly one in whom he thought he recognised the individual he had exchanged words with; but none of them seemed to notice him.

Presently the bailies began to arrive. He stood listening to the ever increasing details of the adventure, and heard himself described with quite unrecognisable minuteness. Then growing weary of the babble, he held on his way to Mr. Auchenleck's office. The lawyer had not yet arrived, but was expected shortly, and Grier sat down to wait. A quarter of an hour passed, and then he heard the town drum beat to proclamation. With a quizzical smile he went out to listen.

"This is to give notice that this morning early a young man on a horse entered the town from the west bearing on his person papers treasonable to his Majesty the King, and further that a middle-aged man clad like a farmer is supposed also to have come by the same way into the town. Now, therefore, any person knowing aught of either, or who has harboured or entertained such person or persons, is required forthwith to repair to the Townhouse and make declaration of his knowledge thereanent. God save the King!"

Having listened to this with con-

temptuous indifference, James Grier returned to Mr. Auchenleck's office and resumed his chair, and soon fell into a sound sleep, heedless of drums, councils, or lawyers.

## CHAPTER IV.

When old Elspeth had finished her task of clothing Lady Christine and induced her to take some refreshment, she left her alone. Entering the room some hours later she found her fast asleep in a deep cushioned chair. She stood looking at her for some moments, while her face softened with a profound compassion, and compassion in the lineaments of age is the more moving for that it is tutored by knowledge. The old nurse sighed, and stepping to the lady put a light hand on her shoulder. "Come, Christine, I would fain see ye safe at hame."

The girl leaped up with a startled look, but at sight of Elspeth a smile of most charming sunniness broke over her countenance.

"Ye can make up your rest at hame. Your father will be anxious about ye."

"No more sleep to-day, Elspeth. What, sleep while the sun shines?"

"And what for no, if the body calls?"

"But it does not call; besides, I am too fond of the sunshine to incur

The owlet's doom: to wake by night,
To haunt the gloom and shun the
light."

"Tuts, ye may find a rhyme for any nonsense."

The lady made merry over old Elspeth's concern; she even showed a mind to increase it, and said, simulating disappointment, "And I may not have my sword to wear?"

But instead of responding as she anticipated, the nurse, turning a serious face upon her said in a tone of rebuke: "If I hadna seen ye born and grow up, and kenned ye for a maid, I wad be misdoubtin' ye. My lord your father will be the spoilin' o' ye an' a' your beauty an' promise. What wi' fencin', Latin books, and now nicht adventures, the tender heart o' ye will become grit as a man's."

"No, no. It's unuse that makes hearts hard."

"Ye may break words wi' me as ye will, but I've lived aucht an' seventy year, an' the warld's aulder than that, an' I have aye seen an' heard that a maid is a maid an' a man a man. Muckle as I loe ye, I'm no thinkin' ye will manage to be both, an' brag o't. Wae waits ye on that road, an' ye have nae mither to guide ye. When I am dead ye'll mind I said it, my leddy."

"Ah, Elspeth, but do not lady me; say Christine, just wee Christine. What would you have me do?"

"I wad have ye speak o' gallants and love. Here's Pitcairn keeps rappin' at the yett o' yere heart. He's leal and brave; he's been i' the wars; he has a name and bears it modestly; an' is out o' favour for his gentleness in lettin' sae many o' Charlie's men slip his grip. His likin' for you is warldly loss to him, an' yet ye ne'er so much as raise your 'een to him."

The girl's look was on the ground. After a pause she said: "I am not so hard as that, Elspeth. My father says that in his youth Major Pitcairn was a loyal Stuart. See what he is now."

"Your father will be sair surprised, nae doubt, to find there's Whigs in heaven, an' Stuarts in the tither place. When a man like Pitcairn turns Whig in his sober years, Whiggery is the better o' it, an' I say that that have been loyal a' my days. Come now, loose your heart an' let it gang its way but politics. Deal couthily wi' him the nicht. If I but saw ye wedded fair, I wad die happy, an'

meet your lady-mither wi' a better face."

"Do not speak of death, Elspeth," "We live said the girl passionately. by the kirkyard, my father and I; it is our only pleasaunce and outlook; I spell the gravestones all day. That, and Seneca's maxims which my father instructs me in, weigh me down, and to jump that I would wear a man's clothes and put myself at risk seven times a week. Oh for a bit of sunny life and I would be happy. But my father,—my father! Misfortune is our master; we are poor and walk in the shade, and he is stubborn for his faith, so Pitcairn and love must wait, perhaps go by. It is our fate."

"Fate's a fine fellow when you daunt him, Christine, but dour, dour, when you knuckle down. There's nothing now will come o' Charlie an' his cause. It's dead and done wi', an' will drag ye wi' it if ye cast na loose."

"My father will never cast loose, but stick the closer. So, heigho, Elspeth, let us dance while we may and sing dole when we must."

"But ye'll dance wi' Pitcairn the nicht?"

The girl put her arms round the old nurse's neck, and said in her ear: "Yes, all night, and with no one else, if I might. Come, let us go."

This half confession appeared to lift a load from old Elspeth's mind, and they walked along the street in gay discourse. As they passed by the north side where the country people formed a fruit-market by merely depositing their baskets at the edge of the footpath, Lady Christine stopped to buy some strawberries "They're late, my for breakfast. leddy, but they're sweet, like a lastborn bairn," was the quaint recommendation of the apple-cheeked woman who sold them, smiling graciously as the lady paid the price without

attempt at barter; "I wish ye a braw husband, wi' love an' siller." Lady Christine laughed gaily with old Elspeth at the sally, wherein the nurse found a pretty text to fit Major Pitcairn, and thus with humour and sunshine about them they turned up by the east end of St. Mary's Church and the old tower, emerging on the Argyll-gate just as Captain Arklay and his four troopers passed into the town. Casting a glance on the fair lady as she stood on the path, the Captain made a deep bow of recognition, raising his hat, to which she as courteously responded, a flush of excitement spreading over her face.

"What's astir, Christine? They are wearied and sour-lookin' as if they had been on a march."

Lady Christine looked about her cautiously, but there was no one close by, so stooping to Elspeth's ear she said, "They were waiting for me on the road last night."

"God have a care o' ye, Christine, but this is terrible wark! Oh fie, oh fie!"

"It makes the blood run finely, Elspeth," was the laughing answer. "But hush, no word of this at home. Though I came through, there's a traitor somewhere."

"Och, Christine, speak Pitcairn fair this nicht an' be done wi' this mad wark. It makes my auld bluid run cauld. Be maidenly, my lass, my bairn! Let men put their necks in the loop if they will, but for ye to do such a thing! I think but little o' your father to permit it, an' I will tell him o't to his face."

By this they had made their way up the Friar's Wynd to a point where some vestiges of the old town wall and faint remnants of a port still remained. Here on the east side stood an old picturesque house, fronting the street. The corners were rounded off into false turrets pierced by arrow-slits and topped by hood-like pinnacles, and the intervening front had irregularly placed arched win-From its north corner sprang without break an old wall, which had once enclosed the grounds of a monastery and now served as the boundary of the town burying-ground. Within this wall, and contiguous to the house, was an ancient vault from whose roof the thick-covering ivy had spread downwards over the wall, and sent forth shoots to the corner turret of the house, tenaciously linking the dwellings of the dead and the living. To all Dundee the burial-ground was known as the Howff, a word which means a resort or meeting-place, and is said to have been bestowed upon the place because of some curious local custom of open-air assemblage there, but perhaps also with a poetic regard to that last great congregation of the dead within its bounds. And so it was that the house just described had, from its position, come to be distinguished as the House by the Howff.

Here, in the decay of his fortunes, widowed, poor, his lands forfeited to the Government, and himself under suspicion, lived Lord Balmeath. These his temporal disabilities were the result of his active participation in the rising of 1715, and although he had taken no part in the recent rebellion, still his stiff-necked profession of loyalty to the Stuarts remained unrecanted, and he would not stoop to crave favour or consideration from the powers that prevailed, even had the times been propitious. Worshipping his own consistency, he turned a proud face to fate, and maintained an undying contempt for the Whigs. Neither misfortune nor poverty could abate his sense of what was due to his rank, which he held to be fixed by immutable laws; but if no art of man could diminish his title to nobility.

neither could any consideration of personal gain or profit prevail against his integrity. The recent disastrous failure of fresh hopes had cast a shadow as of final ruin over his life, which only increased his profession of political faith. "Balmeath," said a brother peer to him one day after one of his characteristic outbursts, "you would grace a scaffold finely." "I should die," came the dignified answer, "decorously anywhere."

Lady Christine and the old nurse ascended the few steps to the low arched door, which the lady opened with a key and passed in. But Elspeth hung back, saying in a whisper: "I will not go in. I would be saying to your father what I should na, though another should. I have mickle to do against the ball the nicht." Lady Christine stepped out again and kissed her. "Mind ye speak Pitcairn fair, my lamb, for I wad fain see ye happy," said the old dame as she turned on her way back.

Christine passed into the principal room of the house, a handsome oblong whose windows faced the south, looking out upon a scanty garden enclosed by a high wall. The table was laid for breakfast, and she emptied her strawberries into a dish, and, standing half-abstractedly, shaped them into a symmetrical heap, turning the large ones to the outside. At the sound of her movements the door at the further end was opened and a French servingwoman appeared, who, after greeting her, said, "Monsieur is in the chapel."

Lady Christine went up a narrow stair to her own chamber, a little room facing the north and overlooking the churchyard. She gazed through the window for a moment with the same air of abstraction, then opened the casement and made a chirping sound with her lips. Immediately from amidst the ivy that grew thick and dark over the roof of the vault beneath there flew up to the sill a clamorous flock of sparrows. "Good-day to you," she said as she broke some bread, and held out some pieces which the bolder picked on the wing from between her fingers. She then sprinkled the sill thickly with crumbs, and while the noisy birds disputed the feast, sat down by a table and began to remove her outdoor garments; and still over her face lay the expression of something which was evidently pleasant to think upon. She sat for a little while motionless, then with a kind of sigh drew a dark hood over her head, hung round her neck a rosary, and descended to the hall. Here, just within the street door to the left, an arcade of three divisions was fashioned in the wall with a quatrefoil carved at the intersections. On the rounded centre of the first of these she pressed her The wall of the shallow arch yielded like a door, through which she passed while it closed behind her. Down two steps was another unfastened door, through which she entered the ancient vault. but dimly lit by so much of the sunlight as could pierce through the ivy which grew close over the three carved openings high up in the wall. Against the east end stood a simply furnished altar, before which knelt a whitehaired man clad in velvet. He made no movement as Lady Christine approached and knelt beside him. Father and daughter remained for some time in this posture. At last he rose, and after a little she also, and together they re-entered the house.

## ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LOCAL COLOUR.

LOCAL colour is a phrase with a history; it is a phrase familiar also in current criticism and literary talk at the present moment. Only the other day an American critic proclaimed the fashion of local colour to be the most modern phase of literature; and he did not speak entirely without The Indian stories of Mr. Kipling have been a striking feature of recent literature, and the exotic descriptions of Pierre Loti landed that singularly unacademic mariner safely in the desired haven of the French Academy with unusual rapidity. There is now hardly any corner of the earth which is not being explored by a writer or group of writers for the purposes of what is called local colour in fiction. Malay tales we have, and Kaffir tales, and tales of the South Sea Islands. In America every State will soon have its sacer vates to bestow a moderate immortality upon its particular character and charm. The Californian stories of Bret Harte have been followed (at a long distance) by stories of the Tennessee mountains, of the New England village, of the Southern plantation and of the great prairie farm; while we on our side have our tales of Thrums and Galloway, of Irish bogland and Highland glen, of Wessex, and Devon and Cornwall. tal things now touch the mind of Théophile Gautier, the revival of the phrase and its modern vogue must give his spirit some moments of delightful reminiscence; for la couleur locale was a watchword, one might say the watchword, of Gautier himself and his young romantic legion just seventy years ago. Local colour,

Prosper Mérimée told Taine in the after days, was the Holy Grail of the young Romantics; and in 1827 when he too was a Romantic, he held it for dogma with the rest that, save in local colour, there was no salvation. When Eugène de Nully was Africa, his friend Gautier wrote to him, "Just send me a few pots of local colour, and I will make famous Turkish and Algerian stories." few pots of local colour, and literature was easy then. Victor Hugo had written poems of the East, and Musset tales of Italy and Spain, and these had been the predecessors of a motley progeny of exotic poetry and romance. Everything foreign was in favour, everything French at a discount. "The other peoples say Homer, Dante, Shakespeare; we say Boileau": so wrote Hugo scornfully in the preface to LES ORIENTALES. Shakespeare's name was much in the mouths of the Romantics, Stendhal's pamphlet on Racine and Shakespeare having saved them probably the shock of contact with the original.

Perhaps the most naïf symptom of the fashion was the divine discontent of the young men with their own French names. Maxime du Camp has told us how after reading Hugo's ROMANCE MAURESQUE, he envied the happy mortal who not only carried a jewelled dagger as of course, but had a name like Don Rodrigue de Having to choose a title for a youthful book of his own, he called it Wistibrock L'Islandais. Why Iceland, why Wistibrock, he asked himself with stupefaction in later years? Yet while indulging his fancy in fiction, he endured his own baptismal

It was not so with others. name. What imaginative geography was responsible for the name of Pétrus Borel it is idle to conjecture; but when Théophile Dondey transformed himself into Philothée O'Neddy, and Auguste Maquet became Augustus MacKeat, the exotic intention is plainly, if inaccurately, indicated. MacKeat may not sound very Scotch on this side of the channel, nor Philothée O'Neddy convincingly Irish; but both were near enough for the Latin It may be remembered Quarter. that Hugo introduced the bagpipes into a romance for local colour, and contentedly called them "bugpipes" through chapter after chapter and edition after edition, without any protest from French readers. Young romantic bloods, cursed with common name of Jean, revived the mediæval h, and called themselves Jehan. For, as Gautier explained, the yearning for the foreign embraced time as well as space; their nostalgia, as he called it, was for other ages as well as other lands. His own red waistcoat at HERNANI for example, about which all the fuss was made, was not a red waistcoat at all; it was a pourpoint rose. A red waistcoat would have smacked of modern politics; and modern politics were simply an offence to them, Pétrus Borel being the only republican among them. The pourpoint rose, on the other hand, was a badge of medievalism. Medieval Gothic was for a while their only wear in religion and politics as well as art. It was quite a schism, Gautier said, when he introduced the antique. Gautier himself was happy in a Merovingian head of hair. If you could not look like Childeric or Clovis, it was well to have the appearance of a Maharajah. A certain Bouchardy owed his prestige among the Romantics not so much to his ultra-Gothic designs and

his inexhaustible memory for Hugo's verse, as to his Asiatic complexion. In muslin and turban he was an Indian prince to the life, said Gautier: and when he rose to leave their company they felt as if his palanquin was waiting at the door. He was the mildest-mannered of men, but the picturesque ferocity of his appearance gave, in the opinion of his friends, a very salutary shock to the prosperous citizen of Paris. Failing the physique of a Maharajah and the Merovingian head of hair, the next best thing was to be of a livid and cadaverous countenance, with the gloom of fate on a Byronic brow. For this midsummer madness Gautier kept his zest to the end. After romanticism had gone out, and science and pseudo-science had come in, nay, after the iron of calamitous reality had entered the soul of Paris and of her children,first capitulation, then famine, then bombardment, a disaster, as Gautier characteristically remarked to Goncourt, completely satisfying every canon of art-even then, and till his death, his delight was to talk local colour with congenial spirits and discuss the great days which the phrase recalled to him.

Mérimée did not remain so faithful to the doctrine in which he was brought He began bravely. Local colour being, as he said, their Holy Grail, he and his young friend Ampère began by vowing themselves to its quest through the countries of the earth. They had enthusiasm but alack! they had no money, and in modern Europe not even knight-errantry can be managed without money. In this difficulty they decided to lay on the local colour out of their own heads at home, and afterwards to travel upon the profits of the books to see if their pictures were like. In prosecution of this hopeful plan, young Mérimée took Dalmatia to be his province, and in a fortnight, it is said, produced a volume of what purported to be translations from the Illyrian. This spirited essay in local colour, if not remunerative in money, was so successful in accomplishment that the supposed product of Illyrian genius was gravely discussed by German savants, and was thought worthy of translation by the Russian poet Poushkine. The facile success, he told Taine afterwards, opened his eyes to the cheapness of the trick and killed at a blow his belief in the virtue of local colour. So at least he used to say in the after years; yet perhaps it is not necessary to take him quite at his word. It was Mérimée's little way to mask his emotions and to make light of his convictions; nor will the judicious reader forget that there are no sounder monuments of the romantic use of local colour than Mérimée's own little masterpieces, Tamango, Mateo Falcone, CARMEN, COLOMBA.

It was in Colomba that Mérimée published the recantation of his early faith. He drew a satirical portrait of a young English lady returning from Italy disgusted because she had failed to find there the local colour she was in quest of, and being recommended to try her luck in Corsica. "Local colour!" exclaims Mérimée, commenting on the young lady's fancy; "explain who can the meaning of the phrase, which I understood so well some years ago, but which I understand no longer." He understood the thing, however, so well still, that no traveller's kit to Corsica has since been complete without a copy of COLOMBA.

The young English lady's craving for the local colour of Italy reminds us that the fashion was no new thing in the days of Mérimée and Gautier. The Italy of her dreams was the Italy of Childe Harold. Before Hugo and Musset was the English Byron. When

the young French Romantics were playing at sultans and bandits in the purlieus of Paris, they acknowledged to themselves that they were vying on unequal terms with Milord Byron, with his real adventures and exotic loves and his draught of blood (or was it punch?) out of a hollow skull in the authentic vaults of Newstead Abbey. It was our own Byron and Scott and Ossian Macpherson who spread the romantic fashion for local colour through Europe. And in France itself, before Hugo, there was Chateaubriand; and before Chateaubriand's descriptions of the virgin forests of America. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had introduced into French literature the blazing flowers and luxuriant growths of the tropics. It is indeed to Saint-Pierre that French critics are inclined to give the credit of the initiation of what they call exotism.

The exotism of the chief Romantics was, it has to be admitted, rather superficial. LES ORIENTALES was one of the flags about which the fight for local colour fastened; but Hugo's oriental colouring was the merest theatrical decoration. Hugo Musset knew nothing whatever at first hand of the East or of Spain. Hugo ultimately got as far afield as to the Channel Islands, but it was a decree of banishment that took him there; and when Musset was offered the chance of travel in that Spain which was the Romantic's land of promise, he refused to go. Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, was no inconsiderable traveller, and a traveller with an unusual eye for the pic-And the unhappy Gérard turesque. de Nerval, another of the vanguard of 1830, not only dwelt for some time in Constantinople and Cairo, but carried his cult of local colour to the length of wedding an Abyssinian wife. French friends were full of curiosity concerning her; and Gérard assured

them gently that she was yellow all over.

That the local colour of Hugo and the rest was not so thorough as that of Gérard's Abyssinian wife was apparent to many minds even in the hey-day of romanticism. When Amédée Jaubert, the Orientalist, was quoting Saadi one day, and Maxime du Camp retaliated with Les Orien-TALES, the other shrugged his shoulders, and said that making oriental poetry without knowing the East was like making rabbit-pie without the rabbit. It was no doubt the superficial and unreal character of this popular local colour that dissatisfied Mérimée, in whom the impulse of scholarship was at least as strong as the impulse of romance. He was in fact not strictly of the Hugolatrous generation, but a disciple of Stendhal, a man who knew Italy by heart; and his sympathies were less with the enthusiasms of 1830 than with the spirit of erudition and science of the generation which fol-Nobody knew better than Mérimée that the phrase which was so much in the mouths of militant Romantics meant originally something wider and deeper than a decorative use of Arab steeds and Spanish cloaks and medieval mummery. The phrase had been coined to express opposition to the colourless uniformity of the classical ideal. On the French stage in the Grand Siècle everybody wore the same fine wigs and spoke the same fine Alexandrines in the same academic vocabulary. The cry for local colour was the cry of revolt against this tyrannous uniformity; a cry for the concrete and the characteristic in place of the conventional type. It was by an intelligible transition enough that the sacred cause came to be identified with dramas of Spanish outlaws picturesquely defying the oldfashioned rules of French prosody. The fight of classic and romantic was like other literary battles, a battle with confused noise, and in the confusion the further the Romantics got from Racine the safer they felt, and the flags of Hugo and Musset were no bad banners to follow. But originally the cry for local colour was not a cry merely for foreign colour; it was a cry for characteristic and appropriate Only, and here perhaps was colour. Mérimée's later difficulty, if local colour signified no more than appropriate and characteristic colour, how was the shibboleth of revolution to be distinguished from the elementary maxims of art? In this catholic sense Homer was as much a master of local colour as Théophile Gautier. This is probably what Mérimée meant when he said he no longer understood the meaning of the term. What in fact did Maupassant's lessons in style from Flaubert come to but this,—that whether he described a Carthaginian battle or a carriage passing the club window, it should be impossible for readers to mistake his particular battle or carriage for any other? The secret of style, in other words, lay in accurate local colour; and thus the romantic battle-cry is found transformed into the school maxim of realism.

That the thing called realism was indeed the natural sequel and complement of romanticism has long been It was so both by development and reaction. For the orientalism and medievalism of their predecessors the French Realists substituted the local colour of the province and the gutter. It need not be supposed that this later local colour is always of unimpeachable accuracy. The Realist, being for the most part but the Romantic topsy-turvy, is quite as fond, after his own fashion, of forcing and falsifying his tones for effect. the free licence of the imagination is undoubtedly more restrained in dealing with things which lie under the writer's and reader's nose; and the more exacting standard of accuracy required on familiar ground reacted in turn on the imaginative freedom of unfamiliar description. Moreover, the whole trend of the post-romantic generation was in the direction of science and observation. romanticism itself was both a symptom and a stimulus of awakening interest in things remote in place and time, which was bound to lead and did lead, to exploration and The effect of the change on the old romantic cult of local colour was naturally considerable. and the immediate effect may be observed in Flaubert, who in this, as in other matters, has the interest for criticism of occupying a transitional position. Flaubert grew up a Romantic of the Romantics, and his literary ambition was to produce a masterpiece of local colour. This aspiration of his early years took form, in the fulness of time and after protracted labour, Carthaginian romance of Salammbo. SALAMMBO is a book of local colour all compact; but it is local colour not at all of the earlier romantic pattern. The formula was the same, but the spirit is altered. The yearning for a climate more flamboyant than the native grey of his Norman skies, the itch to startle the conventional Frenchman, are quite in the romantic tradition; but the spirit of the later generation asserts itself in Flaubert's extraordinary anxiety to make his exotic colour true. Carthage of Salammbô is, I dare say, not a little unlike the real Carthage; but that Flaubert took all possible pains to make it as like as he could was abundantly proved in his controversies with his critics. Not only had he travelled in Africa and explored the site, though so much locomotion as was needed for a walk round his garden was irksome to him, but he furthermore made himself acquainted with every document which could throw light on Carthaginian history or character. And what was the effect of this elaborately studied colour? Sainte Beuve expressed what, I think, must be the general verdict, when he complained that this tour de force of local colour lacked all human Flaubert retorted that his interest. critic's distaste was the measure of his own success, that it was precisely because the local colour was genuine and not a mere romantic decoration, that his critic missed the kind of human interest he looked for. he would have liked, said Flaubert, was a set of sentimental Frenchmen masquerading in Carthaginian fancy dress; the real barbaric Moloch-worshipping Carthaginian was not nice to a Parisian taste. And when again Sainte Beuve protested that he was unable to feel the fascination of a beauty daubed with vermilion and with perfume, Flaubert poisoned begged him to take his Bible and to use his nose; Judith and Esther, he assured him, were every bit as much poisoned with perfume as his own As is always the case Salammbô. in controversy between competent antagonists, there was truth on both But it is pertinent to observe that Flaubert's citation of Esther and Judith tells against himself; if he had written their stories there would have been no need of the admonition to use our noses. The Oriental writers, on the other hand, not being set upon executing a tour de force of local colour, make, in spite of all the oriental colouring, the human story the predominant interest.

And this brings us to the question which is of something more than historical interest, the practical question, what is the true method and manner of local colour under our modern conditions? Some incompatibility

there does seem to be between the new knowledge and the old romance. When a certain critic objected to THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM that there were no lions in it, the author replied that that kind of African romance was best written in Piccadilly. Well, there are not a few who still prefer the old-fashioned stories, with lions in them, written in Piccadilly to such a sample of the new fashion as THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. They argue that Defoe never got much further from home than to the pillory, and that Crusoe's island is good enough for them. They protest that Charles Kingsley depicted the West Indies very nicely out of the windows of his English parsonage. They remember that when Tom Moore complacently recorded the compliments he received on his description of Cashmere in LALLA ROOKH, the very point he was proud of was that he had never set foot in the country. And such too was the boast of Harriet Martineau for her FEATS ON THE FJORDS, which till lately was an ordinary English guide to Norway. And vet even those who rate romance above barren knowledge must confess that the day for this easy-going kind is over. Geographical science it might have survived, but scarcely an era of steam, and Cook's tours, and special correspondents. A man will hardly venture to lay on his local colour lightheartedly in his suburban study when he is liable to find himself at dinner with a lady on his right who shoots her own bears, and a lady on his left who flogs her own niggers. And the consequence is that romancers have been reduced to making expeditions on purpose to study their local colour. The Press is full of paragraphs of what is euphemistically called literary gossip, informing an astonished world how one popular novelist is in Iceland studying local colour for his next Saga,

while another has taken his yacht to the Mediterranean to lay in local colour for his next Biblical romance. So business-like has the practice become that an ingenious novelist lately deducted the travelling expenses incurred in procuring his local colour from his income-tax assessment; and Somerset House, aghast, asked how the Queen's Government was to be carried on. I confess to being sceptical as to the value of the local colour crammed for the occasion. little faith in the Zolaistic "document," nor much more in the adver tised preparatory tours of our own romancers. You may pick up a few picturesque details in your fortnight in the Eternal City, or your six weeks in Syria, but that is about as much as you will get of any value.

An amusing incident, by the way, in the career of a Realist in search of local colour occurred in the composition of M. Zola's Rome. M. Zola was originally most anxious to draw his Pope from the life, and for that purpose was bent upon penetrating the sacred enclosure of the Vatican. His Holiness, however, courteously but firmly declined to sit for his portrait to the French novelist. Whereupon. our Arch-realist discovers straightway that the limitations of this particular Pontiff would only have hampered his imagination, and he is confident that he can make a better Pope out of his own head. Habemus confitentem: the allegiance to the lordship of the imagination is from an unfavourable quarter, but for what it is worth it is a witness to the truth. For I take it to be an axiom of sound criticism, that the imagination is sovereign in all description that counts for With genius and the literature. poet's imagination a hint of Hakluyt or Humboldt will bear fruit an hundredfold; without it you may travel hundreds of miles, and fill hundreds

of note-books, and for all your pains be never a whit nearer to the truth that maketh alive. It is because his imagination is torpid and mechanical, that the hack-romancer is reduced to these laborious researches after local colour and reliance upon his reporter's faculty. We call it, in our solemn, modern way, sometimes Science, and sometimes Art; we might with almost equal justice call it Woodenheadedness.

Given genius and the poetic imagination the true school, and, so far as I can see, the only true school for that intimate and accurate local colour which the times demand is the instinctive observation of youth and adolescence, the unconscious or half unconscious absorption of impression during the early formative years. Compare, for example, the Scotch novels with IVANHOE or THE TALISMAN; compare George Eliot's English Midlands with the Florence of her ROMOLA; compare Hawthorne's New

England with the Rome of his Transformation; compare Mr. Kipling's India with his London. The moral is, I think, the same in each case; and it is the moral of the comparison so unfortunately challenged by Flaubert between Salammbo and the Bible. If knowledge is to be fruitful, it must be the knowledge of familiarity, so thoroughly assimilated as to be subservient to the imagination.

But what criticism has chiefly to bear in mind about local colour is that the phrase has been used at different times and on different lips to signify two distinct and almost opposite things. It has been used on the one hand to signify the magic of the unfamiliar, the romance of the unknown regions "over the hills and far away;" it is used, on the other hand, to signify the intimate touch of familiarity, the harvest of the quiet eye and loving spirit in their own little corner of earth.

W. P. JAMES.

#### RAYMOND LULLY.

"THE book of the past," says a German writer, "is on the whole a closed book; the greatest historians have only succeeded in turning one or two of its pages." And if this mournful saying be true of any epoch, it is surely true of that grotesque and brilliant period, with its singular brutalities and yet more singular tenderness, which we call the Middle Ages. here the student is baffled, not merely by scanty and conflicting records, but in a very marked degree by changes in modes of thought and sentiment, by differences of moral and intellectual standards. A little later we find ourselves in a country much easier to traverse; no unbridged gulf divides us from Erasmus and Montaigne and But the men of the Middle Ages—how remote they are! procession has swept by, and we strain our eyes and ears to catch only a glimpse of the pageant, an echo of the voices grown faint in the distance. A glimpse, an echo,—that is all this sketch can offer, all that can now be discerned, through the shadows that lie about his lonely path, of one who represents not unworthily the spirit of the great century in which he lived.

There was no lack of variety in Raymond Lully's life, and there is none in the accounts of it which have come down to us. His name, to begin with, is written in half a dozen different ways; but to English readers it is naturally best known in its English form as Raymond Lully. In one shape or another it stands high on every contemporary roll, whether of literature, science, philosophy, or religion. To some he is known as the

alchemist, to others as the missionary; the Church alternately revered him as a martyr and condemned him as a heretic; while Science, not more constant, in one age hailed him the noblest of her sons and in another denounced him as a vain and shallow impostor. Seldom indeed has Fortune played shuttlecock so cruelly with a good man's reputation.

In the first half of the thirteenth century King James the First of Aragon resolved to drive the Moors out of the Balearic Isles and to add them to his own dominions. Among the Catalonian gentlemen who were eager to share in the glory and the gain of this enterprise was the father of Raymond Lully. At the successful conclusion of the expedition a grant of land in the island of Majorca rewarded his services, and at Palma, probably in 1235, his only son was born.

The gift of a child had been long waited and earnestly prayed for, and his birth was welcomed as an almost miraculous answer to the devotion of his parents; but as the boy grew up it seemed to them sometimes as if Heaven had granted a very doubtful Raymond early plunged blessing. into the wildest dissipation; and his reckless folly and extravagant selfindulgence soon made him the scandal of the island. His parents arranged a marriage for him in the hope that this might have a sobering effect, but nothing was of any avail till the hour struck of that strange transformation for which our only name is conversion. The account of this turning point in Lully's life as related by one of his early biographers, outrageous though it may sound in modern ears, is too characteristic, too purely medieval, to be omitted.

For some time Raymond, now in his thirty-second year, had been vehemently in love with a beautiful Genoese lady who had steadily resisted his persistent advances. Finding that no coldness could check his ardour, at last, with her husband's consent, she granted him an interview. The lover arrived, joyous and triumphant at his unexpected success; the lady, greeting him gently and coldly, asked why he continued to pursue her. young noble replied by blaming Ambrosia's irresistible beauty. "I perceive that you hold me," she answered, "the fairest and most desirable of women, and since there is but one way of healing you of this madness, I take And with that she unfastened the clasp of her robe and showed him the soft whiteness of her breast devoured by a cancerous disease. as he gazed aghast at the hideous disclosure, "Why will you not turn," she said, "while yet there is time, from the beauty that is the prey of death and corruption to the perfect and enduring loveliness of Him who is fairer than the sons of men?" Her lover fled homewards horror-struck and confounded, and all that night he was haunted by a vision of Christ on the Cross. He endeavoured to throw off the impression, returning for some months to his usual life, but the face of the dying Redeemer came between him and every distraction, and he resolved to give up the struggle.

The age of compromise had not yet arrived; Raymond at least could see no half-way house between the two worlds. He made haste to resign the appointment he held of the King, sold his estates, providing for his wife and three children with the proceeds, and reserving for himself only a bit of ground on the mountain-side where he

might live the life of prayer and con-There he spent the next templation. nine years, preaching to the peasants in their native Catalonian and composing rhymed proverbs or maxims for their benefit. A Spaniard and a noble, it would have been only natural had he followed in the steps of Dominic, his compatriot, but he had much closer affinities with the saint Not only in the missionary of Assisi. zeal, of which we have to speak, do we see this likeness, but in that gentle hopefulness of temper which discerned in all the visible universe an expression of the Divine Love. All creatures were to Raymond mirrors, as he says, in which to contemplate his Beloved; if he glanced at the flowers of the field, he saw his Lord looking upon him through the innocent eyes of the blossoms He had made; he assures us there is a universal language of love spoken and understood through all The mystical undertone is audible through all his teaching; and his simple listeners were drawn to him by the magic of that strange, sweet note. It was during these solitary years that his ruling idea first took a definite shape.

It was the century of Innocent the Third and of Louis the Ninth, of the great Hohenstaufen, the century that saw the beginning of the Mendicant Orders and the end of the Crusades. The impulse that for nearly two hundred years had drenched the soil of Palestine with blood was all but exhausted. Christendom had emptied treasuries, had sacrificed her children, had lavished her enthusiasm upon a great cause; it was dawning upon her now that the cause was lost; God had not gone out with Christian armies, and the infidel still was master of the holy places. was it merely of material victories, of fortresses defended and armies defeated, that the Saracen could boast:

he had achieved greater conquests The Eastern air was than these. tainted, it seemed, with Eastern heresies. Men who had set out for Palestine, the steadfast soldiers of the Faith, came home dangerously tolerant; and already round the Templars, the sworn champions of the Cross, there were gathering those sinister rumours that before long were to work the ruin of the great Order. Raymond, pondering these things in his lonely hut, thought he perceived the true cause of the failure. The Crusades had been unblessed by God because they were contrary to the Spirit of God. "The way of violence," he cries, "is not the way of the Cross. I see many knights crossing the sea to the Promised Land, thinking to conquer it by the might of their weapons, but never may they attain their end. To me it seems it may not be won in any way but that by which Thou, Lord Christ, and Thy apostles won it, by love, by prayers, by tears, by blood. Oh Thou true light of men, Light of all light, is it not because we forget our foremost duty to love and guide the unbelieving that they sit blindly in the darkness; and shall they not accuse us in the Last Day?"

Filled with the persuasion that conversion, not conquest, was the Church's mission, he resolved to fit himself for the work of an evangelist by the study of Arabic. He bought a Moorish slave to be his teacher, but when the devout Mahomedan understood Lully's object, the course of lessons was rudely interrupted by the teacher's attempt to assassinate his too apt scholar. Nothing discouraged by this ill-omened beginning, Lully determined, in 1274, to leave his hermitage to equip himself more fully for the task before him. He went to Montpelier and to Paris, where, if half the works attributed to him are

genuine, he must have ranged more or less hastily over the whole field of university knowledge. He had now formed two definite schemes by means of which his great aim, the salvation of Islam, was to be carried out. first was the establishment everywhere of missionary colleges for the study of Eastern tongues, and in 1275 he had already prevailed on the King of Aragon to found a convent in Majorca where thirteen Franciscans were to be trained for missionary work. Eleven years later he went to Rome and endeavoured to induce Pope Honorius the Fourth to adopt his plan and carry it out on a larger scale, but the Pope's death interrupted his efforts. By this time he had produced his ARS MAGNA, the second instrument by which he confidently expected to achieve his life's purpose, and returning to Paris proceeded to reveal to the expectant University the newly discovered key to all truth.

Nothing could be more ironical than the contrast between Raymond's purpose and the means with which he counted on carrying it out. hardly knows whether to be more astonished at the audacity of the conception, or at the clumsiness of the tool that was formed to execute it. So far removed from modern methods is the system of logic with which Raymond fondly expected to convert the Mahomedan world, that it is difficult to gain a very clear idea of the work that carried its author once to the highest pinnacle of European fame. It is however impossible to write of Lully and to entirely ignore the system which he spent most of his life in perfecting, and on which his dearest hopes were based.

Truth, he says in effect, is the Christian's only weapon; it is divine, it is invincible. It is no wonder that men do not consent to desert the faith

of their fathers for the inadequate motives generally proposed to them. But if the truth can only be made visible to men they must needs accept Christianity, he goes on to declare, treading boldly where a better theologian would have stepped softly, being true, must be capable of being shown to be true; it is not to be only accepted humbly by faith, it is also to be discerned, recognised and laid hold on by reason. All that we require, then, if we would convert the infidel is a sufficiently intelligible demonstration of the truth in a tongue he can comprehend; he must be persuaded, as it were, to enter a narrow lane hedged in by insurmountable walls of argument, at the farther end of which he will certainly find God. This path Lully believed he had discovered, and the name of it was Ars Magna.

The clue to the ARS MAGNA is combination. Every science has its own principles; there are also general principles, applicable generally to all science; and in the general principles common to all science the separate principles are contained, as the special is contained in the universal. Through the general we find our way into the special and separate. Lully discovers in the Universe generally nine Subjects,-God, Angel, Heaven, Man, the Imaginative Principle, the Sensitive, the Negative, the Elementary, and the Instrumental; nine Absolute Predicates which he arranges in a circle :---Goodness, Magnitude, Duration, Power, Wisdom, Will, Virtue, Truth, and Glory; and nine Relative Predicates arranged in three triangles:-Difference, Concord, Contrariety, Beginning, Middle, End, Majority, Equality, Minority. To these he adds ten Questions; Whether? What? Whence? Why! How Large? Of What Kind? When? Where? How? With What? Each Subject, Predicate, and Question is represented by a letter of the

Truth is sought by quesalphabet. tions and found by answers. By a dexterous combination of these figures an infinite number of questions may be asked; and if the Art has been properly mastered, they must be correctly answered. But without the three friends, Sublety of Intellect, Reason, and Good Intention, no one can master the Art; and the failure of those who find it impossible to follow Lully through the intricacies of his method must be attributed to the absence of one of the three. With rare generosity, Lully fully reckoned on meeting them all among his infidel adversaries.

This ingenious device for compressing the universe into geometrical figures, was received by the foremost university of the time as though it were, what its author indeed believed it to be, a direct inspiration from the God of Truth. The germs of heresy which it contained were not detected by Lully's contemporaries; the Art received the sanction of the highest authorities; the lecture-room in which he expounded it was crowded daily by enthusiastic students, and the Spanish mystic was soon known throughout Europe as the Illuminated Doctor. Emboldened by this incredible triumph. Raymond translated it at once into Arabic, that it might be ready for those for whose benefit it was primarily intended. To measure men, intellectually at least, by the standard of their own age and not by that of our own, is a vital principle of historical criticism; and even while we accept without demur the contemptuous verdict which the philosophy of our own day has passed upon Lully's method, we ought not to forget that when he went straying into this sterile region on his fruitless and ridiculous errand, he had the best part of the wit and scholarship of his generation in his train.

In 1291 Lully left Paris to press his scheme of linguistic colleges again upon the Pope. With reckless indifference to times and seasons, he chose the moment when the last foothold on the Syrian shore had just been lost, and all Christendom was mourning the fall of Acre. Christian prince was then in a mood to interest himself in the spiritual welfare of the victorious foe, and discouraged, but not despairing, Raymond shook the dust of Rome from his feet and resolved that, since neither prince nor prelate would help him, he would carry out his mission alone. He went to Genoa and took his passage in a ship bound for Africa; his manuscripts and other possessions were already on board, when suddenly at the last moment his courage failed him and he made his way from the quay through the crowd of mocking spectators who had assembled to watch with reverence the departure of the new apostle. Distress of mind brought on a severe illness; or perhaps the approach of illness explains the access of nervous panic that had frustrated his purpose. He lay for some time between life and death in a Franciscan convent, devoured by remorse and humiliation, and long before his nurse pronounced him fit to move he had himself carried on board a vessel bound for Tunis, to obey, at any cost, the Divine call. At Tunis he seems at first to have been allowed complete license. He preached and disputed, and he drew up a General Table of the Sciences, as a sort of appendix to the Art; but before long he was banished from the country on pain of death. He returned to Italy to teach and to perfect his method, and at Naples he met the man who gave a new turn to his passion for knowledge. Arnauld de Villeneuve was the famous alchemist whose acquaintance he had already made at Montpelier, and he now proposed to lead Raymond into that mysterious pursuit, supremely fascinating to the medieval mind, whose end was the fulfilment of all desire. The apparent incongruity between Lully's former studies and this new subject has led to the conjecture that Raymond Lully the missionary and Raymond Lully the alchemist were two different men; but in the thirteenth century the two characters required in fact no reconciliation. Nothing can be more erroneous than to imagine that the alchemist's leading motive was a vulgar desire to be rich : the wealth to be obtained by the possessor of the secret was only an incidental advantage. "Gold, I confess," says the English alchemist Ashmole, "is a delicious object, a goodly light. But he to whom the whole course of nature lies open, rejoiceth not so much that he can make gold and silver as that he sees Heaven open and his own name fairly written in the Book of Life." And this is no exaggerated representation of the feeling that inspired the sincere seeker for the Stone, which was not to be found save by the divinely illuminated. It is true, and the Alchemists themselves admit it, that this lofty ideal was not always borne in mind by those who professed to be the elect sons of Art. There were plenty of these who might have sat to Chaucer for his portrait of the Canon's Yeoman.

We blondren ever and poren in the fyre, And for all that we faylen of our desire, For ever we lack our conclusion, To moche folk we do illusion.

But to others the revelation of the Secret was, in fact, a revelation of God, to be won by strenuous renunciation of all that is base and carnal, a divine vision granted to the pure in heart, and to them only.

Illusion there certainly was and

plenty of it. Lully seems to have believed that he had actually discovered the means of transmuting metals; but we none the less find him a poor man, wandering from place to place, ineffectually pressing his scheme upon princes and people, and all the while occupied in the perfecting of his Art. In 1306, or 1307, he crossed the seas once more to Bugia and succeeded in making a few converts before he was thrown into prison and condemned to die if he would not turn Moslem. sentence, however, was commuted to exile. He was present at the Council of Vienne in 1311, and this brings us to an incident in his life so curious that it is difficult to decide precisely on the measure of credence it deserves.

The story goes that at Vienne he received letters from the King of England inviting him to visit that country. He accepted the invitation in the hope of interesting the English sovereign in his cherished projects, and was honourably received and lodged at Westminster, where his friend and disciple Cremer was Abbot. He promised, Cremer assures us, to give the King all the wealth he wished for on condition that it should be used in a new Crusade to be led by Edward in person.<sup>1</sup> From Westminster Raymond was transferred to the Tower, where he set to work, by his own account to carry out his part of the bargain; but presently perceiving that the King had no intention of doing as much, he made his escape by stratagem and fled to the Continent. Of the gold that Raymond made out of mercury, lead, and copper, we are told the first rosenobles were coined.

The story bristles with such obvious errors that it is now generally dismissed as pure fable. It is certain that Lully did not make rose-nobles;

they were first coined under Henry the Fourth, a hundred years later. We may take it as equally certain that he did not transmute five thousand pounds of mercury, lead, and copper into gold either while he was in the Tower or anywhere else. But while it is hard to admit the story, we find it still harder to entirely reject it. Lully's own Testament is generally considered authentic, and both in it and in his Book of Experiments he alludes distinctly to his English visit. The evidence of Cremer, so clear and convincing in itself, is discounted by the fact that his name is not to be found on the list of Abbots of Westminster; but this does not by any means dispose of it altogether. It appears to be on the whole probable that Lully came to England, though the details of his visit remain obscure.

Raymond was nearly eighty years old when he returned to Bugia to visit his African disciples. For a few days he prudently remained hidden, having regard to the sentence of death passed upon him should he return. Then confiding to the last in the power of his message, or impatient for the martyr's crown for which he had long been yearning, he showed himself openly in the city, preaching the truth as he saw it with uncompromising energy. He was presently surrounded by a savage crowd, which attacked him with blows and missiles and left him at last for dead. Some Genoese merchants, coming by night to give him Christian burial, discovered that life was not extinct, and carried him on board their vessel, where, before the voyage was over, he died of his injuries in June, 1315.

The worthy traders now found themselves in possession of a piece of costly merchandise, for the body of a Christian martyr was in those days an article of no small commercial value. They put in at Palma resolving to carry their treasure elsewhere if Ray-

<sup>1</sup> CREMERI TESTAMENTUM.

mond's countrymen did not show themselves sufficiently anxious to secure it, but there was no need for anxiety. The corpse was received with every possible honour, and solemnly escorted to Lully's family chapel in the church of Saint Eulalia, but before long it was claimed by the Franciscans, to whose third order Lully seems to have belonged.

Many years afterwards a Capuchin friar, happening to be at Palma, was invited to say mass one morning in a side chapel of the Franciscan church. "Who was astonished," says he, "if not I, when on raising my eyes I beheld before me a wooden image skilfully wrought and coloured, on which was inscribed the words Beatus R. Lullius, and below a device of three lighted torches forming a triangle with the motto, Dominus illuminato mea." This discovery disturbed the good friar at first, but he reflected that the Holy Inquisition, then supreme in the island, would never have tolerated the effigy of a heretic in that sacred place, and he trusted, therefore, that all was right.

There was indeed some cause for the doubts that disquieted the Capuchin. Fifty years after Lully's death the tide of veneration began to ebb, and in 1371 Nicholas Emericus, a Dominican Inquisitor, was able to discover no less than five hundred heretical propositions in the writings of the Blessed Raymond. It is true that for fear of being tedious he only called attention to one hundred of them, but these were enough to lead Paul the Fourth to place Lully's works on the Index. For two and a half centuries after his death the belief in his heterodoxy seems to have prevailed; but the period of the Renaissance restored him, if not quite to the position he had once occupied, at least to one of considerable rever-The demand for his canonisation frequently made has never been granted, but the Council of Trent reestablished the purity of the martyr's faith, and the legends of his miraculous powers began probably at this time to enjoy their liveliest circulation. To us it seems remarkable, not that Lully was suspected of being a heretic, but that he was ever believed to be anything else.

A mass of miscellaneous writings have come down to us in the name of Raymond Lully, and even German industry has not yet undertaken the task of deciding finally which of them are genuine. They range over a wide field, including treatises on geometry, gardening, navigation, astronomy, grammar, theology, medicine, philosophy, and natural history. For the most part we must admit them to be a legacy as barren as the Great Art itself. Exceptions well worth mentioning are the volume on THE Con-TEMPLATION OF GOD and the religious romance, Blanquerna, written, like the proverbs, in his native tongue. The first is of interest to the student of mysticism, and the latter holds an honourable place in the history of Spanish literature. Of all that Lully aspired to do, little or nothing was done. He left no perceptible trace on the activities of his generation; but unconsciously he left a mark where he certainly never dreamed of leaving it. No infidel lands were won by the Great Art; no North African Church sprang up and blossomed where the martyr's blood was spilled; but on the literature of his country he exercised a noble and enduring influence. "All the clear full tones that echo through the Catalonian hills from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century are unmistakably related to Lully; they are all penetrated by the silver note of his independent thought and lofty soul."1

# H. C. MACDOWALL.

<sup>1</sup> Helfferich, R. Lull und die Anfänge der catalonischen Literatur.

# SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW for last January contained an interesting and learned article on the observance of Sunday, in which the subject was treated almost wholly from a theological and scriptural point of view. In the present article it is proposed to consider the same subject in its social and legal aspect, a treatment which it is hoped may be found also interesting, if somewhat less learned.

During recent years the public mind has frequently been stirred by the operation of the Sunday Observance Act, and other cognate Statutes; and some while ago an agitation was set on foot for the repeal of the Act, on the grounds that it was oppressive in its operation and out of harmony with the times. This agitation, although not completely successful, was so far so that now no prosecution can be instituted under this Statute without the sanction of a magistrate or a chief officer of police.

The Lord's Day (commonly called Sunday) Observance Act was passed in the year 1676, during the reign of Charles the Second, a period certainly not remarkable for the austerity of our morals or our manners. The first section of the Act is to the following effect:—

That all the laws enacted and in force concerning the observation of the Lord's Day and repairing to the Church thereon be carefully put into execution, and that all and every person or persons whatsoever shall on every Lord's Day apply themselves to the observation of the same, by exercising themselves thereon in the duties of piety and true religion, publicly and privately, and that no tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer or other person whatsoever shall do or exercise any worldly labour, business, or work of

their ordinary callings upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof (works of necessity or charity only excepted), and that every person, being of the age of fourteen years or upwards, offending in the premises, shall for every such offence forfeit the sum of five shillings; and that no person or persons whatsoever shall publicly cry, show forth, or expose to sale any wares, merchandizes, fruit, herbs, goods or chattels whatsoever upon the Lord's Day or any part thereof, upon pain that every person so offending shall forfeit the same goods so cried, or showed forth, or exposed to sale.

As this enactment only prohibits labour, business, or work done in the course of a man's ordinary calling, it has been held in many cases that it does not apply where the Act is outside the course of ordinary business. Thus a contract of hiring made between a farmer and a labourer, or the giving of a guarantee for a servant's honesty by one tradesman to another, are considered valid. The enlistment of a soldier, and the drawing of a bill of exchange on a Sunday, have also been held to be perfectly legal acts. liberal interpretation has also been given to the words "works of necessity." Cookshops, fruiterers', tobacconists', and sweet-stuff shops have always been treated as coming within the category of "necessities," the last named business doubtless out of deference to the rising generation. Bakers are allowed to bake a joint or a pie for their customers, as they are held to come within the proviso of Section 3, which says that "nothing in this Act shall extend to the prohibiting of dressing meat in inns, cookshops, or victualling-houses for such as other-A baker wise cannot be provided." must not, however, bake a roll for his

customer's Sunday breakfast, as that would be exercising his ordinary calling. In London and the suburbs bakers come under an Act passed in 1794, which allows them to sell bread, bake meat-puddings or pies between nine in the forenoon and one in the afternoon, "so as the person requiring the baking thereof carry or send the same to and from the place where By Section 2 it is enacted baked." that no drover, horse-courser, waggoner, butcher, higler, or any of their servants shall travel on Sunday under a penalty of twenty shillings, and no person shall use, employ, or travel on Sunday with any boat, wherry, lighter, or barge (except it be upon some extraordinary occasion) under a penalty of five shillings. The above penalties, if unpaid, are to be levied by distress, and if this does not produce the necessary sum the offender is to be "set publicly in the stocks for the space of two hours." The last three sections of the Act provide that any prosecution must be commenced within ten days after the offence has been committed; that a "Sunday traveller" shall not bring an action against the Hundred for robbery committed on that day; and that service of process on Sunday is void.

For upwards of two hundred years this Act remained on the Statute Book without any qualification. In 1871, however, it was feared that some of the Ultra-Sabbatarian party might make use of it as a means of oppressing their less Puritanical neighbours, and an act was accordingly passed providing that no one should take any proceedings under the old Statute without the consent of two Justices of the Peace, or a stipendiary magistrate, or the chief officer of police of the district where the offence was committed. This is probably a sufficient safeguard without repealing what has frequently been

termed an obsolete act. An application was recently made under the Lord's Day Observance Act to one of the Metropolitan police magistrates on behalf of the Quiet Sunday Society. The objects of this Society, which is unsectarian like its kinsman, the Society for the Suppression of Street Noises, is most laudable, the suppression of raucous cries by newspaper boys, vendors of fruit, milk, and other comestibles in the London streets, to the annoyance of the inhabitants. As was said by the advocate in applying for the summons there was no desire to stop the trading, but only the noise which accompanied it. The corpus delicti was milk, an article which, according to the express enactment of Section 3 of the Act, can be legally cried before nine o'clock in the morning and after four in the afternoon, but not between those hours. magistrate convicted the milk-seller of illegally crying his wares and decreed a forfeiture of the milk, though at the same time showing his opinion of the prosecution by refusing to issue a warrant for such forfeiture, and declining to allow the costs of the prosecution. With this barren victory the Quiet Sunday Society had to be satisfied; at all events it may be used as an argument in favour of the Bill for the Suppression of Street Noises on Sunday or any other day. town of Sheffield two rival barbers lately fell out, when one indicted the other for following his profession by shaving his customers on a Sunday morning. It was held that this was exercising his ordinary calling, although the Queen's Bench Division held that the prosecution failed from not having obtained the proper Statutory sanction for the prosecution.

In 1781 an Act was passed which affected the Sunday amusements of the people in the same way as the Act of Charles the Second had affected

their business occupations. It was introduced in the House of Lords by Bishop Porteous, after the suppression of the Gordon Riots, under the title of an Act for preventing certain Abuses and Profanations of the Lord's Day called Sunday. enacted "that any house, room, or other place which shall be opened or used in public entertainment or amusement, or for publicly debating on any subject whatsoever upon any part of the Lord's day called Sunday, and to which persons shall be admitted on the payment of money, or by tickets sold for money, shall be deemed a disorderly house or place." In 1868 the question as to what constituted an entertainment within the meaning of the Act was raised in an action brought in the Court of Common Pleas for the recovery of penalties amounting to the sum of £800. The defendant was president of an Association calling itself an Association for the Development of Religious Feeling by the elevation and instruction of all persons who shall either join the Association or attend its services. The defendant duly registered a place called St. Martin's Hall in Long Acre as the place of meeting intended to be used for religious worship by the Association under the title of Recreative Reli-This designation was exgionists. plained to refer, not to recreation in its ordinary sense, but to the creation of a new form of religious worship, by which it was hoped to remedy the alleged indifference of the people at large to ordinary religious services. It consisted of sacred music, such as Rossini's STABAT MATER, performed on the organ and sung by a gratuitous choir with paid soloists; after which an address was delivered, always instructive, sometimes of a religious tendency, sometimes neutral rather than religious, but never profane. was no debating or discussion; nothing

comic or dramatic, or tending to the encouragement of irreligion or impropriety. Entrance to the hall was free, but tickets were sold and money taken for admission to reserved seats. The object of the Association was clearly not pecuniary gain; on the contrary, the services were carried on at a loss although attended by considerable numbers of the public. On these facts the Court of Common Pleas held that the proceedings at these meetings were not an entertainment or amusement within the Act.

In the course of the argument some stress had been laid on the plea that the principal attraction was the music. "But," said Mr. Justice Byles, "if this objection prevailed, it is easy to see that it would have a more extensive application than the plaintiff contemplated." This remark, though made in 1868, is certainly equally applicable to the present day.

In 1875 two actions were brought against the Brighton Aquarium Company to recover penalties for keeping a place of entertainment open on Sundays. It appeared from the evidence that the Brighton Aquarium was a building which consisted of chambers below the level of the ground and a terrace above. The chief part was used as an aquarium for the exhibition of fish; there was also a readingroom and a restaurant, and a band played a selection of sacred music on Sunday evenings. A charge of sixpence was made at the door to every visitor, on Sundays as well as on week days, thereby distinguishing this from the case of St. Martin's Hall. these facts the Court of Queen's Bench, while at the same time expressing their regret, held that it was impossible to say that the Aquarium was not a place of entertainment and amusement within the Statute of George the Third. This decision led to the passing of an Act in the same year giving the Crown

power to remit, in whole or in part, any penalty, fine, or forfeiture imposed or recovered for any offence under the Act of 1781, whether on indictment, information, or summary conviction, or by action, or any other process. This Act somewhat cooled the ardour of the champions of the Puritanical Sabbath, though on only two or three occasions have the powers given under it been exercised.

In 1894 occurred the well-known Leeds cases, Reid v. Wilson and Ward, and Reid v. Wilson and King, in which the Lord's Day Observance Society sued, under the Act of 1781, the defendants, who represented the Leeds Sunday Lecture Society, on account of certain lectures given on Sunday evenings in the Coliseum at Leeds, to which the public were admitted on payment. It was proved that the lectures were partly of a humourous character (one was by Max O'Rell on British and Irish Characteristics), and on that ground, as providing entertainment and amusement, the Court decided that they came within the prohibitions of the Act. Although the actions failed on the ground that the defendants were not the persons to whom the Act had attached penalties, the principle at issue was decided in favour of the plaintiffs, and both Mr. Justice Matthew and the jury before whom the actions were tried expressed opinions adverse to the maintenance of the Act in its existing form. In the course of his summing up Mr. Justice Matthew thus expressed himself: "Probably the most sensible view of this particular proceeding is to treat it as a step in the agitation which has been so long going on to procure the repeal of this and similar statutes and to call the attention of the Legislature to the existence of this Act of Parliament and to its effect in interfering with what would appear to be the perfect legiti-

mate amusements of the public." The case of Reid v. Wilson afterwards came before the Court of Appeal, when the plaintiffs were again unsuccessful, the Court showing that they certainly did not approve of the policy of the Act of 1781. "For all we know," observed Lord Justice Lopes in the course of his judgment, "instead of the Society producing something amusing and entertaining, they might have produced something as dull as possible, and in such a case Wilson clearly could not have been liable." The result of this expression of judicial opinion was that, early in 1895, a select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to consider what amendments it might be expedient to make in the Lord's Day Act of 1781. Viscount Cross was the Chairman and the Lord Chancellor (Lord Halsbury), the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, Lord Hobhouse and five other peers were members of the committee. great number of witnesses were examined, including leading representatives of the Sunday Societies, such as the National Sunday League, the Sunday Lecture Society, and the Typeside Lecture Society: on the other side were called the secretaries of the Lord's Day Observance Society and of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association. In addition to these. eminent barristers, lecturers, actors and musicians, entertainers, and even a literary cab-driver (who had written a prize-essay on the roof of his Hansom) swelled the volume of evidence both for and against the repeal of the Act. On July 14th, 1896, the Committee presented their final report. believe," they said, "that the law now in force is (apart from its phraseology) in general harmony with the sentiments and wishes of the English people. We believe that it is, and further that the good which might sometimes result from giving increased facilities for lectures and music on Sundays would be more than counterbalanced by the increase of paid, and practically involuntary, Sunday labour, and by the encouragement given to make pecuniary profit under the guise of entertainments for 'the public good.'"

For upwards of two centuries, therefore, the united wisdom of the nation has been occupied in settling this grave question; and it still remains unsettled. The law as to Sunday Observance cannot even now be considered to rest on a sure foundation. To give one instance only, it is still doubtful whether the Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, where music of an elevating, though may be of a secular, character is performed, do not come within the prohibition contained in the Lord's Day Act of 1781.

## NELL: A BIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT.

SHE was a mongrel, an unmitigated mongrel, I was about to write, but am restrained by the recollection that she was one quarter good fox-terrier. You would not have thought it to look at her. Except for her tail (which her owner had considerately docked in infancy, to impart as much as he could of a false air of breeding), she might have been the veriest garu, or native cur, who sneaked hungrily about the empty porridge-pots in a Mang'anja village.

I am not sufficiently expert in the technicalities of canine phraseology to describe Nell's appearance correctly. All I know is, that she was white, with two liver-coloured patches on her head and face, and that she had enormous flapping ears which generally stood erect. I have known her scared almost into fits (and well she might be) by the shadow of these same ears projected on the wall by my bedroom candle. As for her moral character, it may be summed up in a sentence; she had a warm heart, no conscience, not a particle of courage, and not the remotest vestige of manners.

Her first owner was an English coffee-planter, developing the resources of the Dark Continent in a retired spot, where, except for the Angoni, he might almost as well have been Robinson Crusoe. Fortunately for himself, he had a taste for reading, a great love of animals, and the knack of making friends with the natives. When he moved about out of doors, he usually appeared encompassed with a cloud of dogs; and when he visited his cattle kraal, his two gray monkeys would swing themselves down from

the great wild fig-tree in whose branches they had fixed their abode, and swarm up him to take sweet potatoes out of his pockets.

Jones and I were trying British Central Africa together. I will not enter into details (this being not our biography, but Nell's,) further than to say that our place was a few miles away from that of the aforesaid planter, whom I will call, as did his Angoni neighbours, Chimfuti, or the Jones had a black-and-Big Gun. white fox-terrier called Nix, a most jolly little dog. Except for the ticks taking their share of him, the climate agreed with him wonderfully well, and he never lost the keen edge of his sporting instincts. But then Jones used to talk to him, and make a companion of him; and there were always plenty of rats, so that he did not get bored, and Jones slept of nights without finding the brutes rioting over him as he lay in bed.

I had no dog, and Chimfuti offered She was, I suppose, seven me Nell. or eight months old, and as unspeakably foolish as only a half-grown puppy can be. I received her with effusive gratitude, because, just then, I was in a mood to welcome any sort of a dog; and, besides, I was full of grand theories about the influence of kindness and judicious training on the lowest mongrel in creation. If the average garu was a sorry spectacle, it was only because he was starved and bullied. Treat him kindly, feed him decently, let him see that you cared for him personally, and valued his friendship, and you would in time have a faithful dependant, who, given the opportunity, would be quite ready to emulate the classic example of Gelert or the hound Argus. I used to say all this to Jones sometimes, as we sat on the verandah smoking after dinner, and watched the sun setting behind the three peaks of Mvai; but he would only give a little laugh and make no further comment.

The subject is a painful one. Suffice it to say that I was compelled to modify my opinions before I had Not that she was anything but affectionate, in a way; she would have been warmly attached, I think, to any one who fed her regularly, and I always did this myself. But it is not pleasant to have your dog flinging its whole bulk upon you, and copiously licking your face every time you take your ease in a basket-chair. And she was not one who took hints readily. The only way to smoke or read in peace was either to shut her out or tie her up. If the former, she invariably bounced back through a window, for it was impossible to keep the house hermetically sealed in that climate; if the latter, she wailed dismally, till Jones said he could not and would not bear it, and asked me why I did not bring her up better.

Then she took to sleeping on my bed, by day or night and totally regardless of previous occupancy. It was a narrow folding stretcher, with scarcely room for more than one; consequently, it often happened that I awoke in the night, and found myself balanced on the outer verge, with Nell curled up in the middle of the mattress against the small of my back. Or I would find her lying on my feet, and she was no light weight; and, as for kicking her off, it was next door to an impossibility. She would lie perfectly still, an inert but elastic mass, so that your feet, when you assayed to kick, just slid under her and left her where she was. There was nothing for it but to get up and haul her down, and tie her up, and go to sleep as best one could, in spite of her yelping and yowling, only too thankful if she did not awaken Nix, and cause Jones to shout from his chamber: "Why can't you keep that brute-beast of yours quiet?"

But Nell,-Jones thought I was not strict enough with her (Nix, of course, being a model of correct nurture), so I took to thrashing her whenever I caught her on my bed in the daytime. I kept a bango cane handy in the corner of the room; she made a great noise when it was applied, but I don't know that it hurt her much. For a bango, let me tell you, is by no means the same thing as a bamboo, and, if not carefully selected, is apt to fly to pieces in the hand when vigorously used. ever, between that and the tying-up at night, she began to realise that the bed was a forbidden place; and this is where her abominable lack of conscience comes in.

She learned to retire of her own accord to the basket appointed for her, and to stay there without compulsion till I was asleep, when she would quietly get up, and edge me out of bed as before described. Also she would sleep on that bed in the day-time, whenever she got the chance. If I came in, and said, sharply, "Nell!" she would jump down in a tremendous hurry, only to slip back the moment I was out of sight. I should have respected her more if there had been more method and capability in her transgressions; but she was so inanely short-sighted. would barely give me time to get out of the room before repeating the offence.

We had been warned always to keep our dogs indoors at night, in view of the risks so graphically indicated by that worthy Scot who, being one of a cheerful party in a lamp-lit and curtained room at the Mission, heard a scuffle and howl on the verandah, followed by an ominous stillness, and solemnly remarked: "Man, the dowg's awa' wi' a leopard!" Is it not recorded in the traditions of British Central Africa? But I am bound to say that no special precautions were needed in Nell's case. Nothing would induce her to put her nose outside the door after dark, if she knew it.

Perhaps it was another evidence of a nervous temperament that she had a cat-like horror of water, which, indeed, suggested a more efficacious chastisement than the cane. Before long she would fly in terror at the mere sight of a jug. She used to wash her face with her fore-paws, too, which I never saw any other dog doing. It may be the case that native dogs are partly descended from cats; the ancients told us we were always to expect something new from Africa.

But, alas, there were yet other sins which called aloud for the intervention of the cane and the water-jug. There would be a sound of tumult outside, causing us to issue forth and confront the spectacle of half-a-dozen small boys in shirts and calico kilts, the foremost whereof, with the air of an Accusing Angel, was dragging the offending Nell along by the collar. "Garu wako a na ba ! " said he. "Thy dog has been stealing!" The grammar tells us that it is more respectful to say, "garu wanu (your dog)"; whence I conclude that either the little wretches did not know their own language so well as the missionary who wrote the said grammar, or they thought no respect could be due to the owner of a dog like that. Of course I had to thrash her, and compensate the boy whose fowl or porridge she had stolen, and who commonly held out a rescued leg of the corpus delicti, or the plate which had contained it, in front of her nose while she was undergoing punishment. She made noise enough for half-a-dozen dogs when this sort of thing happened; and thus, possibly, escaped a good deal.

Sometimes, too, our capitao, educated boy from the Mission, came up to report that he had suffered loss, of his dinner, or of eggs from under a sitting hen in his private apartment, or what not. There was a sternness in Zedekiah's eye on these occasions, and a lofty disapproval in his manner, which were not easy to face; and Jones, who could pulverise Zedekiah with a look when he liked, never would help me out, but sat by, smoking with stony impassiveness. always made me sensible that the contempt Jones habitually felt for Nell, which he never took any pains to disguise, was now being extended to me. And you have no idea to what an abject being that consciousness reduced me.

One comfort was that Nvell. as the boys usually called her, was not sporting enough to worry live fowls, or Jones would certainly have insisted on a halter for her straightway. Nix did, occasionally,—but we are not treating of Nix just now. Once. when I was at Pembereka's kraal, negotiating for supplies of maize flour and beans, Nell made my heart leap into my mouth by slaying a diminutive and very skinny chicken. old Pembereka was not Zedekiah, and he accepted my apologies most goodnaturedly. And I really think that was Nell's solitary exploit in the way of slaughter.

While on the subject of sport, I must not omit to mention the sole occasion on which Nell earned for herself unalloyed praise. It was rather a mysterious occurrence, and I don't quite know, even yet, how to explain it. I used to collect beetles,

in a helpless, amateur sort of way, to the derision of Jones and the contemptuous wonder of the various small boys who served us. These last, however, speedily learned that something might be gained by bringing me specimens; consequently every creeping thing they set eyes on was pounced upon with triumphant shouts of balasuko/---which, I believe, means a bottle, and referred, of course, not to the captive, but to the lethal receptacle awaiting him. Well, one day, being busy in the garden, I was startled by a shout from Jones: "I say, Duffield, Nell's brought you a balasuko / " I hastened indoors, and found Jones nearly doubled up with laughing, and Nell, seated in the middle of the matting, with both forepaws stretched out in front of her, looking up at him with wondering and slightly reproachful eyes. Between her paws she held, alive and uninjured, an immense beetle. I don't know his scientific name, or indeed, any name at all for him, but he was long and flat and brown and had terrific jaws, and I was very glad to add him to my collection. Nell looked as pleased as Punch when I took him from her; and when I patted her and called her "good dog," she jumped all over me and nearly knocked me down. As for what made her do it—well, I give it up! Jones says she had been watching the boys, and thought she had found a way to please me. that was not her reason, nobody will ever find out what was. And now, concerning Nell's early career at Nziza, let this much suffice.

Now it came to pass, in course of time, that the climate did not agree with me, and I was forced to dissolve partnership with Jones, to my great regret. Whether it was equally to his, I do not know.

I could not take Nell out of the country with me, and Jones would

not have her at a gift. He said, moreover, that if she stayed about the place, she would probably meet with an accident of some sort; and I think he mentioned strychnine.

"As for that thing," said Chimfuti one day when we were discussing the question of dogs, "if you'll take her with you and drown her in the first stream you come to, you'll be doing every one a service." So, clearly, Chimfuti did not want her.

Just as I had everything ready to start at peep of dawn next morning,—the loads accurately packed and fastened, and the carriers seated round their fires, making popcorn in the lids of old biscuit-tins, and passing the big pipes from hand to hand—there arrived an unexpected wayfarer, Mac, of the Caledonian Mission, which has its head-quarters at Mangasanja.

Now I had to go to Mangasanja on my way down country, and Mac was likewise bound thither. And after that, he said, he was going to take charge of a new station they were building in the Chingomanji mountains; and he would be all alone there, and he had no dog. This he said, having heard some mention of Nell. I offered her at once. Mac accepted, and while I went to fetch her, Jones, assuming a doleful expression of countenance, delivered an extempore and exhaustive character-sketch of the most scathing description. Mac, however, was impervious to his warnings. He said the dog was young, and needed good training (Mac was great on education in all its branches), and he meant to be kind but firm. that, she was handed over to him, and we started next day. Jones and Nix walked with us to the end of the hoed road; and the parting words shouted after us by the former were to the effect that he advised Mac, as a friend, to put an end to that brute before she got him into trouble.

Nothing particular happened on the road. She howled dismally at the ford of the Kapeni, and ran up and down the bank like one distraught, fearing she was to be left behind. One of the boys, with a judicious shove, sent her into the water; and, after the first indignant outcry, she struck out bravely and reached the other side in safety. After that, she trotted along gaily enough, and, though pretty tired by the time we reached Mangasanja Mission, she had done the whole march on her own feet.

They were very kind and hospitable people at the Mission; and they asked me to stay there till a steamer should arrive to take me down the river. But they did not care about dogs. Therefore, I was glad that Mac, on arriving, led Nell away (by a string) to his own house, where he was just packing up to leave for Chingomanji. He told me that he meant to secure her carefully before coming up, as he had been bidden, to dine at the Manse in the evening.

The Doctor was an awful man (I speak subjectively, of course, meaning merely as he affected my unworthy self), with piercing gray eyes, and a bushy white beard. Every time he looked at me, I fancied he was detecting hidden heresies, and would presently drag them ruthlessly to I fancied, too (it may be light. quite baselessly), that his excellent wife regarded me as an incompetent Laodicean sort of person, as devoid of zeal for improving my fellow-creatures as I was of business capacity and the stamina necessary for succeeding in As I say, I may have been mistaken on this point; but it will be quite clear that I was by no means at my ease to begin with. then.

The soup had been removed, and the head table-boy was just setting down the roast fowl before the master of the house (whose view of the French window was, by the by, obstructed by a tall vase of flowers in the middle of the table), when there was a crash of glass, a whirlwind of curtain, and something white bounded in from the verandah and made straight for me.

I tried to look unconscious, but felt myself burning with guilty blushes. Nell was clawing my legs to pieces, and whimpering with joy, on the side furthest from my hostess.

"What's that?" asked the Doctor, in his deepest bass.

"Heh!" (the inimitable African grunt). "Garu!" said the solemn-faced white-shirted boy, standing with the fowl suspended in mid-air.

Mrs. Doctor mounted her glasses and tried to see. I had succeeded in kicking Nell into limbo below the table, but she bounded out on the other side, between the skirts of two ladies, and began circling round the room in a frantic and noisy wardance.

"What dog is this? Alexander, do you know it?"

The Reverend Doctor bent his spectacles on the leaping and vociferating Nell, and questioned the boys in Mang'anja. The wretch with the roast fowl (having safely landed the same by this time) looked at me with a slight smile and a pitying superiority too lofty almost for contempt, and said "Wa mzungu uja (of that white man)."

Nell had come round again to me by this time, and was making violent efforts to leap all over me. I cannot tell you how covered I was with confusion; I was vainly striving to collect my wits and say something, anything, when I heard honest Mac's voice from the other end of the table. "Ah! yon'll be juist ma dowg, Mistress Menzies. I tied him up in the verandy a while syne, but——"

Mrs. Menzies did not wait for the conclusion of the apology, but turned a majestic and freezing glance on me. "Why do the boys say it is your dog, Mr. Duffield?"

As I live I can't see that it was a hanging matter, whichever way you like to take it; but she made me feel like the worst of criminals. At the same time there flashed across the other side of my dual consciousness a grotesque temptation to reply, "Because the boys are not infallible."

"I,—yes,— she was mine," I stammered strickenly, bending over my plate. "I gave her to Mr Maclachlan."

"Oh, ay! Mr. Duffield tauld me he wasna wantin' the dowg the noo." Mac was always uncompromisingly Scotch,—sometimes, I think, in that painfully correct atmosphere, perversely so. "An' he gied her to me to tak' to Chingomanji."

I made a shamefaced offer to replace the broken window-pane (no trifling matter in those regions), but it was politely declined. It lay all the heavier on my conscience, and I privately resolved to contribute the amount to the offertory in church. In the meantime Nell was sent down to Mac's house in charge of a boy,—whom she bit.

After dinner we adjourned to the church for evening prayers. On the way thither, passing down to a group of white-robed figures in the dusk, I heard a voice say, in the soft, rich native accents: "That is the *Mzungu* whose dog has broken the window at *Che Dotolo's* house."

I could have turned and fled, but I was walking beside one of the ladies. She was engrossed in telling me about the moral effect of individual ownership in land, and evidently did not hear. A few yards further on we heard the tinkle of brass anklets, and came up with two or three girls, giggling,

and chatting as they loitered along, and once more I caught the fateful word garu. Them Miss Tomlinson admonished not to be so noisy, and to hasten on or they would be too late, and thereby unwittingly relieved my oppressed spirit. But throughout the service, I regret to say, I could not get rid of the consciousness that curious eyes were fixed on me; indeed I saw them whenever I looked up, and felt that the fame of my unlucky adventure must have spread throughout the Mission.

Mac left early next morning. I saw him off and said good-bye to Nell, who was being carried by his personal boy, one Manyua. I exhorted her to behave herself, and not bite Manyua, though knowing by sad experience how much effect I was likely to produce.

On the following morning I heard a violent scratching at my bedroom I sprang out of bed and opened it; there was Nell, splashed with mud and scratched with thorns, but vivacious and affectionate as ever. groaned aloud. What was I to do with such a feckless, reckless, tableoverthrowing, window-breaking brute, in a spotless, well-ordered house like this, with its scrupulously scrubbed floors and snowy-robed boys, and every climbing plant on the verandah trained to its right place by a quarter-inch? I threw on an overcoat and stole out guiltily; the sun was not yet up. I took her in my arms, holding her jaws with one hand, partly to silence her, partly to defeat her strenuous efforts at licking my face. I carried her down to Mac's deserted house and fastened her up in the back verandah, carefully testing the cord. Then I fetched her some water, and, discovering an early bird of a boy who looked good-natured, bribed him to feed her with maize-porridge so soon as his wife should have some ready,

and so slunk back undetected to my chamber.

Several things made me nervous that day. The doctor talked of strychnined meat to be put out at night. There had been hyenas at the hen-roost, and a leopard was suspected of having made away with one of the goats. Not having any dog or cat of their own they had no scruples about that kind of thing. And I was fond enough of Nell, spite of all that had come and gone, not to desire such a fate for her. I revolved the possibility of sending her after Mac, but found that no caravan was likely to leave for Chingomanji that week or the next. If I particularly wanted to send, I should have to engage at least twenty men, as it was just then supposed to be a dangerous road, and two or three could not be got to But if I had any travel it alone. commissions, said good Miss Tomlinson, why had I not sent yesterday, when Mr. Maclachlan went? Why, indeed ?

On the top of this came the news that my steamer had arrived, and that I should have to start early next morning if I wanted to catch her. I could not take Nell, and I could not leave her. What was to be done?

Then Providence intervened, in the shape of a visitor from the American mission on the other side of the hills. He was a queer but very amiable little man, who wore huge round spectacles, flannels, and a pith-helmet, and he had one great charm for me. He was

just mourning the loss of his only dog, and his abode was overrun with rats. He became almost tearful as he described how they woke him up at night by gnawing his toes.

I made my offer at once. A letter of explanation would put matters right with Mac; he had not had time to get fondly attached to Nell, and could beg, buy, or adopt a dog as good as she, and better, any day and anywhere. So while I was on my way to the river, Nell left Mangasanja in tow of the American evangelist.

I have since received a letter from that good man, in which he gives Nell the highest character. They have changed her name to Lady,—a most amazing misnomer, I should have thought. She never steals, is a splendid ratter, and the children are devoted to her and she to them. She must have undergone some phenomenal transformation, unless the American Mission's standard of conduct, honour, and delicacy in dogs is something very different from mine.

There she remains, for aught I know, to this day, and I wish them joy of her and her reformation, whether brought about by means of the Elmira system or otherwise. And for myself, I am quite resigned by this time to the notion of surviving in Mangasanja tradition (if any memory of me yet remains there), as "the man who brought that awful dog to the Manse"; and in artless and still affectionately-remembered Nziza, as "the Mwini (master) of Nyell."

### A BRITISH PRISONER IN AMERICA.

In a former paper in this Magazine, I dealt with Captain Anburey's experiences as an officer of Burgoyne's army in that unfortunate campaign which ended in the surrender to Gates at Saratoga. The British army, it may be remembered, though surrounded by overwhelming odds, without provisions, without hope of succour, in an unfamiliar forest wilderness, refused even then the unconditional surrender that Gates seemed justified in demanding. The American general, however, from mixed motives of generosity and policy reconsidered the position, and a convention was entered into by which the twenty-five hundred British, and the two thousand Hessian prisoners, were to be sent forthwith to England, on condition of serving no more in the war The convention against America. broken, under pretexts that savoured more of casuistry than good faith, by Congress, who refused to endorse their general's word of honour; and instead of sailing home from Rhode Island, as agreed, the unfortunate soldiers remained prisoners of war in America for over three years.

The sojourn of so large a number of British troops for so long a time as prisoners in America is a little incident in our military history that has practically escaped notice. It would not be fair to criticise an impoverished country under an inexperienced and extemporised government in the matter of its treatment of prisoners of war, as one would criticise England or France in like

<sup>1</sup> November, 1896.

circumstances and at the same period. The question of food and shelter for so large a body presented difficulties with which any thoughtful person could sympathise. But unhappily it is placed beyond all doubt that Burgoyne's captive army, after being, as they considered, treacherously detained, were subjected to the most ungenerous and vindictive treatment; and this, in the case of brave soldiers whose position made retaliation impossible, is surely of all things the most pitiful.

Anburey's letters to his friends in England, which were continued from the time of his surrender in November. 1777, till his ultimate release in February, 1781, are not only lucid and well-written but are most conspicuously fair and impartial for a man so circumstanced, and most essentially the letters of a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He naturally prophesies that the Americans would repent their independence, should they achieve it, as indeed we know a great many of them for a time did. But in none of these letters, even when suffering from broken faith and bad treatment, is there anything of the arrogant assumption of the Englishman over the colonist, or of the regular officer over the volunteer, which was by no means uncommon at that period. On the contrary, there is a genuine admiration of every gallant deed performed by the Americans, and an entire absence of any desire to discount their bravery or to sneer at their Every act of kindness or hospitality shown to the young officer he acknowledges with gratitude, and without spoiling it by any pointless comparisons between the civilisation of an old country and that of a new. He describes farming with as much zest as fighting, and enters with as great interest into the natural history of the country as he does into the manners and customs of the people.

Great indeed was the excitement throughout the country villages of New England as the captured British army went trailing eastwards from Saratoga over the green mountains of Vermont. "So, you old fool, you have come out to see the lions," was the not very polite remark of a brother officer of Anburey's to an old witch who was craning her withered neck among the bystanders. forward "Lions, indeed," said the quick-witted old dame. "Methinks you look more like lambs."

The graceless, irrepressible curiosity of the Yankee lower class has of course been the theme of every stranger, European and American, who ever moved among them. In those days a traveller could hardly get his horse taken at an inn, or his supper prepared, till he had answered an endless string of questions. A cheery Virginian colonel, whom Anburey met in Cambridge, said that he had an invaluable formula which he always used when he rode up to an inn or a farmhouse: "Worthy people," he would say, "I am Mr. —, of Virginia, by trade a tobacco-planter, and a bachelor, I have some friends at Boston whom I am going to visit; my stay will be short, when I shall return and follow my business as a prudent man ought to do. This is all I know of myself and all I can possibly tell you. I have no news; and now, having told you everything, have compassion upon me and my horse and give us some refreshment." On one occasion during this depressing march to Boston, Lord Napier happened to be quartered for the night in the same house as

Anburey. The inhabitants of the village clustered round the door, wondering which might be "the lord." At last four women, by dint of coaxing the landlord, thrust their way into the room and "with the twang peculiar to New England" said, "I hear you have a lord among you, pray now which might he be!" One Kemmis of the 9th regiment, evidently a wag in his way, assumed a dramatic attitude, and pointing to Lord Napier, who was covered from head to foot with mud, and wet to the skin, reeled off all his various titles with many fanciful decorations and additions. "Wall, wall!" said the spokeswoman of the deputation lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven. "For my part, if that be a lord I never wish to see another but the Lord Jehovah." Another amusing reminiscence is told of this march. The brigadier who commanded their escort was named Brickett, a sociable individual who greatly affected the company and conversation of the British officers. One of the latter. who was on foot, happened to remark cursorily to the brigadier that he wished he had a decent pair of boots in which to face the muddy roads. To the astonishment of the speaker Brickett promptly offered to sell him his own, and asked what he would give for them. The officer, partly no doubt in jest, answered that he would give a gold guinea (gold was then getting woefully scarce), whereat the American jumped off his horse in a twinkling, pulled off his boots and produced some mocassins from his pocket as a substitute. The officer, protesting there was no such urgent hurry as all that, the exchange was deferred till they arrived in camp, when the brigadier lost no time in coming round with the boots to the Englishman's tent, and the bargain was ratified. The British guinea

was now worth nine paper dollars, or double its par value; before Anburey was released it had risen to be worth a hundred! The country people were incredibly short of everything at this time, owing to the war; yet our author bears strong testimony to the cheerfulness with which they bore their privations, and the unanimity with which they turned out to fight for independence. He was struck, moreover, with the immense power of the ministers. They seemed to use every endeavour to make it a religious war, and practised the casuistry of very Jesuits. One preacher Anburey himself heard, in the course of a harangue to his flock, tell them that the struggle was for religious liberty, and that with defeat Roman Catholicism would be forced upon the country. He also declared, did this amazing person, that he had been privately visited by the Supreme Being, who had assured him that only those who risked their lives in so righteous a cause would be accepted in Heaven.

The barracks at Cambridge, which were the immediate destination of the British troops, proved to be in a shocking condition. It was now close upon Christmas and no fuel had been prepared, so the soldiers had no choice but to cut the rafters down in order to keep themselves alive. Six officers were quartered in a room twelve feet square, nor till Burgoyne had made the most urgent representations were they allowed to hire rooms in the neighbourhood. Finally they were granted a parole over ten miles, the city of Boston being rigorously excluded. The captives remained in the neighbourhood of Boston for just a year; but a very few weeks of this had passed before they learned that Gates's terms had been repudiated by Congress, and that, instead of sailing for England,

they were prisoners indefinitely. This year was one of continual irritation. The cream of the local troops were away on active service, and the Jackin-office was everywhere, most unhappily, to the front. The common folk of New England, with all their virtues, could scarcely prove otherwise than trying to another people brought into close contact with them in such delicate circumstances as these. The atmosphere of Massachusetts in 1777, to a stranger, and particularly to those born in a free country like England, must have been most depressing. The officers on parole were abused by the local authorities for walking about on Sunday mornings, though the Episcopal churches had all been dismantled by the Congregationalists and their pastors driven away. But these were trifles. The gentry seem to have had friendly and hospitable inclinations, but were much checked by the terror of public opinion, to which the gentry of Virginia, as we shall see, rose superior. As for the populace, they seem to have done everything in their power to irritate and insult brave soldiers, whom the fortune of war had thrown upon their hospitality, and broken faith had kept there.

It was probably the scum of the Massachusetts regiments that was doing garrison duty around Boston. Let us at any rate hope so, for Anburey says that it was not only the rank and file who took up this ungenerous attitude. The officers themselves were frequent offenders; though it must in justice be remembered that the officers of New England regiments were more often than not of the same class as their men; and in the ranks of their militia corps men of sixty, we are told, and boys of fourteen rubbed shoulders in strange medley. It was in connection with the sentry duty around the

barracks where the British, under certain restrictions, were confined, that the chief trouble seems to have oc-It was so very easy for malevolent and undisciplined rustics to shoot a poor private, "who looked sulky," under the pretence of his having overstepped the bounds, and the more so, since their commanding officer had publicly declared that he himself would blow any such offender's brains out in a moment. One young scamp of fourteen shot dead a most promising and popular officer, as he was driving two ladies out of barracks, the horses having become momentarily unmanageable. The boy was not only acquitted, but officially complimented for doing his duty. Several men were shot on trivial pretexts. ruffian of sixty fired at the wife of a soldier, but fortunately missed his aim. The woman ("a true old campaigner" Anburey calls her) was upon him in an instant, wrenched the rifle from his hands, and flinging him on the ground held him there in durance vile till rescued by his fellow sentries. The great disturber, however, of all peace and goodwill was the colonel commanding the American troops in Cambridge, a most outrageous person of the name of Henley. According to him a sulky look deserved death, and if he were a sentinel, he informed the public with many oaths, he would thus treat any unfortunate Britisher who failed to look cheerful and grateful in these depressing circumstances. was a pretty example to the undisciplined boors who served under him. Upon one occasion this precious colonel was inspecting some British prisoners under arrest among whom was a corporal of the 9th regiment who had been detained for insolence to a provincial officer. The corporal truly declared that he was in liquor at the time and did not know the gentleman was an officer (which may well have

been), and that he was ready to ask his pardon. Henley, in language that is not easy to reconcile with such a godly region, called him a scamp, and swore that, had he been there, he would have run him through with his The corporal, however, own hand. had the imprudence to reply that he was no scamp, but a good soldier, as his officers would testify, who had fought for his king and his country and hoped to do so again. For answer Henley ordered the guard to run the prisoner through the body, and as the men hesitated the ferocious ruffian leaped from his horse, seized a musket with fixed bayonet, and rushed upon the unarmed corporal, who luckily, through the interference of his companions, escaped with only a slight wound. Soon afterwards this same Henley bent his sword on the ribs of a British soldier who would not walk fast enough to please his highness. For some time the tension was so great that a general massacre was thought quite possible by Anburey and many others.

The following charge, solemnly and officially preferred, by a gentleman and a man of honour, like Burgoyne, more than confirms Anburey's account of Burgoyne demanded that Henley. the colonel should be tried by courtmartial "for behaviour, criminal as an officer and unbecoming a man, and of the most indecent, violent and vindictive severity against unarmed men, and of intentional murder." A courtmartial was after a long delay conceded, and the trial was a nine days' wonder. General Burgoyne prosecuted in person, and in a manly, eloquent, and even noble speech, which Anburey has preserved for us, reviewed the whole situation. As the Judge Advocate, however, was not only a personal friend of Henley, but boasted of being so, the sworn evidence of a number of British officers of rank was

brushed aside, and that of a parcel of boys in their teens, who repeated with ludicrously faithful, yet halting accuracy, the lesson assigned them, was accepted by judge and jury. The whole thing was a farce, and the result was of course an acquittal. The higher military authorities, however, promptly showed their view of the affair by superseding this backwoods swash-buckler in his command, and peace thenceforth reigned upon the scene.

The New England States had now come to the conclusion, and justly so, that as they had so far borne the chief burden of the war, and had in addition maintained the captive British army for a year, it was high time that some of the other provinces should bear their share of the burden. equity of this was readily acceded to by Congress, and Virginia, as presumably rich in food supply, and certainly remote from the scene of war, was selected. The spot chosen for the new camp was near the little town of Charlottesville, at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, and in what was then one of the back counties of the State. Anburey and his friends, who had now resigned themselves to indefinite captivity, were only too delighted to escape from New England. They were anxious also to see the famous Southern province of which they had heard such good report, and to be among a people whose "politeness and liberality of sentiment" had always been so much spoken of.

They had a march before them of six hundred miles and moved in two brigades. Their route, for obvious reasons, lay through the back of the Jerseys, so that they missed seeing the typical parts of a province that was even then noted for thrift and good husbandry. The most conspicuous object in this region was a large prison, where great numbers of unfortunate Tories from the surrounding

country were confined. The Jerseys, at one time strongly loyalist, had been greatly alienated by the indiscriminate plundering of the British troops, who pursued Washington on his memorable retreat of the previous While the British, however, only carried off stock and eatables, the Hessians rifled the houses of their contents. A loyalist innkeeper told Anburey that he had actually seen one of these industrious depredators carry an old clock out of an empty house and march with it under his arm towards New York, twenty miles away. The thrift and prosperity of Pennsylvania, even in those early days, seems to have greatly impressed the The highway, says our English. author, was lined with farmhouses, mostly of stone and two stories high, and surrounded by well-tilled fields. The barns were then, as now among farmers of Dutch or German extraction, still better relatively than the houses. The great industry of the people, and the scarcity of negroes, which were then numerous even in New England, was a matter of continual comment. Never, thinks Anburey, was there such a country for cider, while the roads were marked by milestones, a point of civilisation not even now reached by any of the Southern States. They crossed the Schuylkill on the bridge built by Washington for his retreat, and camped in the very huts at Valley Forge, where three thousand Americans had been allowed to shiver and starve unmolested through the preceding winter, while Howe danced the hours away in Philadelphia close by as if all unconscious that he held Washington in the hollow of his hand. It is not surprising that, while marching through the thriving German and Scotch-Irish settlements of Pennsylvania, numbers of the German soldiers seeing the comfort in which their

countrymen were living, took so favourable an opportunity for deserting. When one considers the fashion in which, according to Anburey, who had served with them for years, they had been enlisted, this becomes still less remarkable. On application being made to the Prince of Hesse for these troops, it seems that he caused the churches in his dominions to be surrounded during service, and every man who had been a soldier to be carried off. For officers, this petty Mogul made a raid on the half-pay list, compelling all these veterans to serve on pain of forfeiting their pensions. It is not to be wondered at that, in a campaign which entailed great privation and endurance, these middle-aged and elderly Hessians often failed in nerve and dash at a moment "What when both were needed. could be expected," said Anburey, "of regiments consisting of veterans who had served with credit in their youth, and returned, as they imagined, to enjoy some comforts in their decline of life?" We are asked to picture to ourselves ensigns of forty or fifty years commanding troops not much younger, and to judge how fit were such men for an active and vigorous campaign in the thick woods of America. Many too of the English soldiers deserted. among them Anburey's servant, who carried off his master's horse, portmanteau, and everything belonging to that unfortunate officer that he could lay hands upon. Financial difficulties pressed heavily upon the officers of the captive army. The continental money they had purchased decreased rapidly in value; while to add to their troubles, each State they passed through held in contempt the paper issue of its neighbour. They had now, however, reached Maryland, and Anburey experienced for the first time the considerate hospitality of the Southern gentry, who though ardent patriots, were wholly devoid of the petty spite which had made the Englishmen's lives so miserable in the Northern provinces. Their host near Frederickton, "a town wholly built of stone and presenting a noble appearance," was a gentleman and a man of the world. Though he held high rank in the American army, he gave up his usual Christmas holiday in order to entertain these chance guests whom misfortune had thrown upon him, and this he did, we are told, "in true English fashion, not even forgetting the plum-pudding."

In January the army crossed the Potomac into Virginia amid considerable dangers, the river being swollen with snow and laden with moving ice. But Virginia, the land of promise, proved a sore disappointment. was the dreariest season of the year, and these four thousand odd hapless wanderers found themselves floundering knee-deep in the mire of roads rotten with melting frosts and powdered by driving snowstorms. It was a country whose scattered inhabitants were individually comfortable, but was conspicuously deficient, as in a measure it still is, in matters pertaining to the convenience of the public at large. When the prisoners arrived at Charlottesville, wet and cold and encrusted with mud, says our author, no pen can describe their discomfort.

Charlottesville is now a University town, one of the prettiest and pleasantest spots in Virginia; then it was a backwoods village of twenty or thirty houses, surrounded by forests thinly sprinkled with plantations. Here the soldiers suffered privations far beyond any they had endured in New England. One can only wonder that the American authorities could have supposed it possible that a mere handful of a proverbially unbusiness-like people could have been equal to the task of feeding and housing four

thousand hungry Europeans. The origin of the scheme is simple enough. When Congress was somewhat perplexed where to send their prisoners, yet favourably inclining to the back counties of Virginia, a certain excellent Major Jones, representative of that district, up and spoke. He had an uncleared tract of land Charlottesville, he said, and he would undertake to erect huts and generally provide for the British army, upon conditions that matter nothing here. The astute major, however, saw far beyond a mere contract. He pictured to himself, and pictured rightly, his tract of almost valueless forest becoming, under the exigencies of so vast a host, an immense farm cleared and ready for the plough. Congress readily closed with his offer; but the major's public duties unhappily prevented his remaining in Virginia to superintend the formidable work thus lightly undertaken. It was therefore deputed to a brother, a local planter, who with the cheery optimism of this province undertook the whole business, the extent of which he had probably never attempted to realise. Time was never of much account in Virginia, and this no doubt worthy and wellmeaning farmer had scarcely roused himself to the beginning of his work when the British host descended upon Instead of a camp and several hundred huts, with a store of provisions, they found only a few shanties, roofless and choked with snow, standing forlorn in the thick woods. ten days there was nothing to eat but Indian corn, and nothing to drink but peach-brandy, the vilest of all spirits when new. In these desperate straits many of the officers drank heavily of this fiery liquor, and a terrible crop of duels was the result; "the inhabitants," says Anburey, "must have thought us a set of madmen." Matters however gradually improved; provisions of a sort came in; huts by degrees were erected and land cleared. The militia, who formed the guard, seem to have behaved well, and the British officers, save a few who were required in camp, were given a parole extending over a hundred miles. Many of them took up their abode in the neighbourhood of the camp, renting the houses of local planters who in this part of the State were mostly of the secondary order. Among the upper and middle classes of Virginia little of the vindictive spirit of the Northern provinces was shown towards the prisoners, while the lower were such savages that their quarrelsome attitude is hardly worth noting. Anburey, with two or three others, occupied a house crowning the top of a high hill, with the Blue Ridge rising majestically on the one hand, and over forty miles of rolling forest, broken at long intervals by plantations, spread beneath him upon the other. The scattered plantations of those days seemed to Anburey, as to other contemporary writers, like small villages, with their painted wooden houses surrounded by rows of barns and negro cabins, and gay in spring with the bloom of orchards.

The best people of Virginia, however, had in those days to be sought for a long way eastward of the Blue It was to the older country about Richmond, just within their parole, to which the British officers, when possible, turned their horses' heads. Here, among the old families of the colony, though foremost in the American cause, they found something more than a benevolent neutrality, and Anburey writes with genuine warmth of the true kindness and hospitality which they met with on all sides. Before going into the lower counties, however, he gives us a picture of the daily life of the planter and slave-owner, on whose place he was living, which is not an elevating one.

Even this man, with a few hundred acres and a few slaves, had his overseer and would have thought it beneath him to personally superintend his small estate. We are familiar of course with the haply modified type that the war of 1861 broke up, but it is interesting to hear an eye-witness speak of the same breed nearly a century earlier. This particular man, it seems, used to rise at eight, drink a julep of rum and sugar, and then, mounting his horse, ride round his plantation. At ten he took his breakfast, consisting of cold meat, hominy, and cider, the women only drinking tea or coffee. He then, "saunters about the house, sometimes amusing himself with the little negroes playing about the door, sometimes scraping on a violin." At twelve he drank toddy, peach brandy probably, to give him an appetite for his dinner at two. After this he usually went to bed till five, when he drank tea with his wife and then set to work again at his toddy till bedtime, "never drunk but always under the influence of stimulants." He only left home once a month on court-day (how familiar even now this sounds!): but there he used to get so invariably and egregiously drunk that his wife used generally to send a couple of negroes to bring him home.

In these early days one of the evils of slavery was graphically shown in the imposition of idleness and leisure on a class who could only use them as a peasant would, and who in other countries would have been engaged in some hard and healthy work. that still greater curse of slavery, the intercourse of planters with their female slaves, Anburey came also in frequent contact. The British officers of those days cannot be accused of being squeamish in such matters, but the numerous instances they saw of two families, of different colours, living side by side, shocked even them.

planter's wife, a virtuous and often quite a superior woman, regarding with apparent complacency the dusky counterparts of her own children moving about the house and fields as slaves was in truth a ghastly picture. amongst the highest class of colonial Virginia this preposterous state of things, I think, was very rare, and of this pleasing society Anburey was now to see a great deal. He describes his ride of a hundred miles to Richmond through the tall graceful forests of Virginia, broken at long intervals by the patriarchal and self-contained plantations. His spaniel chases the wild turkeys that now and then cross the red leaf-strewn road, which, in its tortuous windings and cross tracts, makes our travellers to despair of finding their way. He tells of the phraseology used by the countrymen, who in endeavouring to guide his steps but puzzled him the more; and the old expressions have a strangely familiar ring to ears that knew them, not a hundred and twenty but, much less than twenty years ago. The inns, or ordinaries, as they were called, were the object of all old writers' execrations. Whenever a planter heard of a respectable stranger being benighted at one, he invariably sent a negro to bring the unhappy wayfarer to his own house. But the travellers, as soon as they reached the banks of the lower James, found themselves at They were enteronce in comfort. tained by Colonel Carey of Warwick, by the Goodes of Chesterfield, the Carters of Shirley, the Byrds and Bollings and others bearing names famous in the annals of Virginia. From these hospitable and pleasant circles, politically hostile though they were, the English officers found it almost impossible to get away, even when duty called them. Anburey writes of the embarrassment which oppressed him at the thought that he would probably

never have a chance of requiting kindness which in the circumstances seems to him so overwhelming. The Randolphs, being a great clan in Virginia, were distinguished by the names of their estates. The house at Tuckahoe, looking down from a high hill over the broad reaches of the James, is described at some length as a type of the bigger mansions of the old Colonial days. It was built in two wings connected by a large saloon hung with chandeliers and set round with sofas, which formed a reception-room in the summer or a ball-room when required in winter. One wing was reserved for the family, the other for guests, a custom maintained till Virginian society was destroyed by the abolition of slavery, and in each wing were eight large rooms. Colonel Randolph, like most of his neighbours, kept, besides carriage and saddle horses, a capital racing stud. The table was excellent, though no wine was ever used, in this or any other house. The utmost consideration was shown for the feelings of the captive officers. little playful banter from the ladies was given and taken in good part, but politics were never mentioned. Miss Randolph was at this time, however, in great distress. Her father was accustomed to give her two hogsheads of tobacco yearly for pocket money, which she shipped to England, receiving back from the family commissionmerchant those various articles of fashion in which the female soul delights; but alas, the vessel containing the precious freight had been captured by a British cruiser, and great were the lamentations thereat. At Westover, a historic house of the time of Queen Anne which still looks down over the James, Anburey visited the widow of the celebrated and merry old Virginian, Colonel Byrd, whose fondness for play and society, both at home and in London, had left but this one out of many estates. Paintings of famous Englishmen hung, and still hang, on the wainscoted walls of Westover. The owner had been a cosmopolitan, a wit, and a man of taste, and he had also stood by Washington and Braddock on the fatal field of Monongahela. But Mr. Carter of Shirley was of all others the greatest On one of magnate of that period. his numerous estates stood the mansion of Blenheim built soon after Marlborough's great victory; and here was quartered, and shortly afterwards died, General Phillips who commanded the captive army. Mr. Carter was the greatest slave-owner of his day, owning fifteen hundred negroes. Yet there were not wanting certain people, and certain classes, even in Virginia; who resented this hospitality extended to the British officers. Their hosts, however, could afford to despise such ignorant and illiberal cavillers and took especial trouble to go out of their way to show their contempt for them. But even into Virginia a levelling spirit was then creeping; and though the wave partly receded, society was never quite the same again as in the Colonial days. While Anburey, for instance, was at the Randolphs, three common countrymen came into the saloon, where the colonel and his guests were sitting, drew their chairs up to the fire, pulled off their boots, and spat about in the usual pleasing fashion of the American rustic. had business, it seems, with the colonel; but business had never been conducted like this before in Virginia, and it created great astonishment. The colonel remarked, with a sigh, that it was a sign of the times, and that since the war one man seemed to think he was as good as another, if not a great deal better.

All this time, however, the troops in the woodland camp near Charlottesville were faring very badly. Their

huts they soon built for themselves, but for provisions they had to be content with a little bacon, generally rancid, twice a week, and for the rest nothing but hominy. The full-blooded British soldier under this thin diet almost starved, though later on a few vegetables were grown. neighbourhood, moreover, abounded in illicit stills, whence issued peach and apple brandy in fatal streams. The German officers, in their ennui, took to fighting duels, stripped to their waists and armed with sabres. Numbers of the English soldiers deserted, sometimes in twos and threes, at other times in small companies, who, electing a leader, endeavoured to make their way to the British headquarters at York. Colonel Harvey's woods were soon so completely cleared, that the camp consisted of an open space five miles in circumference, of which Anburey has left a very complete and curious sketch. The social condition of the middle and lower classes of Virginia is described with particular detail, which, to those who know the country now, helps to realise how much more stationary the old parts of the South have in many ways been than England, with the very marked exception of morality and sobriety. For English readers the curious contrasts in habit and character that, in Anburey's time as now, went to make the ordinary Southern planter, would have little interest: but the lower class at that time were such savages that their customs may be fairly touched upon as something of a curiosity. They too, in their fashion were hospitable and frank, but little more can be said for Their chief amusement was boxing-matches, or, in other words, fights of the most brutal descrip-I have myself talked with old tion. people in Virginia who remember the days of these ferocious combats. If

Anburey's account, moreover, needed confirmation, there is ample to be found in the writings of travellers who followed closely on his steps. Biting the nose off, or gouging out an eye, were the chief aims of the combatants, to say nothing of nameless mutilations of still worse character. These fights were by no means necessarily the result of quarrels, but were more often matters of arrangement, as affording additional attractions to fairs or race-meetings in the back counties. Cock-fighting was then a popular amusement throughout Virginia, and the backwoods pugilist, when eager for a fight, would leap upon a stump, crack his heels, flap his arms and crow, in imitation of the game little bird, boasting the while in the outrageous fashion of an Indian warrior, but in the most blasphemous Saxon verbiage. The extent of mutilation was always arranged beforehand and most scrupulously adhered to. Many of the men let their nails grow to a prodigious length, and sharpened them at the point, for gouging purposes. All accounts of that period agree that the spectacle of a man with an eye missing, or a nose bitten off, was a terribly common one; while in the Carolinas these savage fights were still more frequent. In the Eastern provinces horse-racing was carried on as in England, where animals that, according to Anburey, would not have disgraced Newmarket, ran for purses upon many fine racecourses; but among the plain folk in the back counties, and among the Scotch-Irish behind the Blue Ridge, what was known as quarter-racing was the favourite sport. Two parallel tracks, a quarter of a mile in length and just wide enough for one horse, were cut through the forest. Only two competitors of course could enter at one time for a race, and the rate of speed attained over these short courses

is described as something marvellous. The shooting of the backwoodsmen seems also to have astonished the Englishmen, it being a common practice for them to hold wooden shingles in their hands, or even between their knees, as targets for their friends.

It was in the autumn of 1780, their numbers lessened by several hundred desertions and deaths, that the remains of Burgoyne's army left their woodland prison beneath the Virginia mountains for the North, and for the return to England which was so soon to follow. They had been in Virginia for two years and a half, a miserable period for the rank and file who, owing to the squabbles between Congress, governments of the various States, and the military authorities, were forced for much of that time to subsist almost wholly upon Indian meal. The officers fared better, though the reverse of sumptuously, except when enjoying the private hospitality which Anburey is never tired of extolling. The final parting between officers and men, which took place in Pennsylvania on their northern march, was of a most affecting description. The long companionship in such peculiar and distressing circumstances, together with the many acts of self-denial and kindness shown to the men by their officers, had kindled among the former sentiments of gratitude and affection of an unusual kind.

We will conclude this paper with a striking instance of the depreciation of American money in November, 1780. For three days' entertainment at a tavern in Winchester, Virginia, on his way north our author and his friends were presented with a bill for £732 15s. 0d. This account Anburey discharged to the landlord's entire satisfaction for four guineas and a half in gold.

A. G. BRADLEY.

## PHILOMÈLE.

Or the two sisters the eldest, Marguerite de Vieilleville, was evidently the favourite. We are told at length of her manifold perfections, together with those of the young d'Espinay, her gallant husband, whose debonair encounter under the walls of Boulogne with Lord Dudley's eldest son (neither youngster being yet out of his teens) set every kerchief fluttering. The Loyal Servitor devotes at least a dozen pages of his painstaking manuscript to elucidate the rare virtues, transcendent beauty, and incomparable excellence of this fair daughter of this illustrious house of Scépaux, whereas her younger sister, Philomèle, he dismisses in as many To be sure the honours are not niggardly dealt out in that brief space, and we learn with pleasure that our heroine, like Charles of Orleans' mistress, was gentle and good and fair. She was moreover of a pleasing modesty, accompanied by so much grace and youth and fair courtesy, and a voice so heavenly sweet (in harmony with her name) that no one could desire better.

And what better could one desire. Or so at least it would seem until brought into contrast with those other dazzling portraits of the time, sketched by courtier pens whose extravagance their grim Huguenot critics do not fail to fall "Not sufficient" say they. foul of. "for these glutton courtiers and fulsome flatterers, the comparison of their idols to things terrestrial, such as roses, lilies, coral, ivory, pearls, and so on through the whole floral calendar and lapidary's stores, but they must needs climb high heaven, rifle the sun of his rays, the moon of her silver disk, and steal colours supernal from the morning orb, which in their heathen gibberish they style the Aurora. Waxing bolder, nothing now remains but to pass beyond, and trespassing upon holy ground seek out their blasphemous hyperboles amidst the very angels, archangels and saints in glory!"

Of a verity, to believe those highflown panegyrists, the Courts of Love and Beauty over which Queen Catherine de Medicis presided, must have been fairly besieged by celestial shapes. such a press it was only to be expected that the mere mortal should step down. Mademoiselle de Vieilleville was no startling beauty, we are fain to admit. It was not for her to vie with the dazzling, goddess-like splendour which radiated from Madam Marguerite of France, or to stand in the light of that other golden-haired beauty of Catherine's Court, Madam Mary, the young Queen of Scots. Nevertheless, she possessed her own naïve charm which lingers still, like the scent of a rose plucked long ago and left forgotten between the covers of Maître Carloix' musty old document. The dry leaves are fast falling to dust, yet even now, as one fingers them tenderly, there comes wafted back the faint sweet aroma of the Queen's garden at Who knows but that Fontainebleau. we hold that very rose of a morning celebrated by Ronsard?

Mademoiselle de Vieilleville shared at least in one accomplishment with the peerless Queen of Scots; she sang in the sweetest of voices to the accompaniment of her lyre. For the rest, fancy pictures a slight young French girl, delicately pale and gracefully shy, like many daughters of her race. Brown or black the tresses (as we imagine) which Mademoiselle wears, brushed off her smooth white forehead and caught back through a fillet of pearls after the fashion observed in portraits of the time. Brown her eyes also, under their long lashes, and clear as any child's. Yet think not to read at a glance this seeming transparency, or rudely summon the hidden thoughts, motives, hopes, and fears which garrison young Philomèle's white bosom behind her stiff goldembroidered bodice and ruff of Flemish lace.

Was, she, in point of fact, that fair enthusiastic girl whom we invoke for the honour of maidenhood? Or must one accept literally the account handed down by our chronicler (with some apologies to be sure), of a cold coquette, wise and worldly beyond her years? And there is still the other theory, for those who seek farther, of pressure brought to bear on a young girl's inclination through the secret practices of the torturechamber which are not yet obsolete, it is pretended, and were certainly efficacious in Catherine's hands. scarcely dared speak to the Queen, my mother," writes Marguerite of Valois, referring to her childhood; "and when she looked at me I trembled lest I might have done something to displease her."

But to resume our Carloix, who, after all, holds the only possible clue to the mystery, if mystery there be.

It befell in the winter of 1556, by an inclement season and roads deep in snow, that the Sire de Vieilleville, future Marshal of France and father of the sisters Marguerite and Philomèle, was on his way up from Metz, where he held the post of Military Governor, to pay his court at Saint Germains. With him rode a certain young Provençal, de Saulx, or Sault,

by name, of the illustrious stock of the Saulx-Tavannes, who had served under the said Seigneur through the memorable siege of Metz (the glory of French arms), and been enabled to verify the true temper of his steel, not in action only but also in idleness, which is sometimes the severer test.

So it came to pass that, as these two were conversing by the way, the elder let drop a discreet hint to the purport that his second daughter, Philomèle (then enrolled among the Queen's Maids), had not yet been promised in marriage, and was not, perchance, beyond the reach of one who, like his young friend, stood well in the sight of honour and in the estimation of M. de Vieilleville.

You may be sure that this young gentleman could hardly believe his ears at first, so incredible seemed his good fortune. But finding they had not deceived him he jumped from his horse, and falling on his knees at his companion's stirrup swore, then and there, eternal gratitude, love, and obedience. In such amicable accord and good understanding the travellers arrived at Saint Germains; and presently, when Mademoiselle de Vieilleville, accompanied by the governess of the Queen's Maids, came in to salute her father, behold at his elbow a dashing young gallant, smiling and blushing and bowing to the ground. whose pretensions were as much in evidence as the feathers in his bonnet, of which he displayed an amazing profusion.

Thenceforth the Queen's presencechamber knew no more assiduous dangler than M. le Comte de Saulx. Nor was one ever better received by its laughter-loving, sweet-toothed inmates, among whom he scattered his sweet words and sweetmeats with equal success. Whether he was fortunate in winning the smiles of his shy young mistress history sayeth not, though 'tis on record that more than one would right willingly have changed places with her. It only remained for the gallant Provençal to show his address in those games of skill and athletic sports which were as much the rage of that day as of our own, and a sure road to court-favour. And this he did not fail to achieve, carrying off the prize three times out of five; besides leading the dance at a court-ball with so much grace, spirit, and agility that crowds followed him about, and a new figure, adapted from the farandole of his native Provence, had a prodigious run, and was long known under the title of La Volte de Sault.

In this manner the months of December and January sped merrily along to the satisfaction of all. early in February important affairs, connected with a great land-suit which was then pending, called M. de Vieilleville up to Paris, and upon him, as by duty and courtesy bound, attended his future son-in law. They were not detained long, thanks to His Majesty's letter of recommendation and other potent influences which the Seigneur was enabled to bring to bear on the law's delay; yet brief as was this interval, scarce more than a fortnight, it took no longer to overcast our lover's fair prospect, and scatter the roses that erstwhile so sweetly lined his path.

In plain prose a rival had seized the occasion to steal a march upon him, one Duilly by name, of the noble house of Châtelet (my Lord High-Seneschal of Lorraine's eldest son), who, with his father and a crowd of Lorraine gentlemen, had followed M. de Vaudemont when he came up to Saint Germains to fulfil his marriage contract with the Demoiselle de Nemours. Now Messieurs Châtelet, father and son, had long cast covetous eyes on the Vieilleville connection,

being fully cognisant of its value. Resolved to win by fair means or foul they were not above availing themselves of Sire Renard's arts, and after quitting Lorraine, travelled out of their way to Metz, where, in all honour and tranquillity, resided the Dame de Vieilleville during her husband's absence. To this lady, with a thousand respectful observances and complimentary speeches, my Lord Seneschal broached his project of a match between their children, asserting that M. de Vieilleville had already given it his sanction and promise of a settlement so soon as they should meet at Court, whither he and his son were journeying with that object in view. Before going further, however, he had desired to consult the wishes of Madam herself, feeling persuaded that the mother's prerogative in an affair of marriage was no less cogent than that of the father. It was a sentiment which did M. le Senechal honour, and could not fail to ingratiate him with the good lady; all the more, perhaps, as it was one which that illustrious Seigneur, her spouse, does not appear to have shared. In fact, so little uxorious (we imitate the Lord Servitor's wise discretion) was the said Seigneur in his conjugal relations that hitherto he had not deemed it necessary to take Madam into his confidence with regard to M. de Saulx. poor lady, it would seem, was the very last to be informed of news which had already travelled as far as Lorraine; and small blame to her, say we, for the error she fell into, either through ignorance or instigated by a little natural spirit of retaliation. Certain it is that she lent a willing ear to her neighbour's proposal; and at parting young Duilly was suffered to carry away with him a letter of introduction to her daughter, wherein his admirable qualities and the mother's high appreciation were categorically set forth.

The young gentleman now lost no time in hastening up to Court, where he arrived at the opportune moment of M. de Vieilleville's absence, and proceeded to drive his suit at a furious That old fox, his father, meanwhile, was no less busy currying favour among the great, notably in the Lorraine coterie of which Mademoiselle de Nemours made one at present, and would have been delighted to secure Vieilleville's company on her approaching wedding-journey. Meeting this latter one day in the Queen's apartment the gay young bride accosted her by the name of "milk-sister" (the two having fed at the same board for upwards of four years) and called out to her in a merry voice, so as to be heard by all, that when in doubt a maid could not do better than give the preference to Lorraine. for there were no husbands so good as those that came out of that country, witness, her own choice; nor was any road so pleasant to travel in the springtime of the year as the one that led thither.

Thus it was that Dame Fortune, who relishes nothing better than upsetting lovers' calculations, played her cruel trick upon M. de Saulx. But faint heart never yet won fair lady, and, quickly rallying, the Provençal threw himself into the breach with all imaginable ardour. Justice and honour were both ranged on his side, supported by a father's authority; whereas M. de Duilly relied solely on the mother, whose letter he had taken the precaution of opening before delivery and been greatly encouraged by its perusal.

Carnival was now approaching, and the gay world a-gog as usual for merry-making. Balls, masques, tiltings, and tournaments were the order of the day, and the gallant part played in each by Mademoiselle de Vieilleville's brave suitors soon divided

this joyous Court into two camps, one favouring Provence, the other crying Like many of his up Lorraine. countrymen (including the great family of Guise) M. de Duilly was of a fair complexion, yet withal tall, well-shaped, and hardy with the best. His cool address and self-possession in moments of emergency offered a striking contrast to the fire of his Southern rival, which seemed destined win if only by irresistible impetuosity. Howbeit on more than one occasion it happened that Lorraine proved his match, even in the tiltyard, where de Saulx had hitherto carried everything before him. like manner La Volte de Sault suffered something of an eclipse through the popularity of a new dance, entitled Bransles du Haut-Barrois, in which M. de Duilly figured to the admiration of all.

"These two determined competitors." observes Maître Carloix. "were rivals by nature as much as by circumstance. They continually spurred one another on to greater effort, begrudging no sort of trouble or expense in their desire to excel. At Court nothing was heard of but the admirable exploits, the audacious encounters, splendid festivities, and gala doings both on land and water (accompanied by sumptuous collations of fruits, rare and exquisite, and all sorts of marvellous confections) which the brave servitors of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville provided for her gratification, and the delectation of Mesdemoiselles her companions."

We hear much, indeed, of these sprightly maids, who evidently lost nothing of their share when pleasure was afoot. But to judge from the accounts handed down, fair Philomèle herself seems to have played a curiously neutral part in the brilliant pageantry. No hint survives of partiality shown by her to either eager competitor; no

suggestion, even, of that pretty girlish coquetry which would have been only natural in the circumstances. Question it as we may, the pale young face still smiles back to us across the centuries with its air sweet and inscrutable, like that of Leonardo's Mona Lisa smiling out of the painted canvas. Possibly the poor child's thoughts are more intent on studying her father's commands than in lending encouragement to either ardent suitor; or she knits her innocent brows over her mother's ambiguous letter with an assiduity which their most impassioned love-songs fail to invoke.

And still the balance hung suspended, neither party gaining the Events were hurrying on, advantage. however, and a definite settlement, one way or another, could not long be delayed. Early one morning (all the world appears to have got about its business with the birds in those stirring days) Mademoiselle de Vieilleville received a call to wait upon the King's second daughter, Madam Claude of France. For a description of that gentle and gracious princess we must turn to Brantôme, who depicts her in the heyday of her girlish charms; "So pleasant was she," he writes, "and of so open and sunny a countenance that no one could help loving her at first sight." The summons, then, coming from such a quarter, caused none of those flutterings in the dove-cot which a like invitation to Queen Catherine's redoubtable presence always occasioned. Truth to tell Madame Catherine did not wholly confine her discipline to moral sussion, inquisitorial though that was, but by dint of sundry sharp nips and downright blows taught her tender maidens the full weight of a Queen's hand. Blithe Claude, on the contrary, they regarded almost as one of themselves, a light-hearted girl who stood quite as much in awe of their terrible mistress as any among them.

 $\mathbf{At}$  her bidding, accordingly, our heroine sped away like a bee to the clover field, and arriving in the same breath found the young Princess not vet out of bed, making merry with her waiting ladies in a pitched battle of pillows. But on Philomèle's approach truce was called, and the flushed combatants, one and all, incontinently dismissed, for Madam announced that she had need of no one's services at her robing that morning save Vieilleville's alone. So, the room being cleared, and the Maid of Honour on her knees before her young mistress, Madam began speaking in a low and confidential voice.

"You know, Vieilleville," she said, "that my marriage with the Duke of Lorraine is now fully decided upon; and the King, my father, only awaits the conclusion of some important business, which detains him, before going up to Paris to arrange the wedding ceremony. It is to be a very grand event, I am promised, and celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance which used of old times to attend the nuptials of a daughter of But oh, my dear, if only the Lilies. you knew how I dread it, and how I tremble at the thought of going away into that far country, among cold, critical strangers, not one of whom knows me or cares the least in the world for me! So happy as I have always been up to this time, here in my own place, among my own people!"

Here Madam Claude paused to shed a few warm drops at the sad reflection, while Philomèle, still kneeling beside her, kissed her hands again and again, her own eyes growing misty in sympathy.

"I know I shall feel miserably homesick at first," the Princess resumed, "and all forlorn, like some poor half-fledged bird that has left its nest too soon. But, Vieilleville, give

good heed now to what I am about to say, for I have formed a plan in my head, and I count especially on your aid and friendship. Know then that rather than trust myself all alone in that strange country I am resolved to take from your midst six demoiselles, who shall accompany me, making my country their country, loving me as I love them, and living and dying with me. Sweetheart, I leave thee to guess the name of her I chose before giving a thought to any other! Yes, heart of my heart, 'twas thine; and so I told the Queen, my mother; not only because of our joint birthday, which falls together on the festival of Saint Barbara, virgin and martyr, but still more for the love I bear thee. Indeed, and indeed, I swear by God's truth, this love is so deep and so tender that nothing on earth could console me for the loss of it!"

"Twas Philomèle's turn now to sob a little, burying her face in Madam's lap under the cloud of brown curls which had escaped from their fillet, not having yet been dressed for the Queen's levée.

"And the Queen also," Claude hastened to add, "the Queen, my mother, approves highly of you, for she has often noticed the pleasant modesty of your demeanour, and other virtues which shine in you. knows that you are no busybody like many of your companions who gad about backbiting and sowing dissension high and low,-some of them, even, so lost to prudence as to whisper scandal of a certain very great Prince and most noble virtuous lady, whose names need not be mentioned. But I happen to know, and will tell you in confidence, that several of these tooglib demoiselles are likely to be sent back to their parents after Easter, with shame for their only portion. However, that concerns neither you nor me. Nor must I forget to tell

you, in proof of an affection better than many fine words, that in my marriage-contract, which was drawn up the day before yesterday, your name appears writ fair and large over the title of First Lady-in-Waiting, with an accompanying list of perquisites, pensions, and so on, as long as my arm. And this was done, it may gratify you to learn, by express command of the Queen, your gracious mistress; though not at all to my content, let me say, for I was greatly vexed at first that the gift should be permitted to come from any hand but mine. So you see, Vieilleville," the Princess concluded, "there is no escape for you. Good Saint Lorraine claims your vows, and to him you must pay them. Merciful Heaven! what then becomes of me and my cherished schemes if you persist in making your pilgrimage into Provence with M. de Saulx, as he proposes? Surely you would not be so cruel as to leave my affection to go begging, and me to regret all the days of my life having loved thee too well?"

So saying Madam Claude threw her arms about Philomèle's neck, kissing and embracing her very tenderly.

"Oh, Madam, Madam," the young girl stammered, unable to another word from her full heart. But recollecting in time her Court breeding and the respect which is due to rank, she put a check on her emotions and replied in becoming terms: "Madam and Princess, I know not how sufficiently to thank you for the favour you have deigned to show the least worthy of your servants; nor can I imagine to what I owe my good fortune if not to your own unbounded goodness, and to Heaven, which by its influence hath so embellished me in Oh, my mistress, sweetest your eyes. and best," she cried, again forgetting herself, "there is nothing in the wide world I would not do for love of you!

I would walk barefooted every step of the road into Lorraine, the sun and the rain on my head, if at the end I might be sure of seeing your face and of hearing your voice. Like that damsel in Holy Writ of whom the preacher told us, 'Whither thou goest will I go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

Thus these two innocent children, whose years together scarce counted thirty, held sweet converse, hand clasped in hand, and lifted above our wicked world in a kind of angelic rapture. "The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me," Claude repeated, adopting in her turn that solemn Scriptural phraseology which was on many lips since Catherine had thrown open her doors to M. Théodore de Béze, and other eloquent advocates of the New Doctrine.

But the sunshine of Madam's disposition would not long brook a cloud, however slight, and soon, brushing aside her tears, she cried merrily, "Eh! but how about this poor Comte de Saulx?"

For all answer Philomèle continued to gaze, round-eyed, at her young Truth to tell, our gentle mistress. enthusiast had not yet descended from her peroration among the clouds, and the expression of her fair artless visage showed so little consciousness of the part she was called upon to take between two furious suitors, each ready to tear his rival in pieces for love of her, that Madam Claude (whose humour was ever of the liveliest) could not restrain her merriment. She laughed aloud, and girllike, laughed the more for laughing, joined presently by her companion, who must needs help swell this joyous chorus, though without rightly comprehending its motive. Meanwhile the faces of the Ladies-in-Waiting,

who were listening with all their ears at the door, grew longer each moment, for still less could they understand the occasion of such inordinate mirth.

When gravity was re-established, Mademoiselle de Vieilleville began again, blushing a little, yet preserving unabashed the clear, upward look "Madam and of her candid eyes. Princess, I cannot deny that I am under great obligations to M. Saulx, who is a very gallant gentleman, and above the breath of re-At the same time I can proach. assure your Highness, on my honour, that no word or act has passed between us that was not authorised by my father; and up to this moment (thanks to the grace of Heaven) I remain entire mistress of my own heart. Nevertheless, Madam, the designs of my father, in presenting this young gentleman to me, must be sufficiently well known to you. short, to cut a long story, I admit that the affair has already progressed so far that our public betrothal is fixed for Wednesday next, that is in three days' time, and the wedding for three days later. As regards M. de Vieilleville (whose reputation needs no advocacy of mine, or of any one's, and is honoured from one end of France to the other) it only remains to be said that his promised word once given remains as fixed as the stars in their course, and is no more to be turned aside. How, then, would it be possible for me, a child and dependent, to fly in his face, defying his deliberate purpose? On my soul, Madam, I should never dare attempt it,-no, not on the longest day of my life! Left to my own resources, poor coward that I am, I foresee that your Highness's gracious design must suffer defeat, and I be deprived of every joy I know. Alas! no hope remains unless my dear mistress herself, out of her charity, and the kindness which she professes for me, shall deign to interpose, and by her sovereign authority bring about the desired change."

Madam Claude asked for nothing better. She jumped up at once, skipping and clapping her hands for joy, and declaring that she must be off without a moment's delay to consult with the Queen on ways and means. "Fear nothing, Sweetheart," she called back from the threshold, wafting a kiss on her finger-tips, "I'll soon win my own way, as you shall see, and my own first Lady-in-Waiting,—so help me Heaven and my good mother-wit!"

Certainly if any power on earth could remove mountains, 'twas that of the august lady to whom Claude now addressed herself. The day was not an hour older when M. de Vieilleville received word that His Majesty desired speech of him, and on hastening to the royal closet found there, impatiently awaiting his arrival, an august trio, composed of the King's Majesty, Queen Catherine, and Madam Claude of France. Hardly giving him time to make his reverence, an interrogation was straightway opened on the subject of M. de Saulx, with full particulars requested of the hopes or expectations which had been held out to that gentleman.

Now, at Court, as elsewhere, honesty is often found to be the best policy, as well as an excellent safeguard against surprise in ambush. Such was the maxim of this worthy gentleman, at all events, and one from which he saw no cause for deviating on the present occasion. Without beating about the bush he made answer that, subject to the royal will, he had ventured to guarantee his young friend the post of Lieutenant-Governor under his own command at Metz, besides the promise of a com-

pany (having now served his three years), and promotion to the rank and emoluments of a Gentleman of the Chamber.

"So far, so good," quoth the King, adding that the necessary papers should be forthcoming. "But tell me, Vieilleville," he pursued, "has not this fortunate young gentleman been permitted to cherish other hopes more desirable still, and more precious than any you have yet mentioned?"

Now, indeed, the drift of the King's remarks could no longer be mistaken. M. de Vieilleville, however, was resolved on making a bold stand, and did not deny (since His Majesty was good enough to inquire), that a matrimonial engagement of long standing subsisted between the said Comte de Saulx and his second daughter, Philomèle, which had not yet received public announcement, but was none the less binding on both parties. And thereupon he launched out into an eulogy of his proposed son-in-law, whose birth, possessions, valour, good health, good looks, and many other excellent qualities he warmly extolled, winding up by declaring that there was no one to whom he could confide his daughter with greater confidence.

But at this point Queen Catherine, who had hitherto remained silent, "I see plainly," she cried, broke in. "that the Sire de Vieilleville has quite forgotten a certain letter which he wrote to me some four years ago, when first his daughter was committed to my charge. That letter I have still, and find in it, over his proper signature, a complete surrender of his own parental rights in the said young lady, whom he confides unconditionally to me, to guard and cherish so long as seems good to me, and to dispose of according to my sovereign will, with many other courteous protestations, to the effect that he hopes

much from my generous protection and the bounty with which it is known I am in the habit of rewarding those among my maidens whose services have proved agreeable to me. In fine," Catherine declared, facing the Seigneur with that majesty of mien which she could so well assume. "I have to inform you that the hand of your daughter is already disposed Nothing doubting of my unique authority in this matter, I promised it away several days ago to the Grand-Seneschal of Lorraine, for his eldest son, the young Duilly, of whose personal merit you cannot fail to be informed, as well as of the high dignity, wealth, and puissance of his noble house. I will only add that, in consideration of its kinship with that of Lorraine, into which my own daughter is about to marry, and because of the great sympathy subsisting between this Princess and your daughter (which is so tender and constant as to be a marvel to all), it has been decided that the one shall accompany the other into Lorraine in the capacity of First Lady-in-Waiting, and this over the heads of many whose claims were pressed by very great and powerful protectors, for I can assure you that there has been no lack of applicants for the place. And now that you may know the young girl's own inclination, and how little the constraint put upon it, I leave you to hear the conversation which passed between her and my daughter within this very hour."

Thereupon Madam Claude took up the thread of discourse, recounting her version of the morning's interview with so much grace, heart, and good feeling, that the King was sensibly affected, and Madam Catherine turned aside to wipe her eyes. Indeed, by this time, what between the eloquent loquacity of these ladies' tongues, the respect due to their exalted rank, and

the natural gratification of a parent at hearing his child's praises sung in such high quarters, M. de Vieilleville was fairly at his wits' end. sincerity he still adhered to the cause of the generous youth who had been his own free choice, and had received in his heart, as far back as the days of Metz, that endearing title which nature denied when it withheld a legitimate son of his name. much experience of Courts could not fail to warn him of the madness of setting himself in opposition to the sovereign will. Imperious eyes were bent upon him, and he did not take long to realise his own situation, or the danger of jeopardising his young friend's future prospects by an indiscreet advocacy.

Bowing low, accordingly, Seigneur returned grateful thanks for the honour done to him and his in the person of his daughter, and called Heaven to witness that everything he possessed, from his sword and life down to the least of his creatures and last penny in his coffer, was the King's to command. Nevertheless, saving their presence, he could not deny that so summary a dismissal of M. de Saulx appeared to him a hard chance, and he was reluctant that that gentleman should be left in misapprehension of the true bearings of the case.

His Majesty readily admitted the justice of this complaint, but observed that M. Vieilleville need suffer no farther uneasiness on that score, as he would take it upon himself to inform M. de Saulx, of his altered prospects. The young gentleman was thereupon summoned in haste from the tennis-court where he was engaged, and received on the spot the various brevets and other papers in confirmation of his new appointments, besides a gift of two thousand crowns out of the King's privy purse. But alas! hardly had he time to con-

gratulate himself on his good fortune than the thunderbolt fell. By the King's command he was called upon to renounce all claims on the hand of Mademoiselle de Vieilleville, and forbidden, under pain of royal displeasure, so much as to address her again, or even approach the frontiers of Lorraine so long as she made that country her residence.

Who has not pitied the fate which overtakes a gallant cavalier when, riding at full tilt, he is brought up by a sudden check and rolls sprawling in the dust? Nothing for it, in such plight, but to pick himself up as best he may, and limping off, sore and mortified, seek out some retired spot in which to nurse his wounds. well to the dear delights of lists and tennis-court; farewell to triumphs in the ballroom, at masquerades, and festivities. No more loitering for him in royal antechambers; no more joyous fanfare of the royal chase, or junketings with Catherine's merry maids beneath the greenwood tree and adown silvery river reaches!

"This poor Count," declares the veracious historian, "at this news. was greatly taken aback." We can well believe it, and feel naught but sympathy at learning that the unhappy gentleman passed a restless night, belabouring his pillow and cursing the hour that gave him birth. Many a one, under like provocation, has done the same before and since. But daylight brought cooler blood, and a wise resolution to get away so soon as possible from the scene of his disaster. Carnival, indeed, was drawing near, and M. de Saulx had little mind to run the gauntlet of unseasonable witticisms. He made haste. then, to bolt the King's bribe, and dispose of his new acquisitions for what they would bring; conscious of no other inconvenience, if we are to believe this naïve recital, than was

natural on the depreciation of a forced sale. The point of honour, it is evident, varies to suit different times and customs, whereas dear human nature remains always the same. No one need mistake the angry would-be cynical declaration (confided doubtless to all who would listen) that for his part M. de Saulx deemed himself well escaped, and no such loser, either, when he came to reckon up his profits against the trifle forfeited. Just Heavens! as if there was but one woman on earth, or he the man to break his heart over such light weight. "Perish the whole tribe," he anathematises, low but deep, "from our fine lady of Italy, with her smooth-tongued cajoleries, down to this pretty puppet that jumps so nimbly at her bidding!"

And now, for the last time, behold the rejected suitor, his back finally turned on the perfidious world of Courts, wending his moody way into Provence, where lie the paternal estates. Leave has been asked and obtained of the King's Majesty, not forgetting most humble grateful thanks, and dutiful respects as well paid to M. de Vieilleville. In both pockets gold pieces jingle an accompaniment to the prancing of a high-mettled steed, the parting gift of the said Seigneur, though not in this instance named after its donor as was customary. But with every allowance made the society of a jilted lover is best to be avoided. It may not prove of the most enlivening on the present occasion, or likely to beguile a lonely road, despite the softening influence of April weather, budding thickets, and the song of cuckoo, lark, and nightingale, which have come to celebrate the triumph of love and spring in the land.

No sooner had M. de Saulx disappeared over the brow of the hill than the betrothals of Mademoiselle de

Vieilleville and M. le Grand-Senechal's eldest son were solemnised in the Queen's apartment and under her special patronage. King and Queen graced the ceremony, assisted by their daughters, the most high, virtuous and excellent Infants, the Ladies Elizabeth, Claude, and Marguerite of France; together with other great princes, princesses, and noble lords and ladies, not forgetting, it is to be hoped, the tip-toeing bevy of Queen's Maids.

Still more splendid, if less unique, was the marriage which took place a few days later at Paris, following on that of the Demoiselle de Nemours. and making use of the same sumptuous paraphernalia. His Majesty, we are informed, singled out fair Vieilleville for special honour by breaking at least a dozen more spearheads on her day than on the one preceding (that of the great Duke's sister), besides calling up her father at supper-time to take a seat at his own table among Princes of the Blood, "whereat," we read, "was no little murmuring and jealousies in certain quarters." The Loyal Servitor spares us no jot of his eloquence when describing these honours and the attendant festivities. "Admirable above all," he writes, "was the spectacle of the ball at night, with its parade of jewels, laces, broidery, and priceless stuffs, both of gold and silver. Truly our eyes fairly winked at the sight, and we were all but blinded by this dazzling display. particularly after supper, when torches were alight in the great hall. warrant thee, those fabulous goddesses and nymphs of legendary times, celebrated by our poets, would scarce dare show their faces in such an assembly, so greatly would their lustre tarnish by comparison, not only in actual beauty, but because of the fine apparel wherewith our ladies know so well how to embellish and set off their charms."

Still less could shy young Philomèle hope to dazzle or eclipse in that bright galaxy. Her place, rather, was among the timorous nymphs and sylphid shapes, half of earth, half air, that fly the garish light, mirroring their beauty in dim woodland pools, or dancing by twos and threes, as one sees them in Corot's pictures, along the margin of silvery streams ere morning mists are lifted.

After all, now our story is done, and proud Lorraine left master of the field, does not a doubt intrude that possibly his triumph may prove less enduring than he deems it? And who shall certify that the wrongs of injured Provence are to pass quite unavenged? Far from M. de Duilly, it is true, was any suspicion of such failure, as he led his bride through the mazes of a Bransles du Haut Barrois, her slender right hand close clasped in his own, to hold and direct so long as life lasts. But not to his iron grasp is it given to force open the petals of the half-blown rose; not for M. le Grand-Senechal's eldest son the lovely blush which suffuses this pale flower as Madam Claude, blithe and radiant, in gold skirts outspread and jewel-spangled bodice, flings a passing smile as she pirouettes down the middle.

## A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

By Mrs. Fraser.

#### CHAPTER I.

July was far on its way. It had been a dry and hot month, hailed in its first week with joy by all the people who had smart frocks to show off, grumbled at in the second by melting dancers at belated balls, and now, in the third, cursed by weary, dustchoked pedestrians who were afraid to walk too close to the scorching walls of the houses lest they should get their clothes singed. London looked like a vast ball-room after the daylight has been let in upon its faded flowers and chalky floor; the dancers are fled, the lights and the music have died together, and the grimy cleaners, the deplorable charwomen, are in possession. If one of last night's revellers looks in by chance he will hardly recognise the place.

Mr. Harry Surtees looked very lonely and very much bored as he sat on a chair in Hyde Park watching the water-carts creeping along, wasting on dusty earth those cool showers of spray which, but for the trifling matter of clothes, would have been so welcome to parched humanity. weeks ago this corner had been always crowded with the prettiest, if not the nicest, people in town, and a vacant chair no easy thing to find. To-day Mr. Surtees sat there alone, like a well-dressed waif cast upon a desert island of painted iron.

As he was quite alone perhaps he might have been excused for addressing a remark to himself. Soliloquising is only unpardonable when there is someone at hand to hear it. Mr. Surtees leaned back in his chair,

crossed his beautiful shining boots, and looking very gloomy, remarked: "Oh, hang it all! Why on earth did that poor chap die just now? Could anything be more inconvenient?"

Harry had not had a successful season, and here he was, at the end of it, very hard up, with a heap of bills to pay, and no particular prospect of an income for at least six months to come. Everything had gone badly with him. His usual persistent luck at play had deserted him; an aged relative had survived an attack of influenza, such as would have killed anyone who had not a fortune to leave to a devoted and deserving nephew; the little American heiress had flirted encouragingly with him, as she did with a good many other men, but had finally married a Spanish Duke, of shaky legs and unmentionable morality; and now, to underline and emphasise all his other misfortunes, poor Ebford Barton had died of fever at Nice.

There were no Bartons among Harry's relatives, and the death was not one which would entail upon him any outward mourning; but it seriously altered certain circumstances of his life which now held him in the firm but velvet grasp of pleasant habit. This must, at all costs, be shaken off now, and the shaking would hurt a good deal, and perhaps not only hurt He would have to appear both unkind and ungrateful. winced visibly as he realised the fact, and changed his position once or twice; but the situation could not be changed, and there was no way out of it, but one.

A few years before that warm July Ebford Barton and his wife were living in London, with no less appearance of harmony than most of their friends and neighbours. People who have been married some ten years are not usually very expansive in their manner towards one another in public, and if Mr. Barton did not always assist at his wife's tea-parties, or if she went abroad when he went to Scotland, there was nothing in that to excite comment. They had no children, and being in comfortable circumstances, it was considered natural enough that each should follow private tastes to a moderate extent. But year by year the separation grew longer, and for some time now Ebford Barton had been forbidden by his physician to live in England at all; at least so his wife said. That she lived on in London was, as she also said, due to her own delicate health, which made it impossible for her to "go racketting about" in crowded hotels. was a quiet, over-feminine woman, her friends thought, one of those gentle creatures who must live in a dainty home, or not at all. It was sad for her, they said, that her husband seemed to care so little about her society. Why could he not settle down somewhere abroad, and make a home for her there? Lots of men had to do that sort of thing.

Poor Ebford Barton had settled down at last, to rise no more, but not before he and his wife had outwardly agreed on one point at any rate,—that they would have a final and complete separation. It had come to that, very gradually, but the hour struck at last, when no reconciliation, no forgiveness, could bring them really together again. Perhaps they never had been really united. The nature of the woman was incapable of the self - effacement which makes such union easy, or of the passionate de-

votion which makes it heroic; and the man, who asked for the pure gold of trust and love, and for bounteous daily bread of kindness, was too sad and sore, when denied, to stoop to accept poor crumbs of comfort, or the common coin of mere politeness, which was all that the woman by his side could give him. She, poor soul, hardened by brooding over unintentional slights and petty humours, persuaded herself that she was taking up a strong position when she listened coldly to his few and bitter words; and choked down an impulse, the best in her heart, to say something about not wishing to be separated from him. Then he, who had been hoping for that very protest, left her in anger and sorrow, and she was rather proud of having stood firm, as she told herself when a pang of regret would make itself felt.

The greatest curse of weakness does not fall on weakness as such, but on the things it does when it is aping strength.

So Ebford and Lily Barton had seen each other no more; and she had gone on her way, content to appear something of a martyr in the eyes of the world, a martyr supported on her thorny road by the platonic affection of her dear Harry Surtees and one or two others, who, like him, found their advantage in calling themselves her friends. Harry had perhaps a little abused her favour, in that he had rather basely advertised himself as a more enthusiastic admirer than he really was. It was a great protection against piratical mothers and daughters, who in these bad times would have been willing to overlook Harry's present debts, and even his reputation for inconstancy, in consideration of his good looks and of that solid provision in the future. The elderly relative would not live for ever, after all. So Harry, whose

intercourse with Mrs. Barton had been one of mere kindly fellowship, had sometimes allowed people to think that he was more than a little in love with her, and of late he had begun to have an uncomfortable suspicion that she thought so too. If not, why did she pour out so many confidences, why did nobody else ever come in to interrupt his visits, why did she always seem so remarkably glad to see him? He did not like these reflections t all; poor Barton was dead, and Heaven only knew what Mrs. Barton might be expecting a man to do in a year or two. Here was heavy retribution for a harmless bit of fooling!

Therefore did Mr. Surtees swear a little to himself as he sat on the hard chair, and life, which had been getting drier and drier for weeks past, appeared for the moment so stale and unprofitable that had there been any painless and gentlemanly method of ridding himself of it at hand, he might have employed it on the spot. But neither the water-carts, nor the Serpentine, nor the strolling policeman offered any prospect of help towards a dignified ending, No, life must be faced, and that black-edged note in his pocket must be answered, or obeved.

Habit was strong and it seemed simpler to obey at once than to write an evasive reply which would conclude nothing. Of course he would have to go and see her in the end; it was only decent; but what, in the name of all that was reasonable, would he find to say? Who could condole with a woman on losing an unkind husband whom she had not seen for Who could congratulate a woman in widow's weeds on being free at last from bonds of which she had bitterly complained? The whole framework of society must be out of joint when this kind of thing could happen. If she had not written him

that appealing note he might have hoped to leave a harmless card and get away decently, as he had done three weeks ago when he saw the news in the paper; but since she had asked him to come—no, there was no way out of it; go he must, and the sooner it was over, the better for both parties.

So he rose, flipped a speck of dust off his coat, straightened the flower in his button-hole, and began to walk at a leisurely pace towards the nearest gate which offered the best prospect of a cab. He was a good-looking man, rather small, but with regular features, fine blue eyes, and a nose of that perfect kind which needs no explanation and fears no change. His mouth was small, and a dark golden moustache curled above irreproachable teeth. His hair, of the same colour, also curled, but was beginning now to grow a little thin just where a bump, named unkindly that of selfconceit, rose into prominence. When it is added that Mr. Surtees had a smooth throat, a fresh colour, and a well-knit figure, a trifle fuller than it used to be, his portrait should be fairly complete to the discerning eye. He was fond of money and of good dinners, had reached the safe age when dissipation ceases to be attractive for its own sake, and needs to be daintily dressed to tempt the experienced and discriminating sinner; the age when not to be bothered becomes the first law of existence, and amusement can take the second place.

## CHAPTER II.

MRS. BARTON lived in South Audley Street in a very quiet, and quite ruinous, way; that is to say, her small house was exquisitely furnished and decorated; her favourite whim just now was collecting original etchings by great masters; her establishment was brought as near perfection as high wages tempered with despotism could bring it, and her dressmaker lived in Mount Street. When anything belonging to her was admired she would shake her head and say with a sad little smile, "I can afford so few things that what I get must be good, you know." Whereby the more guileless of her friends believed that "poor Lily Barton" had been "paying debts again for that wretched husband of hers;" whereas the wretched husband made her a generous allowance of about three quarters of his income, and lived abroad on the rest, —poor, and very lonely.

Well, Ebford Barton was dead now, and Harry Surtees was going to try and condole with his widow. widow's friend comforted himself with thinking that, at any rate in this first interview, nothing would be so out of place as anything approaching to a demonstration of feeling on his part. A few kind words, a question or two to show his interest in all that touched her, the announcement of his own departure for the first of a round of country visits, then the hope that they would meet somewhere soon, and he could slip away,-for good. Nothing should induce him to set foot on those fatal stairs, to run his head into that softly tinted lion's mouth of a drawing-room, after the regulation limit for silence was past. It would even be worth while to go abroad, to cultivate a weak chest consequent on influenza, and spend a year at Davos Platz, rather than be shot down in cold blood by that middle-aged, tiresome woman. How queer she was going to look in weeds, and what a comfort that for once he would get away without having had to tell her that her gown was lovely!

But a little surprise awaited him in the small sitting-room to which he was, as usual, shown. Mrs. Barton had not thought it fitting or necessary to put on weeds, and she was sitting in her favourite corner, in her favourite black tea-gown, all over ribbons and lace. The blinds were closed and the atmosphere was heavy with the scent of flowers and White Rose. Mrs. Barton's taste in perfumes was not irreproachable.

She turned as Harry Surtees advanced, and held out her hand with a bright confiding smile. At once his nicely arranged little speech of sympathy melted away in the back of his head, and he found himself sitting beside her on the sofa in his usual place, as if Ebford Barton had never lived, or died.

She was a pretty woman still, although Surtees had profanely called her middle-aged and tiresome in his own mind. Her hair was of a delicate mouse-colour, with changing lights in it. She had small features, a straight nose, rather a thin mouth, and large grey-green eyes. The lashes and eyebrows were admirably done, a shade or two darker than they had any right to be; unfortunately she was a little given to the abuse of powder, but was careful about the rouge still, having only taken to it lately. One must keep something in reserve.

"It was like you to come," she said, leaning back and looking at Harry over the top of a black fan. He was looking about for a chair on which to put his hat and stick, and did not answer immediately. She went on, "But it was not like you to stay away so long. Why did you make me write to you?"

"Well, you see," said the man slowly, having recovered his presence of mind, "I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't care about visits just now, don't you know? Bad news, (so awfully sorry to hear it) very sudden—people generally would rather be left alone, wouldn't they?"

"Well, perhaps," replied Mrs. Barton; "only cases differ so much. You see it depends on many things, and on the nature of the bad news. This was a deliverance, of course."

"Is not that rather a—a cynical way of looking at it?" inquired Harry, almost surprised into taking the dead tyrant's part.

Lily glanced at him coldly. "I meant for him," she said; "there had been long bad health, you know. For me it is different. There is so much more in it than you can possibly understand. You have never been married, you see."

"Oh, of course; but all the same—" and then he stopped, finding himself thinking what he could not say, namely that the news of a poor fellow's having died alone, in a hotel, without a soul to care for him, ought to have been bad news; and that the woman should at any rate have managed to look a little sorry about it.

Barton was disappointed. She had heard him inveigh persistently against people who made scenes, and now he was evidently shocked because she had not indulged in one. Inexplicable contrariety of man! She turned from him and looked towards the window, while her long white fingers played with her fan. Harry was wondering what to say next, when she turned and looked at him "Much more with great seriousness. than you can possibly understand," she repeated; "and after all these years, knowing me as you do, it is odd that you should accuse me of being cynical, as you call it, though that is not a word to use to a woman."

"I beg your pardon," said Harry; "it was the first that came to my mind, and, you know—you've always let me talk pretty frankly, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have; young men will not

talk at all now unless they are allowed to say everything," replied Mrs. Barton; "but that is no reason for telling me that I am a heartless wretch."

"I never said you were a heartless wretch," protested Surtees, pleased to be called a young man still. He was too kind-hearted to wish to hurt her feelings, and was besides above all things anxious to avoid a quarrel which would needs result in a peacemaking, and one that would rivet his invisible fetters for ever. "I never said you were a heartless wretch. You ought to know by this time what I think of you."

"I am afraid I do not care what you think of me, after all," said Mrs. Barton. "Whatever happens, I must be true; and the truth is that I have suffered so much in past times that I am never very sorry for anything now."

"I know you must have had no end of trouble from all you used to tell me, and——" again he stopped, wishing that she would speak. They were drifting in the wrong direction, but she was silent, and he thought himself obliged to go on. "And, you really do know that I have always been awfully sorry for you. Only, don't you see, it,—it gives a fellow a kind of shock; we always expect women to be so angelic, and forgiving, and all that sort of thing."

"I said something quite untrue just now," murmured Lily; "I said I could not be sorry for anything. That is false; I should be horribly sorry to lose your good opinion,—Harry."

It was not often that she called him by his Christian name, and her using it now seemed a little out of place. Unluckily he had once, in a sentimental moment, asked her to do so. He thought he had better go now. "Well," he said, rising and reaching for his hat, "I suppose you won't stay in town any longer than you can help. I am off to-morrow, I am thankful to say,—lots of visits,—do the stupid ones first!"

Mrs. Barton did not want him to go yet, so she choked down her anger at his not answering her pretty speech, and asked playfully in what direction the "stupid ones" lay.

"Oh, right away in the wilds," he said, smiling, and relieved to have got the conversation into everyday channels again. "I am going to see some old cousins of mine in Devonshire; deadly dull, all cream and roses and local boards and penny readings."

"Why do you go?" inquired Lily,

raising her eyebrows.

"To recruit a bit," he replied; "my nerves are all over the place, and the dinners this year (except yours), have been simply infamous. Do you know, I've had people offer me Australian wines, and in smart houses too!"

"One sometimes gets the worst dinners in the smartest houses," said Lily; "there's no personal interest taken in them."

"I suppose that is the reason," he replied, laughing and showing all his white teeth. How much pleasanter it was to talk in their usual way on their usual subjects! Ebford Barton was buried for ever now.

"You don't look very ill," remarked Lily, glancing at him critically, and wishing that she had such a complexion as that; "but I daresay the country will do you good. What is the name of the place you are going to?"

"Oh, Ryestock, near Ottery. I don't suppose you would know the Marstons; they hardly ever come to town, — regular rural sort. Well, good-bye." He rose, radiant at having got off so easily.

"Good-bye," she said, and held out her hand. He shook it warmly, but tried to avoid meeting her eyes, which, he felt sure, were looking reproaches at him. Suddenly she withdrew her hand and, covering her face, burst into tears. Harry hesitated for a few seconds, and then the instinct of self-preservation carried the day; he turned, ran downstairs, out of the front door, and rattled away as fast as his driver would take him. He did not feel safe until he had found shelter in the familiar fortress of his club. There, at any rate, Mrs. Ebford Barton could not follow him.

Her sobs came to a sudden end when she heard the door close. haps the crying was not very genuine, but she cared, in a rather undignified way, for this man; and it was a bitter disappointment to her to find that her new freedom, which she had hailed as smoothing away the obstacles between them, seemed like to turn into an obstacle itself. Harry Surtees was obviously afraid of her. What was the matter? Until a month ago he had been coming to see her almost every day, had been in the habit of spending hours in this very room, talking of everything under the sun, pouring out apparently his whole heart to her, and offering her daily the exact amount of delicate flattery, trust, and admiration without which she could That was the worst of it. not live. She could not do without it now. had filled up all the empty spaces in her life for the last three years, and the pleasure she took in his society had led her into neglecting her other friends, both men and women. was younger than she by a year or two, and that had added a good deal to the charm of their friendship, for on occasions, when she knew that she was really looking fresh and pretty, she would give herself little motherly airs with him, which made him feel But she knew safe and her virtuous. that she was not young; she knew bitterly that if he turned from her no other man would seek to fill his place.

She had nursed this sensitive plant of the man's regard with self-denying care, believing that the future would make it always more valuable and personal; and now, when she would have reached out to gather and garner it, its place was empty and she grasped the air.

She moved uneasily about the room, frightened and irritated, unwilling to face the fact. She had looked forward with eagerness to this first interview; she had missed Harry's visits sorely during those weeks of seclusion, and while she was sitting alone and often thinking of him, something had come between them. What was it? man could really change in so short a time, she argued, unless some new and potent influence had come into his Had he seen someone whom he was going to like better than poor Lily Barton? Was her last bit of Had he fallen in romance dead? love?

A sudden light came to her. Harry had mentioned the Marstons, and a little while ago some girls, who were staying with a friend of hers, had done the same. They and the Marstons were neighbours in Devonshire, and Cissy Harcourt had said that the Marstons would come up next year for their daughter to be presented, and that she was "awfully pretty," and would have lots of money. Lily had not replied to Harry's supposition that she did not know the "dull old cousins." It was not worth while just then, but, as a matter of fact, she had known them long ago, and finding them unprofitable had dropped them. That was very easy to do, for they hardly ever came to town. must be picked up again now, that An hour or two later she was all. wrote the following letter.

DEAR LADY MARSTON,—As it is some years since I had the pleasure of meeting you, I fear it is only too likely that you

may have quite forgotten me. It would be more difficult for me to forget you and all the kindness you showed me that winter in Cairo,-the mere remembrance of it gives me courage to ask a great favour of you now. As you will probably have seen by the papers, a heavy sorrow has come to me, and I am anxious to find some place in the country where I can spend a few months very quietly. Is there any small house in your part of the world where I could take refuge? If so, it would be so kind of you to tell me of it. I should like it to have pretty grounds if possible, but nothing too big to manage easily; and it must of course be furnished, so that I could take possession at once. I really long for a little peace somewhere, and should be so grateful if you would help me, though I am ashamed to give you so much trouble.

Here Mrs. Barton hesitated as to whether she should ask about the children, a tiresome couple whom she remembered in Cairo eight years ago, and finally decided not to do so. The girl she knew was alive, but the little boy might be dead, and then Lady Marston would hate her for not knowing it; so she finished her letter without any reference to the family, and posted it at once.

#### CHAPTER III.

THE answer reached her on the next day but one, and met her wishes most completely. Lady Marston perfectly remembered dear Mrs. Ebford Barton, had been deeply grieved to hear of her loss, and would do everything possible to help her in finding what she wanted. There were one or two empty houses in the neighbourhood; would she come and see for herself? Lady Marston and Sir Francis would be delighted to put her up for as long as she liked to stay. Towards the 12th they would be having the house full, but for the next ten days there would be hardly any one stopping with them, and Mrs. Barton could be as quiet as she liked. Their cousin, Mr. Surtees, was coming

down for a little while, but she would not mind meeting him?

Lily Barton thought that she could resign herself to that, and wrote back a charming letter full of thanks, accepting the invitation, and fixing her coming for Friday, this being Wednesday. She was so anxious to lose no time about finding her little house!

There was less satisfaction at Ryestock when Lady Marston announced at breakfast on Thursday that Mrs. Ebford Barton, in the black halo of new widowhood, was to come and stay for some days. Sir Francis, who had been hospitably cited in the note of invitation, raised his head sharply from where it was sunk between widestretched arms in his newspaper, and said: "Mrs. Ebford Barton! What on earth do you want to have her here for?"

Lady Marston explained. Mrs. Barton was in trouble, wished to find a house,—why, he knew all about it, she had told him yesterday.

"You did nothing of the sort," said Sir Francis, "Ugh!" and down went his head into the newspaper again.

"Papa always says one hadn't told him, whatever happens, don't you, Daddy dear? It gives you a chance to be so jolly disagreeable."

This remark came from Miss Kitty Marston, who was sitting beside her father, and who accompanied the speech by a little rub of her head against the hand nearest to her. Sir Francis said nothing, but pinched her ear and went on reading. Kitty's sayings and doings were always accepted on the "favoured nation basis."

"How you do cheek the Governor, Kit!" protested her brother, a largelimbed youngster of fifteen, with a freckled smiling face. "If I began to talk like that, you would stop my pocket-money for a year, wouldn't you, Sir!" "I would spend it all on a whango stick to lick you with," growled Sir Francis, looking over the top of The Western Morning News with amusement in his eyes. "I am not sure I won't do it now, you unconscionable young cub! I will, if I find you meddling with my guns again."

"What has Roy been doing now?" inquired Lady Marston, leaning far over the head of the big silver tea-pot, and bending a stern glance on her son and heir. Her voice was cold and high, and chilling in the extreme to a conscious culprit.

"Oh nothing, my dear," declared Sir Francis, who was staunch if grumpy, and bent at present on rescuing Roy from the petticoat government which generally made the poor boy's life a burden to him in the holidays. Kitty also came to his help. "What would be cheek from you Roy, is only—er—affectionate banter from me. I am two years older than you; and besides, you are only a boy!"

"Of course, and because you are a girl, and can't do a single thing decently, and can't even inherit Papa's name, you are to be as nasty and cheeky as ever you like, and nobody is to say a word to the little darling, for fear of hurting its feelings, would it then! Gur! Thank heaven I am a boy!"

"You disgusting mean thing!" exclaimed Kitty, her cheeks on fire. "I can do everything as well as you can, and better—except football."

"And cricket, and tennis, and rowing, and golfing!" shouted Roy. "Haven't I beat you left-handed at every single one?"

"I don't care, I let you," said Kitty; "isn't it true, Papa?"

"I am afraid not, Kitty," said Sir Francis humbly; "and I almost think you and Roy had better settle it outside." "I am afraid we haven't time today," said Kitty; "besides, it's ever so much better to talk those things out at meals, if only you and mother didn't mind! It is a waste of time out of doors when the sun is shining. Come along Roy; we must get the court rolled."

Off they sped, unheeding Lady Marston's entreaty that they would please shut the door, and be sure not to forget their goloshes. There was a supply of these unhealthy horrors kept in an old croquet-box behind the school-room door.

When they were gone, Lady Marston heaved a sigh, and poured herself out another cup of tea. Sir Francis rose from the table, folded up his paper carefully, patted it into the pocket of his Norfolk jacket, and left the room. That is to say, he got as far as the door, and then Lady Marston, who had watched him sadly, spoke.

"My dear," she began, and there was a command in her voice which he had learned not to disobey. He wheeled round with his hand on the door. "Well?"

"Do come in and shut the door. I shall have my neuralgia again! You will remember that your cousin comes this evening, won't you!"

"I had much rather forget it, if it is the same to you," replied Sir Francis. "You are responsible for him. If I find him trying to flirt with Kitty, I'll shoot him! And I tell you what it is, Alicia; he's got a confounded bad record that way, and I am very much annoyed at your asking him this year at all. Kitty is growing up and you ought to be more careful."

"Kitty is a child," said Lady Marston with contempt; "and poor Harry is your own cousin, and it is very unnatural and unkind of you not to be glad to see him. Why, you ask crowds of men to the house for the shooting, people I have never seen sometimes, and now you are making all this fuss about poor, hard-worked Harry Surtees! It is preposterous!"

"Alicia," said Sir Francis, shutting the door and coming a step nearer to his wife, "we have been married close on twenty years, haven't we?"

"Twenty years next September," said Lady Marston with a gesture of resignation.

"In all that time," said her husband, "you have invariably taken your own way whether it were mine or not. It generally was not. And the only thing I have refused to do has been to look pleased when you made me angry. I'm not going to begin now; I hope that is clear."

"I shall do my duty, my dear, whether you look pleased or not," said Lady Marston nobly. "Now I must go and see about dinner."

She moved away, and he looked after her from under his shaggy eyebrows, wondering, as many of us wonder, how it is that so much undeniable good sense, and high principle. and sturdy loyalty to duty, should in daily life give out so little brightness or tenderness or encouragement to good. Some women seem so satisfied with having attained to the possession of the big, necessary, moral furniture of life, that they never trouble themselves to make the heart's home fair and lovely,—beautiful as well as safe. Surely it does not follow that because a woman is irreproachable in important matters, she must be fussy and hard and unlovely in little ones. Alicia Marston was only a type of the British matron of a certain class. a creature of small faults made unbearable by large patent virtues; a combination of energy, economy, True Blue Protestantism, and faithful nagging, with an imagination not always delicate, but clothed in the grim propriety of a Dean and Chapter, capable of going to the stake for her own, but afraid to let any sunshine into their daily lives, for fear that it should injure the carpets.

What becomes of the low-voiced, soft-eyed girls we marry? On which Hallow's E'en are they changed away for the dull, irresponsive wives we live with? Could they be rescued, ransomed back through ice and fire, what a crowd of middle-aged men would stand by the Eildon Tree, from Midsummer Eve to the Sylvester, with green mantles in their hands ready to wrap round the sweet white thing that should leap to their arms with tears and laughter, from the midst of the fairies' train! They pass no more by the Eildon Tree in these days of glare and bustle. Is it too bold to hope that, if we are very good old gentlemen here, it may happen that we shall find our old young loves again, waiting with outstretched hands at the turn of some twilight path in Paradise !

### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Kitty and her brother found themselves in the garden, the lawntennis court was left to look after itself for a while, until these two wise young people had discussed the aspects of the situation which Mrs. Barton's arrival was going to create for them. Their little disagreement at the breakfast table had not really diverted their thoughts from that important subject, and the moment they were in the open air they began to protest with one accord. Though Kitty was close on seventeen, lessons were lessons still to her, with the result that holidays were holidays; and anything that interfered with holiday plans and holiday freedom was plainly a calamity.

"Well," she began in a high tremolo of indignation, "if it were anybody else but Mother, I should say that had been done on purpose!"

"It will simply spoil all the fun," declared Roy, swelling with anger, and strutting down the path with his hands in his pockets. "We shall have to speak in whispers and go round with our fingers in our eyes, to look sorry for Mrs. Barton. I wish she was at the bottom of the sea!"

"I suppose they will want to pull the blinds down for her," pouted Kitty; "a brand-new widow at the beginning of the holidays, when Miss Driver has not been gone a week! I don't believe there is another house in England where such a thing could happen!"

Miss Driver was Kitty's "finishing" governess, but the finishing, so far, had been all on Kitty's side; and poor Miss Driver had taken a holiday engagement abroad, to try and recruit her strength sufficiently to face another term of Miss Marston's education.

"It is just beastly," said poor Roy, on the verge of tears, though he would rather have died than confess it; "and how Mother came to do such a thing beats me! She does nag a lot, but she is never downright unkind. And we were just beginning to enjoy ourselves, and the Governor was in such a good temper—he gave me ten shillings in the passage this morning before he found out about the gun—now he'll be as cross——"

"Of course he will," broke in Kitty, "and quite right too. If it weren't for leaving him unprotected, I've a great mind to bolt; we could get no end of a way on that ten shillings, third class."

"But what should we do when we got there?" asked her brother with kindling eyes. "If we had no more money we should have to go to a Casual Ward or an All-night Refuge, don't you know?"

"It would be glorious!" exclaimed

Kitty. "We would keep enough money to telegraph, and demand an enormous ransom for ourselves before we'd consent to come back. Let's sit down here and talk about it."

It was an old bench against a peach-grown wall. The sun, that had ripened many harvests of peaches, had baked and toasted the bench till there was very little left of it except splinters and dusty homes for various nibbling insects. But the ruins rested on two fairly sound uprights, and on these the afflicted pair took their seats delicately. Neither spoke till two ripe peaches had been selected from the wall behind, and then Kitty, deliberating whether to bite the pink or the yellow cheek first, said regretfully: "I thought we were quite safe for at least ten days yet. Mr. Surtees is only a man, and wouldn't have interfered with anything really, and it is my last summer of doing as I like; next year I am to have my hair done up, and all the fun will be over."

Then she set her little white teeth firmly in the peach's soft pink, and of course could say no more till it was done with, because of the race there always is with the juice when once the skin is broken. Roy was similarly employed, so there was a pause in the conversation. At last he fished out a suspicious-looking hand-kerchief with one finger and thumb, polished off the traces of peach-syrup from hands and face, mopped his warm brow, and then offered the useful rag to his sister.

"Yes, please," said Kitty with alacrity; "it will save mine. Mother is really dreadful about peach-stains."

"She never sees mine," said Roy;
"I put them all behind the fire-place
till the holidays are over and then I
take 'em back to school in a lump.
Nobody bothers about stains there.
But, I say, Kit, let's talk! Couldn't
we really do something, get away

ourselves, or keep the female off the premises?"

"Couldn't you get the measles?" asked his sister. "There's lots in the village; Mrs. Ranter's children are all down with it. If you went into the shop and took a long, long time making up your mind whether you'd have mint-cushions or cids, I should think you'd be sure to catch a little."

"Thank you," said Roy scornfully;
"I think that would be worse than Mrs. Bombazine or whatever her name is. Why don't you offer to do the measling yourself? A dark room and gruel, and only Mother to talk to! Wouldn't it be jolly! Perhaps it would improve your complexion a bit."

"Who said it wanted improving?" asked Kitty, aiming a peach-stone at her brother's freckled nose. "If it was like yours now!"

"I suppose you think people are going to admire a thing that is all apricot colour where it isn't red clay. I don't anyway! Your hair is exactly like the cliffs and the earth, and the cows; people would always know you were born in Devonshire. My wife shall have black hair and grey eyes, like that girl in the pantomime last year."

"Grey hair, and black eyes,—two of them every week, I expect," said Kitty; "and my hair is the best colour in the world if it's the colour of Devonshire, so there!"

Perhaps it was the best colour in the world. I have never seen one to match it. Kitty's curly locks, though Roy irreverently compared them to cows and clay, were like nothing so much as the bracken on the downs when the sun fires it after the early frost. Too red for gold, too golden for red, the fluffy rings broke away from heavy waves all over her head, and from between the strands of the thick plait which hung far below her

waist behind. When she stood between you and the sun she was always in a halo, but the face was sunnier than what it screened you from; the eyes were as blue as the sea sparkling out there in the bay; the cheeks were like apricots smothered in cream; and the mouth was never still for the laughter that would bubble up from the gay heart below. Kitty Marston in the summer noon, tossing three peaches at once in the air, was what the old people call a sight for sore eyes, an incarnate dogma of hope and joy.

One of the peaches came down with a thump on her nose and rather sobered her. She rubbed the injured feature, and by way of consolation, began to sniff at a huge tea-rose that had got mixed up with the fruit-trees, and was hanging out from the wall, bobbing up and down in a little morning breeze.

"I wonder if a ghost would be any good," remarked Roy; "they are awfully useful things in a case like this."

"And next to no trouble to manage," assented Kitty.

"But what a row there would be if we were found out," replied her brother; "we really should have to bolt then."

"I despise people who are found out," declared Kitty, with a toss of her head; "it never happened to me yet."

"'Cause I'm always there to bear the blame," said Roy; "but I don't mind. You always stump up first-rate afterwards. How do you think the beheaded criminal in the middle of her dressing-table would do?"

"She would shriek, and then they would come in and catch you," said Kitty. "No, I believe the only way is to bear it patiently; it won't be for long."

"There's Jimmy! said Roy, listen-

ing eagerly as a long whistle and a short bark made themselves heard Then he rose and ran towards a young man who had just turned into the other end of the pleached walk, preceded by a lively fox-terrier who diversified his gambols with an occasional dive into the thick flower-set borders.

"Good morning, Roy," called the new comer. "I thought I should find you and Kitty somewhere near the peaches at this time of day.".

He was a fair-haired, well built young fellow of about one-and-twenty, with grey eyes that looked out kindly on all the world, a fresh, honest face nearly as bright as Kitty's own just now, but usually rather grave than gay. The hair was light brown and so was the moustache, almost too light indeed for a complexion tanned by sun and wind to that peculiar English shade best described by Roy's disrespectful simile of West Country clay. He was a neighbour of the Marstons, being the owner of a pretty little place near by, where he lived when not at sea; for Jimmy was a born rover, and never so happy as when scudding up Channel before the wind in his trim yacht. He had built her on lines of his own, and he and the Minx had already gained distinction in more than one race. Though his visiting-card (when he had one) proclaimed him Mr. Harold Jamieson, he was always Jimmy among those who knew him. Kitty and Roy were his devoted friends; he had made capital sailors of them, and they looked up to him and deferred to his opinion with profound and unquestioning respect. Of late Lady Marston had tried to throw cold water on the intimacy for reasons of her own, but it throve gaily in spite of her opposition.

Kitty dropped her peaches, and came to meet Mr. Jamieson with out-

stretched hand, and the three stood together for a moment under the old-fashioned arbour-work of the fruit trees, which interlaced in a long green arch overhead, pierced in many places by bold sunbeams and swept through by that new breeze just off the sea.

"Oh Jimmy," began Roy, "there's a horrid, tiresome woman coming to stay—for days and days!—isn't it a shame!"

"We are badly in want of comfort," said Kitty. "Take us out for a sail, like a dear, kind thing."

She looked straight into his eyes, and her own were laughing in spite of her words. He wondered if she had any idea how charmingly pretty she was, all pink and gold in the warm green light. There was not a shadow of shyness, or the faintest quiver of coquetry in her tone; it rang true as a child's.

"All right, Kitty," he said; they had known each other since the girl could remember anything, and it was Kitty and Jimmy between them still. "There's a lovely breeze getting up," he went on, "we could run down to Torquay and back before luncheon, I believe. That was just what I came to get you for."

"You are a brick," said Roy; "come along, before anybody stops us."

"You had better get a cap, hadn't you?" suggested Jimmy. "And Kitty must have a jacket; it's cold outside the bar, and that pink cotton is no sort of good when it gets wet. Remember last time?"

"I should think I did," said Kitty, pulling a wry face at the remembrance of a wet afternoon on the water, and the scolding she had got for coming home in a soused wreck of a frock. "Roy, you just sneak in by the back way and get your cap, and my Tam O'Shanter, and

my serge jacket off the hook on my door-"

"Anything else?" inquired Roy scornfully. "Are you sure I am not to bring the goloshes, and the gloves, and the parasol, and Celestine, with a smelling-bottle, to dress you? You can go for your things yourself, lazy, overfed—"

"Cut along!" interrupted Jimmy.
"If you are cheeky we won't take
you, so you'd better look out."

"Oh yes, you will," said the youngster; "Miss Kitty is much too grown up to go to sea all alone with a young man any more, aren't you Kitty?"

Kitty was equal to the occasion, though her cheeks grew a shade rosier as she spoke, slowly and impressively now. "Roy, if you don't go instantly, and if you don't get back inside of a minute by Jimmy's watch, without being caught, I'll kiss you on the platform before everybody when you go back to school! Now!"

"Oh Lord!" cried Roy in mock terror; "if it's as bad as that, and you are perfectly capable, I'll go."

He bounded away, and Jimmy called back the terrier who wanted to follow him.

"Isn't he a goose?" exclaimed Kitty in wrath, looking after her brother. "As if one would ever be too old to go sailing with people!" Then she glanced down at Jimmy, who had stooped to let out a hole of Fidget's collar; it was the stooping, of course, which made him suddenly flush so red. As he rose he looked into her face with a queer, grave expression. "I hope not," he said. "Kitty!"

"Well?" inquired Kitty, turning questioning eyes on him.

"Oh, that's all," he replied, and then a sudden silence fell upon them both; a strange silence, full of a new presence, as if a third person, of whom they were both shy, had invisibly come between them. They walked slowly towards the point where Roy had disappeared, and it was a relief to Kitty to see him suddenly fly round the corner towards them, breathless with haste, the required garments carried in a crushed heap on one arm.

"Only just did it!" he cried as he came within hearing. "Mother was in your room looking through the drawers when I got up there. I sneaked the things off the door and ran before she had turned round! I wasn't long, was I?"

"Ages," said Jimmy, who had recovered his composure; "and, I say, what a funny jacket! I never saw you in that, Kitty."

Roy held the garment out at arms' length; it was red and long, with a frill round the bottom, and helpless flops of white lace dangling from the neck.

"It's my dressing-gown! Oh, you duffer!" wailed Kitty, while Roy regarded his prize in shamed dismay.

"It's all your fault," he growled; 
"you said it was on the door. How was I to know?"

"Never mind," said Jimmy, soothingly; "we can tuck the thing away somewhere till we get back, and I'll lend Kitty my oilskin, if it's wet. You've got her cap; come along or we shall lose the tide."

The offending dressing-gown was rolled up and stuffed into a crevice of an ivy-grown arbour which no one ever visited; and then the three conspirators walked boldly off, as if they were just strolling down to the post-office to fetch the paper and come straight back again. It was all Lady Marston's fault. Why did she try to stop these delightful expeditions and drive three honest people, who could not do without their own way, to such base subterfuges?

## CHAPTER V.

In half an hour they were skimming westwards as fast as a whistling breeze could take them, the swift rush of their bows through the water making music sweeter in Jimmy's ears than any mortal voice. He was a born sailor, the descendant of many a West Country rover, and never felt more at home than when holding the tiller of his white yacht, keeping his balance by some miracle unknown to landsmen, as she raced on, gunwale under, her mainsail kissing the wooing water at every leap. Then a great content would soften Jimmy's eyes, and their keen light would melt into something like tenderness, and he would smile at the sea as a man smiles on his love. For the sea was always first love to him, a first love who never changed or frowned, whose brine seemed to run in his veins with the heat of his young brave blood, and who, like as not, would be last love too, as she is to many a man who trusts her once too well.

"What a day!" sighed Roy, subdued into decorum by the fulness of sun and wind. "And what a ripping breeze! Let's go right down to the Land's End, Jimmy!"

"Don't you go and put temptation in my way," laughed Jimmy. "I am not provisioned for a cruise, and we should probably have to eat you before we got in."

"Just try," returned the boy, with a grin; "hard as nails, and no bath to-day. Mother said I was to have it tepid; no, thank you."

"Don't be horrid, Roy," commanded Kitty; "who wants to know whether you've had a bath? You never look clean at any time. Let's duck him overboard, Jimmy!"

"Please don't quarrel, you two," said Jimmy meekly; "it's all humbug about the provisions; there's cold

tongue and sirawberries and cream. Do look pleased."

"You're a firebrick, Jimmy?" said Roy; "and that was a whopper about the bath; I got a regular boiler afterwards. Let's have lunch now."

It was a merry little meal, eaten at an angle which would make me dizzy to write down; and when it was over, the breeze had fallen and the Minx was going along more soberly under the lee of the land that rose now in red cliffs on their right, those cliffs which change shape and detail year by year, month by month, as they break and tumble on the encumbered They are more beautiful in sands. their glowing mortality than any eternities of granite rearing changeless walls to the hungry embrace of the sea.

Kitty dived down to the cabin, and bringing up Jimmy's banjo sang a sad little song because she was so happy.

Oh calm, sweet, salt sea-mother,
We are safe in thy shifting hand,
Though the wind shall roar on thy rockset shore,
And thy waves beat high on the sand.

Cradled in trust on thy waters,
To the land we can laugh farewell,
With a face that's glad, and a heart that's
sad

As the dirge in the empty shell.

For we know that there's still a haven
Which is safe from the worst of foes,
And weed-strewn graves 'neath thy sunkissed waves

For our loves, and our cares, and our woes!

"Sing something jolly, Kit," pleaded Roy; "I can't join in those melancholy things!"

So Kitty began NANCY LEE, and there they all sat in the shade of the sail, and sang light-hearted songs, with here and there a sad one, Kitty's clear alto leading the music and Jimmy's bass surging full below,

while Roy's rollicking notes came and went as they liked. The man at the helm was so carried away that at last he found himself joining in the chorus of John Peel in spite of He was an oak-coloured, himself. middle-aged seaman, with light blue eyes and sandy whiskers, Edward Bridle by name, and had taught Jimmy to build and sail boats when that gentleman was ten years old. Naturally he took the keenest interest in him now, regarded the Minx as rather more his property than his master's, and was generally responsible for the safety and right conduct of the fleet craft. He was a married man, as all sailors are, and, having maids of his own, took a fatherly interest in Miss Kitty, and had lately begun to teach her a good deal about boats, seeing that it looked to his simple eyes as if she and "Mr. Jimmy would m'appen make a match of it." Kitty had a boat of her own, a tiny half-decked cutter of ten tons, which Bridle had taught her to sail; and her highest joy was to get away by herself, and sail in and out of all the red bays along the coast, and sometimes, by way of a change, up the river to see the big boats crowding in the lock at Turf.

"That's the reason why I like my boat better than yours, Jimmy," she said, suddenly breaking off in a song which had not followed her train of thought. "You can never go away alone in the Minx; she's too big, and takes such a lot of people to manage her. I feel just enormous when I am out on the water by myself; it all belongs to me, don't you know?"

"You are a lot stouter this year, Kitty," said Roy sympathetically. "I am not a bit surprised at your feeling so big."

"Oh, shut up, Roy," said Kitty; "you know what I mean; Jimmy does, any way."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> By permission.

"I think," began Jimmy reflectively, "that on the whole I prefer having a little company at sea, when it is of the right sort."

"Bridle for instance?" suggested Kitty innocently, turning half a glance on the man behind her.

"Bridle is first-rate company when I can't get you," said Jimmy bluntly, looking up suddenly at Kitty with the sun in his eyes and a smile behind the sun. "You are the best company in the world, you know."

"Hadn't I better go and talk to Bridle?" said Roy. "You might say 'present company excepted.' You've done nothing but pay compliments to Kitty all day, for all the world as if she was a grown-up young lady. I tell you what it is, Jimmy, she's that cheeky already, that there's barely room in the house for anybody else; and if you go on like this, I shall feel it my bounden duty to speak to Mother!"

The last part of this sentence was made indistinct by two things; first, Kitty strummed a loud and insupportable jig on the banjo; and secondly, the sails were filled by a sudden puff of a breeze which caught them as they rounded a headland and sent them spinning along with a rush, the swirl of dividing waters beneath and the straining of canvas overhead filling the area of sound, and taking all the wind out of their voices.

Suddenly Kitty laid the banjo down and sat up. "I wonder what time it is?" she said.

Then Jimmy also sat up, and pulling out his watch looked a little grave. "It is two now," he said. "I am so sorry! I forgot all about the time. Will Lady Marston mind much?"

"I don't know why she should," said Kitty, determined to put a brave face on the matter.

"I know why she should not," exclaimed Roy. "Fancy asking three chaps to turn round and come home from a sail like this all because she wants to see us eat cold mutton and stewed rhubarb. What possible satisfaction can it give her, do you suppose?"

"She never bothered us like this last holiday," said Kitty. "She has only come to be so jolly particular this year. I believe it is because she is not on the Local Board any more; I suppose they got all the rowings."

"It is all your fault," protested Roy. "What did you go and grow up for? And if you had to grow up, why the everything couldn't you be a decent boy, and not a useless troublesome girl?"

"You're a nice kind brother to have, isn't he Jimmy?" cried Kitty, appealing to their friend. Then turning to Roy she said: "Give me back those five shillings I lent you yesterday, and go and do your holiday-task by yourself when we get home. I won't write an epidemic of Esmond for you!"

"How do you write an epidemic?" inquired Jimmy, rather perplexed.

"She means an epitome," Roy explained indulgently. "Don't you know the beastly things they always give you for holiday-tasks? Mine will go undone, that's all. Oh, how ripping this is! Must we really go home?"

For they were drawing nearer in to the shore and amid its trees and lawns Ryestock became visible, a large white house, built in the half Italian style in vogue a hundred years ago, staring out at the sea from many shining windows.

"Shall I come in and explain?" suggested Jimmy.

"No, thank you," said Kitty quickly. "What must be, must, and you would only make it worse, you know. It was jolly though, and worth any amount of rowings."

"Well, good-bye," replied Jimmy reluctantly, looking as if he would have liked to share the scolding if there was to be one. "Mind you rescue that red thing out of the summer house after dark."

As brother and sister sped with light feet up the road towards the house, Jimmy pulled back to the Minx in his little dinghey and beat out to see again. It seemed that he had a great deal to think about to-day, and there was no place for thinking like that white deck between blue and blue, when the breeze was freshening and little clouds would come scudding up from the west and cross one's line of vision.

When Kitty and Roy reached the garden walk where Jimmy had found them in the morning, they slackened their pace to a saunter, and tried to look demure and unconcerned.

"Not a word about Jimmy, Roy," said Kitty in a whisper.

"Trust me," returned the boy; "we went for a walk and got tired and sat down to rest; we want to know if it is lunch time yet, of course."

"Do you think they will have kept the cold mutton and the stewed rhubarb?" inquired Kitty. "I'll eat the mutton if you'll tackle the rhubarb. They must not know that we've had our lunch."

"Perhaps Mother's out," said Roy.
"Oh, hooray, there goes the brougham!
We are lucky!"

As they approached the house, they saw Lady Marston's mauve bonnet bobbing about behind the window of the carriage (whatever the weather was, she always had it closed), as two very fat horses slowly trotted her out of sight. The truants, relieved and joyful, were grimly congratulated on their escape by their father, whom they met in the hall.

"Just our luck," said Roy boldly;
"if we had known Mother was going
out we need not have come back at
all. We might have been at sea this
minute."

"Never mind, old boy," said Kitty soothingly; "the summer is only beginning, and we shall have lots more sails. Come and have a look at the strawberry-beds."

(To be continued.)

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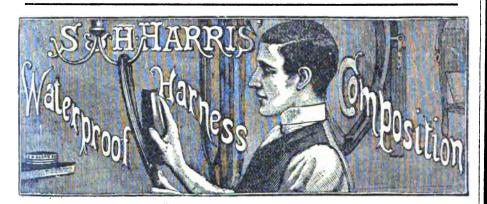
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JUNE, 1897.

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By W. L. WATSON.

## CHAPTER V.

LORD BALMEATH kissed his daughter, and leading her into the long room said, as he gazed on her with an expression in which pride and affection were strangely mixed: "And you have indeed done it, and safely! I had some fearsome moments for you in the night, and the morning has seemed long; but you are safe."

"Yes father; the packet is now on its way. I put it into Sir Francis's own hand, and saw him go on board the schooner."

He parted the hair from her brows with his hands, and kissed her forehead again: "You are daughter and son to me, and half your mother's presence remained with you. It is a sin for me to repine against misfortune when heaven gives me you."

"But there was a party on the road in wait for me," she said.

" And Her father's face grew pale. yet you came through? Tell me of that."

The serving-maid entered and busied herself laying out the breakfast, while Lady Christine, seating herself at her accustomed place in the soft south light of a beautiful morning, told the tale of her strange encounter with James Grier and his revelation of the unknown danger she had passed No. 452.—vol. lxxvi.

through. Her father questioned her narrowly as to all that had happened and was said, and confessed his ex-"One thing is treme perplexity. certain," he said, "there is a traitor; but who?"

"Monsieur est servi," said the maid as she curtsied and withdrew. was fish, and a ragout; by the side of Lord Balmeath stood a silver flagon of red wine, while for Lady Christine was set a frothing cup of milk.

"In any event this man does not know you?"

" Not at all."

"Well then, whether it be a trick or a true tale, all is safe, and our securities with the Prince are on their way. Our last hope lies there, though I may not live to see its fulfilment. Please God you may yet benefit, else would I never have risked you in the affair "

When the meal was ended he said: "And now, Christine, would you rest?" "Nay, I have no need."

"It is a fine spirit, my lass. Rest to the wise is compulsion; it is a vile thing but for necessity. The sole thing that dies is weariness, for weari-But for that we ness means time. should be immortal here." He threw open the window. "It is a braw day Fetch Seneca. This is the true way to take life. The doughty deed and generous thought go well together. Limb and brain furnished and exercised, what have we to fear?"

The old lord's ways were methodical. He read out a sentence of the Latin slowly, then once again fluently, with point and emphasis. Christine, sitting opposite with a separate copy of the old moralist, followed the words, her brow in her hands. She pondered a little, referred once or twice to a dictionary, and then ventured her translation. "In the main correct," her father would say; "let us look more closely." And he proceeded to analyse the words and their relations, then to expound the sense. in all the grace of beautiful youth, listened gravely. They had proceeded thus for some time when her father started, and rising, exclaimed, "Grier, Grier; did you say James Grier?"

"Yes; James Grier."

"A dark-haired, middle-sized, thickbuilt man, with a scar over the bridge of his nose?"

"The same, father."

"But he was my sergeant in France. Heavens, this is complex! And he stays at Lowrie's?"

"So he said."

At that moment the roll of the town-drum was heard through the open window, and the voice of the crier making proclamation, but of what matter they could not at that distance distinguish.

Father and daughter looked at each other. "There's a stir in the town, Christine, and I fear it may concern your night's journey. I must see Grier, but how—how? I dare not go to Lowrie's if things are so; he is one of us." He paused in thought. "It is for you, my lass. You can go openly to the shop for my week's snuff, and take occasion,—you will best discover how—to get Lowrie to send Grier up here. Find out what the stir is about, and if it be on ac-

count of Grier's feat." He laughed.
"It is like the fiery fellow; on my soul, had I but seen it I should have shouted approval! It were well he were here if he can come unmarked; Lowrie will find the means if the thing is feasible. Hasten now, Christine."

Wearing a rich velvet cloak and a hat with a sweeping feather, Lady Christine stepped out alone down the Friar's Wynd. At the foot of the street she heard the drum far up the Argyll-gate. Many an eye was turned to gaze on her beauty as she passed along the busy thoroughfare, and curtsies from the old were not few, for the benefactions of those who lived in the House by the Howff were many. Calmly she crossed the street and, turning down the Thorter Row, made her way to Lowrie's shop. Lowrie himself was at his counter, and on a bench sat several leisurely citizens smoking and discussing the newest incident of a stirring time. They doffed their bonnets as the lady "Good-morning, my lady; entered. I hope my lord your father is well."

"Quite well, Mr. Lowrie; but I fear his habit of snuff grows on him."

"Ay, but it's a good habit, and I will be the last to complain of it. And the rappee was good?"

"Too good, I fear."

The gossips showed no signs of going, but sat gazing respectfully while Lowrie made up the snuff; and when he handed her the leaded packet, Lady Christine was at a loss how to proceed. She answered his "good-day," and went out, but returning after a few steps called him at the door.

He came out. "Speak low," she said, holding up the packet as if the talk were of snuff. "I believe there is one James Grier staying with you."

"Yes and no, my lady," said Lowrie after some hesitation. "He was here and may not come back, for there's proclamation out against him, as a person unknown, for some affair on the post road the past night,—a strange story."

"My father would like to see him, if it can be done quietly. He believes him to be the same Grier as was his sergeant in the Guard in France."

"Indeed he is the same. I will try to get the message to him if it can be

done."

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"Discreetly, Mr. Lowrie."

"Certainly, for my sake and his. It's not my part to question his lordship's prudence."

Lady Christine smiled. "My father is not prudent, Mr. Lowrie; that is why he wants to see Grier."

"I will try what can be done by

cripple Davie."

"He will thank you. This is too long a talk about snuff. Good-day."

At the top of the Row on her way back Lady Christine encountered the cripple-boy, who had returned from following the town-crier. At sight of the lady his face broke into a smile which shaped his mouth and eyes like a cherub's, but distorted into greater grotesqueness his head and brows.

"Well, Davie," she said, laying a soft hand on his shock hair, with a gentle singing of the Scots in her voice, "are ye getting enough to

eat?"

"Ay, sometimes."

"Are you hungry now ?"

"Some!" His eyes glistened as the lady's hand was slipped into the velvet pocket that hung by her side.

"What will ye buy with this?"

she asked, holding out a penny.

"A saft bap, wi' treacle inside."

"And here's a sweetie too," she said. "And, Davie, Mr. Lowrie has an errand for ye; and mind ye do it warily. Nobody to ken of it but you and me, Davie. You'll no tell?"

The boy shook his head, and a look of grim dourness came over his face as he said, "Na." She stroked his unruly hair again as she turned away, and he stood watching her till she had passed into the Friar's Wynd, with a strange flush on his face.

Lowrie who had remained standing at his door, oversaw the colloquy. The boy slunk into a corner, and became absorbed in his sweetmeat, licking it tenderly at first, and only with reluctance biting off little pieces, as if the short-lived nature of such delights was weighing on him. Between whiles he paused to look at the penny in his hand. Suddenly he became aware of Lowrie; a gleam of memory shot through his mind and he hurried down the Row.

"Come here, ye loon," said Lowrie.
"Do ye ken Mr. Auchenleck the lawyer's?"

"Is it for Christine?"

"Say Leddy Christine, ye scoonrel."
Davie took a meditative bite of his sweetmeat, not heeding the correction.
"If it's for her, I ken," he said; "if it's no for her I'm gaen to spend my penny."

"Go to Mr. Auchenleck's, and find out the man ye loot in here this

mornin'."

"I'm no hearin'," said the boy, turning away.

"Dang ye for a stubborn stirk; it's for the leddy."

"Weel, I'll gae; but I'm no to tell naebody."

"No, nor be seen either. And when ye find him, take him to the House by the Howff. Ye were best go by the meadows, and go afore him so that ye be na seen thegither; for gin the town-drummer gets ye, ye'll both be hanged."

Mr. Auchenleck's office was at the further end of the Market-gate, on the north side. It took the boy but two minutes to get there, but how to find out the man he was in quest of puzzled him.

Meanwhile James Grier's mission had not prospered. When at last the lawyer came to his office, his head buzzing with the public news, he told Grier brusquely that a new tenant had already been accepted and the business settled.

The old soldier buttoned his coat over the hundred pounds and rose to go. Then Mr. Auchenleck remembered that it was politic for a lawyer to show courtesy even to those from whom at the moment no profit can be drawn.

"You will be disappointed?" he said.

"I am more," said Grier. "I think, sir, it is an injustice to announce twelve o'clock in the day as the hour for receiving proposals, and to close the affair before that time."

"There were but few offerers, my friend, and business must be despatched."

"Yet, sir, I have walked from Kinfauns this past night to keep the time. I have the hundred pounds in my pocket, and I only hope your new tenant will be as faithful as I would have been."

Mr. Auchenleck was somewhat put out at this upbraiding, for, in truth, he had been obliged to remit part of the deposit with the accepted applicant. But before he could say anything more, James Grier walked out proudly.

"Walked from Kinfauns in the night," muttered the lawyer; "he must have been set on it." He sat down to his papers. "Walked from Kinfauns in the night!" he repeated. "That is strange indeed. What if this should be the man who is sought for? And yet he made no concealment of the fact. But still——Macintosh," he called, and a clerk appeared. "Go down and see which way that man takes. Follow him discreetly."

When Grier stood once more in the street he paused irresolute. Should

he go back to Lowrie's, or take the road for home at once? At that moment he was tapped on the leg by the cripple boy. "Ye're to gang wi' me," said Davie.

"With you, ye deil's imp?" said Grier, recognising him. "An' where to, an' what for?"

"I dinna ken what for, but ye're to gang wi' me to the House by the Howff, an' to haud yere tongue."

"The House by the Howff," repeated Grier. "There's an unco sound about it. Whose bidding is it?"

"Christine's."

"And who is Christine?"

"Gin ye follow me ye'll see; but gin ye stand here haverin' we'll baith be hanged."

"Who sent you?"

"Lowrie."

"There's fate in this," said Grier whimsically, and as he gazed at the strange figure of the deformed boy, he laughed aloud. "Lead, Cupid, and I'll follow," he said in heroic strain, quoting a song.

"That's no my name," said the boy. "Cooper's anither laddie; he's a thief. My name's Davie."

"Cupid's a thief; how true! And I'm to go to the House by the Howff at the bidding of Christine? Fortune is not done with you yet, James Grier."

"I'm to gang first, an' ye're to follow."

"Is that the bond? This is delightful. The House by the Howff, what a sound! I'll loosen my dirk, for if Cupid's turned thief there's no knowing what Christine may be, in spite of her name."

The boy stumped off through a long close which emerged on the town meadows, Grier close behind him. At a discreet distance followed Macintosh, Mr. Auchenleck's clerk. It was not in Davie's instructions to see that he was not followed, and Grier knew of no reason for precaution, so

they held on till by a devious path the boy reached the house in the Friar's Wynd, to which he pointed, saying, "Ye're to gang in there."

"And you!" asked Grier.

"I'm gaen to spend Christine's penny."

The boy continued on his return way down the wynd without further concern, while Grier stood regarding the house meditatively. Just as he had made up his mind to knock, the door opened, and Lord Balmeath, after looking at Grier for a moment, said, "Sergeant Grier, be pleased to come inside."

"My lord," he stammered out, "my lord; mais, est-ce que vous—pardon; I am confused. France comes back on me."

Lord Balmeath shook him by the hand, and closed the door, while on the other side of the road, observing as if he saw nothing, Macintosh hastened back to Mr. Auchenleck with the intelligence of what he had seen.

"Macintosh," said the lawyer, "I doubt not but we have done a day's work. We will rid the town of another nest of Jacobites. That's the man that tied up Captain Arklay last night, and made a clear way for the messenger. I'll go to the provost and unthread the tangle."

He went out, and Macintosh, his eyes flashing, said, "Damn your Whig soul! If I had known it was that errand I was on, deil a thing should I have seen."

The lawyer went straight to the Townhouse, and half an hour later Lowrie was haled before the Magistrates, and cripple Davie, with Lady Christine's penny still unspent in his hand, accompanied him.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"SIT down, my worthy Grier," said Lord Balmeath with stately grace, "sit down." "If it is your lordship's pleasure," answered Grier, remaining standing until his lordship made a complaisant motion with his hand.

"And how has it fared with you since the pleasant days in France?"

"Like a mirk day, my lord, neither shine nor rain. I thought to take a bit farm for myself, but I was too late, and I am bound back home, my errand spent. And how does your lordship?"

"Broken, James, broken. The attainder lies upon me for loyalty, my wife is dead, I have no son, and but one daughter. But for her sake my sword would in these late days have been fleshed anew in the good cause to which we drank so often in France. We live here upon the relics of her mother's portion, and I begin to count the days to my end."

The rounded dignity of the old man's sad recital touched Grier to the heart. "We are out of fashion, my lord."

"Fashion, sergeant? Is that the word?"

"That is the word, my lord. Faith is but a fashion, and loyalty a mode, else they could not have died so soon."

"It is well said; but let us not complain. It glads my heart to see you again. We had fine times in France."

"Fine times indeed, my lord; but we bear the Scot's curse."

"What is that?"

"Scotland. When I get dowie in the wet weeks I dream of a pleasant vineyard near Rheims, and a woman that grat sair when I turned my back on it for home. Sometimes I would fain go back, for there I was a more effectual man than ever I can be here; but I am Scots, and the curse o' hame is on me."

"True, James, true. We are fools of national fate and sentiment."

"Yes, my lord. And when I did

my weekly worship in France, I conceived in spite of myself that the great God, who I should know is in heaven, really dwelt in Perth, and I made no speed in my prayers till I imagined myself in the church of my youth; and I would have bartered twenty Jordans for one glint o' the Tay where my mither washed her clothes."

Lord Balmeath smiled, but it was a smile of appreciative emotion. "And how did you fare this last year?"

"I was at Prestonpans, full of joy and fight. But south to England was too mad a trick for an old campaigner like me. I joined again in time for Falkirk, and, alas the day, I was at Culloden! I am an unmarked man and slipped home quietly; for there's none curious about me, nor any kent soul to bury me when I die."

Lord Balmeath rose and grasped him by the hand in silence, stammering out confusedly, "You have done your duty; would I had been free to do as much!" Then he lightened up. "I imagine, sergeant, these considerations lent ye a good grip for Captain Arklay the past night!"

"Who told you this, my lord?"

"The town-drummer,—and someone else." He rose, and going out of the room called at the stair-foot, "Christine."

In a few moments the lady entered, and her father, who had paced the room the while saying nothing, turned to Grier: "This is my daughter." Then to her he said: "I present you, my dear, to my sergeant in France and now my friend, Mr. James Grier."

She bowed ceremoniously, a humorous smile playing about her mouth, while his lordship looked on with a like amusement. "Know you not the lady, sergeant? You have met before. Look again."

Grier raised his eyes respectfully and gazed on her for a few seconds, then he started and looked more fixedly, while with her colour a little heightened she bore his scrutiny.

"Pardon," he said suddenly, coming to himself, "even his lordship's command shall not make me forget courtesy. What I was thinking is impossible."

"Nay, but it is true. This is the gallant you foregathered with this morning," said Balmeath.

Grier stammered out some incoherent expressions. "Was I rude, my lady?" he finally asked.

"Nay, you were delightful."

"Then by my faith, gin ye say so, I would have tied up ten Captain Arklays for your sake and service." The lady looked pleased, but whether more so at Grier's surprise or his devotion must be but a guess.

He continued: "But, if I may be so bold as to ask, what took your ladyship on such a deed when men like me are to spare?"

"Ah, sergeant," said her father, "there are none now to spare in Dundee. It is but a year ago since the whole town danced to the Prince's pipers; now they are all Whigs. trade, James, trade, which always follows the uppermost side. There were papers left at Perth last year necessary to be preserved and given to the Prince against the time which, let us hope, may yet come, but not a trusty man could be found in Dundee to bring them down. Even as it is, there's a foul traitor somewhere, but who, out of so few, Heaven alone knows. But, sir," he continued with dignity, "although my daughter did this thing, she did it with no abatement of her womanliness, but rather by enlargement. Conceiving that you, who shared the peril, might possibly be in danger, we have brought you here, where you will be safe if, as I trust, no one knows of your coming."

"I was in the mind, my lord, to

hold on my way home to Kinfauns, for my errand in this town has failed. Even if I am searched out I have a good defence, for I acted naturally to safeguard my hundred pounds."

At the old lord's request Grier proceeded to give a circumstantial relation of the occurrence on the road, to which Christine listened with absorbed attention, and her father with many a laugh of approval. "Yes, sergeant," he said, "you are better here for the present. You could never persuade the Powers that be of your way of the matter. Bide with us in hiding for a little. We'll share fortune together. Our life is simple, but I have still a draught of wine for an old comrade."

Grier took his wine ceremoniously, drinking first to the lady and then to her father with stately phrases, and ending with a deep health "to the true King."

"Now to our exercise," said his lordship, leading the way upstairs to a long, low room just under the roof, the walls of which were hung with swords, breastplates, and other weapons and armour. From a ledge he took a foil, and another, which lay on the closed top of an old spinet, he handed to his daughter. then donned a mask, and the lady in addition, a padded corslet and gloves. "You shall be umpire, sergeant," said Lord Balmeath, "without favour for the lady. She gets the better of me now and again, but like a true woman claims an advantage when there is none such. I have thought to chalk her button, but she will have none of Women, James, as you may have remarked, dread nothing so much as proof; they love to wrest facts from the unsubstantial." Lady Christine, for sole answer, smilingly flicked her foil, and her father, handing Grier a small walking-sword, continued: "Now, sergeant, at your word; we

omit the salute. And, once more, no prejudice for the lady."

Grier extended his sword and the foils were crossed over it. As he paused, holding both in guard for a second or two, he noted with admiration the extreme grace of the lady's posture. "Engagez!" he cried dropping his point and stepping back; and the twinkling foils whispered with a low music that made his eyes shine.

Balmeath kept a firm stand from the first as if on anxious defence against a more agile opponent, while the lady tried his guard with rapid thrusts at every point. To Grier it seemed she went through the whole gamut of fence, her father the while maintaining his close guard without once venturing on a riposte. From her free wrist the flashing foil seemed to leap with life about him, and she to grow impatient and bolder, while a long series of passes culminated in a thrust that carried her beyond the line of her father's point. His parry was true, and the return rapid, but with superb agility she leaped back into guard, while his steel, glancing over her wrist and forearm, seemed to touch her shoulder.

"I claim a hit," said his lordship.

"No hit," said the lady. "No hit, my lord," said Grier, as he again gave them distance and the word. Balmeath seemed already well-breathed, but Grier saw with wonder that his daughter's ardour was only kindled.

Again the blades whistled their keen tune, and wrist felt wrist for the least sign of relaxation. Again the lady made a swift lunge; again it was parried, and the *riposte* struck aside; but his lordship following up with more offensive play, a series of rapid passes followed, in which only the splendid agility of the girl saved her from the risks of her long thrusts. She seemed to gather audacity as the bout wore on, and, as if conscious of

some advantage, pressed ever for an opening, searching every point of her father's guard.

Grier in an ecstacy of delight gazed on the movements of the lissom form, fearing every moment that some slight failure of time or line would permit of the opposed point reaching her, but she redoubled her play with ever increasing assurance, until remembering his functions as umpire he observed she had gradually forced her father round to the right. "Arrêtez," he called out, and as the lady's point fell instantly into the palm of her left hand, the sergeant would not have changed that one moment of command and obedience for the rule of the greatest monarch in Christendom. "His lordship has the sun in his eyes," he said. He gave them their first ground again, the father seeming glad of the interval of breath. But scarcely had Grier uttered the word to reengage, than Lady Christine renewed her assault with fresh fire, and at the fourth thrust getting her steel well over her father's wrist she landed the button full and fair on his right breast. She recovered herself with a laugh, and a sudden half-tearful look of pitying affection came into her eyes as she watched her father. His lordship turned to Grier with amused interrogation in his face.

"I am afraid it is a touch, my lord."

"A touch, sergeant? I am as dead as mutton. What think you of that for a lady's fence?"

"I think, sir, that this gallant may call me coward, or Whig, or any other name he has a mind to, and I'll take it humbly, for I would not face him for a thousand pound."

Christine removed the mask, and showed her beauty touched to its highest by excitement, yet ever in her eyes lay the half sorrowful affection.

"She kills me so twice a week, James, and it is now a month since I managed to touch her." Although received from his daughter, the friendly defeat in the fencing turned Balmeath's thoughts to the sadness of vanished powers. "Yes, sergeant, she is son and daughter to me, and I live for her sake. My day is done. I bide here eating out my heart, my only hope that when I am gone my lands may return to her. But I must not die too soon, though weary thoughts and gone hopes thrust me that way."

"It is better as it is, my lord."

"Nay, nay; it is worse."

"Better, sir; the cause is dead."

"Say you so too? Is your faith gone?"

"My faith is what it was, but my belief has wide e'en, my lord. Romance and loyalty are nearly dead; trade and wealth rule the world now. The Stuarts dream of regaining an ancient kingdom; the Whigs gather gear and nurse a new empire. Let us laugh, sir; we are out of the fashion of it. Swords will go to rust and ledgers accumulate. We had been happier had we died langsyne."

The wrath on Balmeath's face fell away into a profound sorrow. Lady Christine, looking from the one to the other, seemed neither sorry nor glad.

The clatter of horse at that moment in the street, caused all three to look at each other with surprise. The party had apparently stopped at the door, and there came a sound as from a crowd of people, followed by a loud imperative knocking.

Lord Balmeath started up, and Grier said: "It seems a small party of horse, my lord, and if, as I guess, they come for me, I will go down and give myself up."

"What mean you, Grier? I surrender you in my own house? I thought other of you."

"My lord, I would wish not to give you or her ladyship any trouble." "This is my house, sir, and I dispose of those under my protection. Follow me."

He led the way downstairs to the little hall and pressing the spring of the archway, which opened noiselessly, motioned Grier to follow, taking him by the arm as they passed down the few steps in darkness into the burial vault. The scanty sunlight, struggling through the ivy, fell on a Christ hung against the wall above the little altartable.

"Stay here till I come again. You are quite safe; the dead will not molest you." Lord Balmeath passed out again, and to the maid-servant who stood ready at the street-door said, "Open, I am at home," retiring to the dining-room. Lady Christine remained upstairs in her own chamber.

## CHAPTER VII.

On the steps without stood Captain Arklay, and drawn up by the pathway his four troopers. On being told that Lord Balmeath was in, the Captain made his compliments and a request to be allowed to see him.

"You are to enter," answered the maid.

Captain Arklay made a ceremonious bow to his lordship in the dining-room, which was responded to in like wise, with a "Pray be seated."

"My errand, my lord, is unpleasant, and will not require such long explanation that I need sit. It is, in fine, that you deliver up to me the person of James Grier, now in this house."

"Sir," said Balmeath, "you somewhat omit courtesy in thus thrusting facts upon me. James Grier is not in this house."

"My lord, it is dangerous to toy with the King's power. Do you deny James Grier was in this house?"

"I do not know the extent of your warrant; but I imagine, sir, you will

keep away from ground of personal offence. James Grier is not in this house."

"My power, Lord Balmeath, extends to searching it."

"To do so, sir, would be to doubt my word. It is your occupation to doubt words, I believe. I do not quarrel with your trade, but no one ever doubted mine with impunity."

"I have positive information that James Grier entered this house but half-an-hour ago. If not here, where is he?"

"James Grier, is my very good friend, sir, and I would not put him in your power if I knew. It must suffice you that he is not in this house."

"I take leave to doubt it, my lord."
"Then, by God, sir, you shall answer
to me for your doubt. Search, if you

will; you know the price."

Captain Arklay winced a little.

"This heat is unnecessary, my lord. You may not know he is here. It is important for me to arrest him for participation in a treasonable act." Balmeath's lip curled. "Moreover, the man did me personal violence. I must have the rogue."

"James Grier, I repeat, is my friend."

"Your friend? He is but a common man."

"Pardon me, sir, he is a most uncommon man; and since birth and rank have turned their coats, we must take honesty where we find it. What James Grier did to you personally I take upon myself. As for your capacity of Government-officer I say nothing, but in respect of anything done to your person, why, sir, he had good cause."

"Lord Balmeath!" exclaimed Arklay furiously.

"Good cause, I say, and I take his act upon me. I will make it good upon you as a gentleman should.

Grier is a most honest man, and my good friend." All this the old lord uttered in a tone of calculated aggravation.

"Lord Balmeath, you forget the times and the part you are playing. I could, if I cared, trip you up also."

"Part and playing,—is that the new language, sir, for faith and honour? And to avoid honour's issue do we trip men up nowadays?"

"By heavens, my lord, flesh and blood cannot endure this."

"It ought not, even when it is mere flesh and blood."

"Then, my lord, name the hour and place."

"Why, Captain Arklay, I am glad to see the motion of some spirit in you. We dance to-night, and drink, if we like it; in the morning we fight. It is the good old way, the soldier's life. We shall be on the ground in the East Chapelshade by four o'clock. If the moon shines a little it will serve; if not, why we can wait the sun."

"Still I must search the house; I must fulfil my commission. If you were a true soldier, my lord, you would appreciate that."

"Appreciate is a good word, Captain Arklay; it means to put a price upon a thing. Be assured that I do so."

Captain Arklay called for two of his troopers to assist him in the search. "The first room upstairs, sir," said Lord Balmeath, "is my daughter's; it were well you knocked before you entered."

At that moment the lady descended, to whom the Captain made a low obeisance. He performed his now distasteful task somewhat perfunctorily, and in a short time returned to the long room where father and daughter stood. "My lord," he said, "I can truthfully report to Major

Pitcairn that the man I seek is not here."

At the name of Pitcairn Lady Christine's face paled a little; her father turned his back disdainfully. "Did Major Pitcairn expressly send you here?" she asked, obeying without reflection a sudden impulse to know.

"No; but although he retires from his command to-morrow he is still my superior officer."

Lord Balmeath still kept his back turned. "Pitcairn, my dear," he said to his daughter, "is a gentleman."

"We have a tryst, my lord," said Captain Arklay, and as Balmeath made no sign, he retired.

"What is the tryst, father?"

"Pshaw, the fellow speaks in parables. Do not heed him. I must release Grier."

In the vault Grier was found sitting incongruously, but with most soldierlike patience, on the little table, from which he had pushed aside the embroidered cloth. Lord Balmeath frowned for an instant, but recovering himself said: "Well, sergeant, the danger is over. It was your good I have tided you friend Arklay. over this difficulty, and if you still wish to go, the way will be free by nightfall. But I have taken up your quarrel with the fellow, and we meet in the morning; and I propose, by your leave, that you shall attend me."

"Explain, my lord," said Grier.

"Why, it is quite clear. You did my daughter and me a service, for which they would have you. I say to Arklay you are not in the house; he doubts my word. I take your action upon me, and say you trussed him up with good cause; he takes offence, and I offer him a gentleman's satisfaction. The meeting is for to-morrow morning at four in the East Chapelshade, after the dance at Lord Denmuir's. Why, sergeant, it is the roystering

days back again."

"My lord, you must pardon me, but I decline you for a champion. You have a daughter, and shall take no quarrel of mine upon you. I will go now and give myself up."

"By my faith, Grier, but you disappoint me. Tush, man; is it fear for me? Think you a turncoat Whig can bear down Balmeath's sword?

No; the quarrel is past you."

"By your leave, my lord, I say it is not; and for your daughter, if you will not hear of yourself, I will surrender."

"Has it come to that?" His lordship took fire. "Then, sir, I tell you, you shall not budge from here, and if you will not second me, by heavens, I'll fight alone."

"My lord, you speak wild. I'll yield to no man in honour, but I am not of the quality to mix in gentry quarrels, nor no fit subject for risk of such blood. Let me go."

"I say you shall not. My honour is in the thing."

"Honour, my lord? Your honour lies in your name, and your daughter's future. You are over sixty, my lord,

and to-day I saw a maid's thrust get within your guard. It needs but little chance that you shall fare the same with Captain Arklay."

"Pah, sergeant, your reasons smell of the ranks. Leave honour to me."

"My lord," answered Grier in a thick voice, "there is no man but you alive dare say that word to me."

"Your hand, James! I did you wrong; I was angry. But on this matter of Arklay and me, no more. Your surrender would not mend it It is dinner-time; come and share what we have; and no word of this to my daughter." He went towards the door, and then turning, said: "What think you of this for a retiring-place, James? There are noble bones beneath this floor, and outside lie the town's dead. think of mortality all day, and it has come to this that my most comfortable thoughts are those I find in this mouldy place. The old monks that of yore inhabited this ground are gone; their house, save this old vault, is down; but sometimes I seem to hear an echo of their psalms by night that bears me half into the other world."

(To be continued.)

## NELSON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.1

It is on the face of it somewhat surprising that among all the great captains of history, there should only be one admiral, and that he should have come at the very end, when the sea-wars were drawing to a conclusion, at any rate for a time; and yet that is the case. Putting aside the great generals who have also been rulers of States, Alexander, Cæsar, Gustavus, Adolphus, Frederick, and Napoleon, as being too mighty for comparison, what admiral can we class with Belisarius, Gonsalvo de Cordova, Turenne, Marlborough, or Wellington? Nelson, and nobody else. Nowadays, when the Sea Power is in everybody's mouth, denial is to be expected. Nothing looks simpler than to say that we ought to place Doria, Tromp, De Ruyter, Blake, Hawke, Rodney, Suffren, and Hood by the side of these chiefs. They did not need less clear heads or stout hearts, and their work was not the less vital. Not seldom it was the case that but for them the general would never have found the chance to act. But, however sound the reply may be as doctrine, it is open to the retort that try as we please we cannot class the admiral with the general. He remains vague and remote to us, however hard we may try to realise him. Hood, by virtue of his savage scorn, Rodney, by a few traits, not always pleasant, Collingwood, through his intense, if rather narrow affections, approach human reality; but Shovell, Rooke,

THE LIFE OF NELSON, THE EMBODIMENT OF THE SEA POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN; by Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. In two volumes; London, 1897.

Haddock, Pocock, Boscawen, Cornwallis, are mere shadows of great names, and even those whose lives have been written at large, Anson, Howe, Jervis, Saumarez, Exmouth, remain mere officers.

For this there are sufficient reasons. The seclusion of the sealife, which bound them in a circle of purely professional interests, and sent them back into the world with a. certain inability to get out of their trade, accounts for The quality of sea-warfare, too, must be allowed for. great game in itself, and its consequences are mighty; but it is to the war on land, what draughts is to There is not the variety in the moves nor in the power of the A certain superiority skill allows of a more sweeping and instant victory. You may have the equivalent at sea of the campaign of Italy in 1797, or of Napoleon's irruption into Spain in 1808, but hardly of the Peninsular War, or of the invasion of Russia. A limited number of floating forts which professional skill only can handle, are the pieces in the hands of the As St. Cyr said, that is admiral. the advantage he has over the general, but it brings with it these limitations,—that his work is less intelligible to the world at large, and then that it does not call for the same range of qualities, the same adaptation of means to ends, the same constant modifications of movement imposed on the soldier by the mountain, river, marsh, weather, or spirit of the inhabitants. So it is not an equal training for the man, and as the admiral lives apart, having no serious conflict except with skill akin to his own, there is less to bring him out of his profession.

We must take into account all that he had to break through, if we wish to estimate fairly what it was that enabled Nelson to become the figure he was in his own time, and has remained. It was not merely the greatness of his achievements which caused him to stand None of his fighting was better than Hawke's victory at Quiberon, or than Hood's daring attack on Grasse at the Basseterre of St. Kitts. He never surpassed the courage of mind and of heart which inspired Jervis to fight the battle of St. Vincent. Take all the circumstances together,-the rawness of the English fleet after ten years of peace and want of practice, the still unbroken spirit of the enemy, the great age of the admiral—and the battle of the 1st of June does not seem in any way inferior to the Nile or Trafalgar. In its consequences it was not less great, for it was the foundation of all that followed. Moreover, there was an originality in the plan of battle which was never excelled by When Lord Howe ordered his fleet to break through the enemy, he ruined the old hidebound tradition of the line of battle, the pedantry which subordinated the duty of doing your best to gain the victory, to the observance of certain hard and fast rules. That what Howe aimed at was better done by his successors is true, but they handled a finer weapon (partly perfected by him); they began where he left off, and it has to be proved that they would have begun at all without his example. Moreover, they fought an inferior enemy on easier condi-Howe had to force on the tions.

battle by days of skilful manœuvering, at the end of which his enemy was in good order and confident. At the Nile his opponent gave Nelson an unparalleled opportunity; and at Trafalgar the allies were so poor in skill that the simple operation of wearing (turning round) to bring their heads to point to Cadiz, threw them into confusion. the majority of his countrymen would not be ashamed to ask who Howe was, and what he did, while there is nobody but knows of It was much that the Nelson. Nile shut up Napoleon in Egypt for a time, and that Trafalgar put an end for ever to the fear of invasion. That would account for the estimate of his own generation, but as we draw away from it, there ought to be a chance for others. We might now at least begin to remember that the victories of Camperdown and St. Vincent also saved us from invasion, and that they came in a very dark hour for England; vet who remembers Camperdown, or more of St. Vincent than Nelson's share in it? But as for him there is not a nursery that does not know his name. More and more it is the case that the naval glory of England centres in Nelson. The navy itself hardly cares to remember any other of its chiefs. And surely this is Let us allow that he is entitled to more fame than others; but should Eclipse be first, and the next be nowhere, when the running was, after all, not so much better?

In truth, however, the answer is sufficiently easy, though it is by no means always made. A hero's fame depends a great deal less on what he did than on what he was. It is the "deliveries of a man's self which have no name," but which modern pseudoscientific cant calls "magnetic force," which in the long run assigns his place.

There have been many greater captains than Bayard, but le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche is famous, and they are forgotten. It is character which preserves a man's memory. Without that there is no biography to be made of him, and what is called by the name is only part of the general history of his time taken out of its context. Now, it is with Nelson that he was a character, and that as few men have been. Those who knew him did not have to wait till his achievements had revealed his power. Hood recognised him at once when he was still only a very young captain of a frigate, promoted by the favour of Sir Peter Parker, who again loved him for his own sake, and pushed him on though his influential uncle, the Comptroller of the Navy, was dead, and there was no base interest to be served by showing him kindness. Duke of Clarence, no wizard, saw through the oddity of his appearance into the force and lovableness of the man. Collingwood, not given to sentiment nor naturally disposed to worship others, "venerated" him while he was only captain of the Boreas. Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had known Fox, Burke, Pitt, and all the great society of his time, is as much his admirer as any of the naval witnesses, Codrington, Duff, Hoste, or Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and that long before the battle of St. Vincent, when Nelson was only captain of the Agamemnon in the early Corsican days. There was that in him which would have made his life worth reading if he had never fought a battle, but had had by him a Loyal Serviteur, or a biographer with a tithe of Boswell's faculty.

He has not wanted for biographers, and in one he has been very fortunate. We have even what is better in the shape of a fragment of autobiography of inestimable value. It ends before the great part of his life began, but it reveals the whole man, with his passion to be first, the burning desire to do thoroughly what came to his hand, and to do better than others. which is called zeal, his faculty for concentrated effort, and his manifest, but not essentially malignant vanity. From that fragment alone it would have been possible to foresee that he was one who, if emotion misled him, would be capable of enormous folly, but who never could become really base, not even if he did things base in themselves, because he would not act on a sordid motive. The temptation to wish that the fragment had been carried on till the renewal of the war after the peace of Amiens is very strong, but to yield to it would be foolish. Not even Nelson could have told the true story of the years between the repulse at Teneriffe and the last command in the Mediterranean, candid as he was, and openly as he paraded before the world what other men conceal. He could not have told us about Emma Hamilton, and without her there is no possible telling of the story which shall be honest. We have to trust his letters, and his biographers.

The earlier biographers of Nelson may be divided into two classes. There are those who wrote of him because he was a great captain, and there are those who wrote of him because of Emma Hamilton. memoir appeared in his lifetime written by Charnock, the compiler of the BIOGRAPHIA NAVALIS and the author of a history of Naval Archi-Charnock was a rather pathetic figure, who knew by experience what "ills the scholar's life He worked from hand to assail." mouth, doing the day's task to meet the day's need, and seems to have died miserably; and it was his misfortune that he could not write in any other than the mechanical sense.

Then there is a short life by Allen, the compiler of a useful book called THE BATTLES OF THE BRITISH NAVY. Another was written by the Old Sailor, M. H. Barker, who lives not by this, but by "beauties not his own," and because some other text of his is bound up with plates by Cruikshank. These are not bad books; they are even respectable pieces of work, quite modest, and solid. But it has been so arranged in this world that subject will never save any book, but only the virtue of being well written; and it is all but the sole merit of these lives that they are about Nelson. His family felt that a worthy biography of their hero was called for, all the more because Emma was early in the field. They set about supplying the want with the usual intelligence of executors. There were two things they could do which were both legitimate. They might have published the Admiral's letters and papers in their possession, together with such as were given them, in chronological order and with honest editing. If they had taken this course they would have produced one of those compilations which the student uses with gratitude, and the rest of the world leaves unread, but mentions with respect. The other course was to remember that to the making of every work of art there goes an artist, and to have chosen somebody who would write a book, seeing that a book was to be written. What the Nelson family did was to call in Dr. Clarke and Mr. McArthur. the first an ex-chaplain, the second an ex-paymaster in the Navy, the joint editors of THE NAVAL CHRONICLE. A bargain was made by which the family supplied papers, McArthur brought the naval knowledge, and Dr. Clarke the style. The first and second discharged their parts of the contract, and so did the third in his

way, which was that of a person intent on being literary in spite of Minerva. There is a placid breath of platitude in the doctor, a solid faith in the copy-book heading. which are almost great. "Let," so he ends a chapter with the emphasis of italics, "Let the anxious and too irritable disposition of naval officers, therefore, learn from the subsequent achievements of this illustrious seaman, never to despair; for as the wise man said, To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the sun." One more quotation must be made, for it illustrates with singular perfection the art of sinking in biography: "It is extremely interesting to contemplate this great man, when removed from the busy scenes in which he had borne so distinguished a part, to the remote village of Burnham Thorpe. His mind though so entirely taken from its proper element and sphere of action, could not remain unoccupied. He was soon, therefore, engaged, and with considerable zeal, in cultivating his father's garden, &c." If Dr. Clarke had only been a solemn ass writing a watery version of the gentlemanly-moral eighteenth century style, no great harm would have been done, and some innocent merriment might have been caused. But he was unfortunately not quite honest. correspondence with Captain Foote of the Seahorse, who felt constrained to vindicate his conduct in the Bay of Naples from the reflection thrown on it by a passage in one of Nelson's letters, leaves the impression that Clarke was somewhat shifty. certainly had very loose ideas as to his rights as an editor, and thought it a part of his bargain to supply style that he should correct Nelson's. Thus a book, which never could have been more than a shapeless compilation, is untrustworthy into the bargain. Yet the pair supply a useful quarry

to the artist who knows how to use his materials. McArthur at least knew the naval life, and had means of getting well-founded stories of Nelson, while the family supplied information as well as papers.

Emma Hamilton had made haste to profit by what she had to tell the world of the Admiral and of herself. Nor is she to be blamed for that. Nelson had justified her by permission and example. His death left her in a very precarious position, made worse by the profuse habits which he had encouraged. He had bequeathed her to the nation, and the Government had declined to receive her as a damnosa hereditas. Nothing remained but to prove to the world by means of a biography that if the hero was great, he owed much to his "dear friend." Emma Hamilton's manner of doing what in its way was natural enough, hardly justifies Sir Gilbert Elliot's description of her as a clever creature. She employed one James Harrison, a very inferior Dr. Clarke, to write a life, and he, under the combined influence of his own incompetence and the directions of Emma, produced one of the most nauseous of known books. a profuse servility about Harrison, a constant ducking and cringing, which are offensive enough, but that is the least bad quality of his work. He was the mere mouthpiece of the vanity, mendacity, and spite of the woman who employed him. It was his part to help the mistress to insult the wife, and if he had not been prepared to play that part he would not have been employed.

In a fortunate moment for literature the compilation of Clarke and McArthur, together with Harrison's hack-work and lesser things, were put into Southey's hands for The QUARTERLY REVIEW in 1810. From that article came, three years later, the

biography which all the world knows. The professional critic has faults of his own to find with it, but he not infrequently has the misfortune to be himself a deplorably bad judge of a book. It is not necessary to vindicate this Life of Nelson now. When a man speaks of the Life of Nelson without further detail, he is understood to mean Southey's. That alone has taken its place among the books which are books, and not among the biblia abiblia. Southey may possibly have given too much credit to Emma Hamilton. As he started from the supposition that Nelson was not entirely foolish, and as he had the codicil before him to show what the Admiral believed of the woman, it was hard to reject her tales as wholly unfounded. If there is no truth in all this, what a silly man Nelson must have been, was probably what Southey said to himself, and those who reject Emma's claims wholly have yet to explain how they hope to escape the necessity of sitting on the other horn of the dilemma.

Between 1844 and 1846 Sir Harris Nicolas published the well-known Letters and Despatches. It was a kind of work for which that careful antiquary and honest editor was well fitted. He did it as thoroughly as was possible, considering that some papers were denied to him, and that he was compelled to take sophisticated versions of others because the originals had passed into the hands of Dr. Clarke and could not be re-Everything, it might seem, covered. was now done that was necessary. Sir Harris Nicolas had superseded every life of Nelson except Southey's, which had those artistic qualities which no mere information can ever supersede. And if one condition had been fulfilled, nothing more need have been done, pending the coming of the new biographer who should justify his

existence by ideas and style. If the Hamilton papers had fallen into the hands of somebody with sufficient decency to burn them, the world could have waited. But this did not happen. As early as 1814 a number of Nelson's letters to Emma were published; Sir Harris Nicolas says that they owed their appearance "to the distresses of the unfortunate woman" to whom they were addressed, and it is another version of the story that they were stolen by Harrison, and printed by his enterprise. The whole mass survived, and has been privately printed by Mr. Morrison. In the meantime, books had been based on these papers. First came Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, in 1849, with his ME-MOIRS. Of the work of Mr. Pettigrew it must be candidly confessed that it has no excuse for its existence except the fact that he had access to the Hamilton papers. He could not write, had no conception of building a book beyond letting his facts and quotations come trooping one after the other like geese on a common, had no taste for the active heroic side of such a life of Nelson's, and no understanding of sea-affairs. he had something to say about Emma is his sole justification; and it is a very poor one. The essential facts, which are that Nelson loved her in the full human sense of the word and believed himself to be the father of Horatia, must have been obvious as early as 1805, or earlier, to everybody with the intellect of a moderate sized rabbit, since, if it were not so, then Nelson's conduct in regard to his wife, and to the whole world, was not only without excuse, but without explanation. Mr. C. Jeaffreson, the author of THE REAL LORD BYRON and THE REAL SHELLEY, has founded two other books on these same papers, but it is a good rule to abstain from criticising a contemporary except

when his work is one's direct subject. For that reason, as also because space must not be exhausted, and Captain Mahan's new Life is the subject on hand, nothing need be said of Mr. Lathom Brown or Mr. Clark Russell, or Mr. Laughton,—which does not imply that there is not much good to be said.

Nelson's fame has indeed won him biographers outside of his own country. There is not, so far as I know, any critical study of the least importance of any other English admiral in French, but LES GUERRES MARITIMES, DU CONSULAT ET DE L'EMPIRE OF Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, was long the best, and is still one of the best of the estimates of Nelson. title is somewhat misleading, and was perhaps adopted out of regard to French susceptibilities. Perhaps M. de la Gravière wished to avoid shocking his countrymen, and concealed his panegyric of Nelson, for it is that or little less, under a comfortably loose But after all it is a biography of Nelson in which the love-story is neglected. There is also a Life of him in French by a M. Forgues, only worth mentioning as showing what a permanent impression he made on the people he hated. That may be neglected, but M. de la Gravière cannot, if only because in addition to the blessed French faculty for making things clear, he points out, as few English authors care to do, how much of Nelson's work was done to his hand by the ruin of the French Navy in the Revolution.

This survey, which does not profess to be exhaustive, but only to note the summits of Nelson's province in literature, and of them only what is properly biographical, for we should have to travel widely if we went beyond that to Lord Tennyson's verse and Mr. Blackmore's Springhaven, does at least prove how firmly the great

Admiral took hold of the imaginations Neither Marlborough nor of men. Wellington is remembered as he has been, and if we look at the whole story the explanation is simple enough. It does not lie in the achievements, which not to repeat what has been said already, want the continuity, the wide scope, the infinite variety, of the careers of those two great soldier-It is to be found in this, statesmen. that more than either of them, more indeed than any fighter in history, he is to all of us, another human being, a brother man, so candid in revelations of his inner self, so eager to give and win affection, so brave, so simple, so heroic, so erring, that we know him, not as if we had met him, which, seeing how mysterious we are to one another is little, but as we know Falstaff, or Bradwardine, or Colonel Newcome. The little comedy with the telescope at Copenhagen, planned for no profound purpose, for there was none to be served by an act which can only have been visible to the two or three officers immediately about him, and by words they only could hear, was precisely one of those symbolical gestures which tell their own tale and fix themselves in the general memory. His mere pride in his own courage, which made him tell the whole world how pleased he was with himself for his intrepid behaviour in the fight with the Spanish gunboat, has something engaging. Here is a man who asks us to applaud him as naturally as a child might, and we applaud, with more or less unconscious thanks to him for seeking our good will. Nelson takes our admiration as a gift. Wellington receives it as a right with the air of one to whom it is indifferent. Therefore it went to him with respect, but to Nelson with love. For the Duke there was a deep tenderness which a very terrible wound could bring to the surface now and then.

Who does not remember the passion of sorrow over the slaughter in the breach at Badajoz, and the scene when the news of Gordon's death was brought to him on the morning after Waterloo? These moments of human emotion are awful in the Duke, but there is nothing in Nelson which inspires awe. Unlike most vain men he preferred to see others favourably, to make the most of them, to credit them with all good qualities. Every vanity, even the kindest, is liable to become sour. Now and then there are little aberrations in Nelson, as when he refused to atone for his real unfairness to Sir William Parker in the account of the battle of St. Vincent, or when he hurried to snub Duncan's not unnatural complacency over his victory at Camperdown, by telling him to make haste to profit by it, for that greater things would soon be Yet there are few such stories done. told of him, and both these belong to the time when he was suffering from his wound at Teneriffe. If he asked for affection, which some may think weak, he gave it in ample measure. and that not foolishly, but where it was deserved, and where it fell as good seed on fit soil to bear its fruit in that zeal and valour which his followers never failed to show. the cockpit of the Victory, when the end had come, his last words to man were appeals for affection and for sympathy; "Kiss me, Hardy," and "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." And how much of his fame with all of us is due to that sin? is hard to go beyond respect when one sees only the worker and the work, but not the man. That Nelson could ever been as remote from us as many other valiant fighters have been is not to be believed, even if there had been no Emma; but assuredly he would not be the familiar friend he is if it were not for the love-story.

was not a great captain, because he did this universal human thing, foolishly, even a little ignobly if you please, but passionately with his whole heart and soul. Yet because of it he is the nearest to us of all great captains. "Love is ever matter of comedies," said Lord Bacon; in other words, of that which aims at showing character; and when we see a "great and worthy person transported to the mad degree of Love," we may be shocked, but at any rate we see a man, and not a bundle of heroic qualities doing work, which spectacle may be infinitely respectable, but is somewhat misty.

In Nelson's life, then, there is the very stuff of biography, and if any proof were wanted of so evident a truth, it is supplied by these two volumes of Captain Mahan's. No doubt there is much in them which may be called professional, -explanations of the cause of success and failure in war, the drawing and application of morals, and so forth; but all this the author had done already in his Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution and the Empire. He can, at the outside, only do it over again with more detail and not much more, for Nelson was so busy in the naval part of that great struggle, that little of first-rate importance happened out of his field of action. What remained for him to do was to take Nelson, and following him step by step, show how his nature worked, and why the event was shaped by the character. No one should have doubted that Captain Mahan was fitted for the task. Even in his two general histories he always showed a certain biographical faculty. never forgot that a man works according to his temperament, and that if the action was so, it was because the man was thus. The Life of Farragut, a true biography so far as the simplicity of the subject allowed, for there was no great play of character in the Federal Admiral, proved that Captain Mahan could deal with more if it came to his hand. It was inevitable that he should in time reach Nelson, the dominating figure of the history of war at sea.

On that subject Captain Mahan would be allowed by all to speak with exceptional authority. His INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER ON HISTORY seems. to have been a genuine revelation to It is true that the many people. principles had been understood and acted on for centuries. Mahan may very well not know that the whole doctrine had been very tersely and forcibly stated in the seventeenth century by a Spanish writer named Saavedra Fajardo, who again founded himself on the advice given by Charles the Fifth to Philip the Second; but he did know that they had been practically acted on by the English Government, and drew his examples mainly from our naval history. This was perfectly legitimate, since it is the business of the critic to deduct the principles from the works of the masters, and it was Captain Mahan's merit, not his luck, that previous naval historians had been mere chroniclers, who recorded events with no other connection than the chronological. If they left, as they well might, the impression that what happened at sea took place by mere accident, so much the more was it well done in him to show that here also there is a relation of cause and effect, and whatever is, "hath some operation not violent or casual." If he profited by the fact that the world was struck by his phrase, Sea Power, and also that his first book appeared just as we were plunging, not for the first, nor yet the twentieth time, into a naval panic, this was reasonable good fortune. Given that the doctrine and the exposition are sound, a writer is entitled to all the incidental luck he may meet. If Sea Power is becoming a cant phrase, together with those comforting words strategy and tactics, the fault does not lie with Captain Mahan, but in the incorrigible confidence of mankind in magical formulas.

The that expectation Captain Mahan would write a good life of Nelson was well founded, and it has not been disappointed. So much cannot be said of the other expectation that he would show us a Nelson differing in some remarkable way, in thoughtfulness, in wide political sagacity, and generally speaking in intellectual force, from the simple and passionate hero drawn by Southey. Of course he was to include this; but he was also to prove that the "exponent of Sea Power" was even such another as Gustavus or Frederick. Now, this gives occasion to say something which is very much to Captain Mahan's honour as a biographer, and it is this, that he would clearly very much like to present us with this new Nelson. As a sailor and as a writer on war at sea he has a very natural wish to show that the naval leader had all that the greatest chiefs of armies ever possessed. Now and then he goes so far as to say everything was there, or came in due time; but he is not content with making the round assertion and passing on; he sets about to prove, and the moment he does that and finds himself dealing with words or conduct, he never distorts or colours, but gives his evidence fairly and draws the deduction with no regard to anything except truth and right reasoning. The result is that the Nelson pictured in these two volumes does not differ in any single essential particular from the Nelson pictured by Southey in 1813. We see here in greater detail exactly the same man, vehement in love and hate, a

born fighter, who given a French fleet in front of him would attack at once with judgment and not blindly, but who outside of his own profession, was apt to be the typical headlong sailor, and when he had to look beyond some immediate piece of work, does not give any signal proofs of superiority. Among great captains he belongs to the race of the Prince of Condé and Massena, the fighters of battles, rather than to the other class of Marlborough and Wellington, the planners of great combinations, to whom the battle is a means to an end. With Nelson it came, as nearly as it can with any one who has a claim to be called a great captain at all, to being an end in itself.

Now and then we are reminded that Captain Mahan is not only a naval officer, but also a lecturer at the United States Naval School. are little touches of something rather pedantic, such as expressions of what seems regret that Nelson had never been to schools where the doctrines are expounded. It is a little odd to find him writing: "Nelson had no mastery of the terminology of warhe never talked about strategy and little about tactics-but though without these valuable aids to precision of thought, he had pondered, studied, reasoned, and he had besides what is given to few, real genius and insight." It would have been strange if Nelson had used the word strategy, seeing that as yet it had not occurred to anybody as necessary to make a new word for generalship and the art of war, out of a Greek original. St. Cyr would never use it, because he could not see what new meaning it contained, and Napier passed it with suspicion. Terminology, too, is by no means in itself a valuable aid to precision of thought, though it may be a useful instrument. Captain Mahan has only to look at his newspapers to see how often those valuable aids, strategy and tactics, are mere parrot phrases, or the pompous garment which covers sheer confusion of Does the terminology of war, too, amount to more than the names which criticism has put on the acts of genius and insight? Captain Mahan, when the question is fairly put to him, will no doubt acknowledge that it does not, and indeed he recognises that Nelson had those gifts which no man can win for himself by taking thought, and was a great captain because of them; but there are scattered indications of a leaning to over-rate the value of instruction in the making of a fighter. It comes out in such a passage as

This anticipation [to wit, that Napoleon would furn from destroying the Austrians in Lombardy to make a rash attack on Corsica], in its disregard of the perfectly obvious conditions, was scarcely worthy of Nelson's real native sagacity, and shows clearly how much a man, even of genius, is hampered in the conclusions of actual life by the lack of that systematic ordering and training of the ideas which it is the part of education to supply. Genius is one thing, the acquire-ments of an accomplished—instructed officer are another, but there is between the two nothing incompatible, rather the reverse; and when to the former, which nature alone can give—and to Nelson did give—is added the conscious recognition of principles, the practised habit of viewing under their clear light all the circumstances of a situation, assigning to each its due weight and relative importance; then, and then only, is the highest praise of military greatness attained. Whether in natural insight Nelson fell short of Napoleon's measure, need not here be considered; that he was at this time far inferior, in the powers of a trained intellect, to his younger competitor in the race for fame, is manifest by the readiness with which he accepted such widely eccentric conjectures as that of an attempt upon Leghorn at the opening of the campaign, and now upon Corsica by a great part, if not the whole army of Italv.

Now, when Nelson made this "eccentric conjecture" (here by the way is an example of what the constant indulgence in terminology does for a writer, but there will be a word or two to say of Captain Mahan's still later,) he was just on forty. He had been in the Mediterranean for four years engaged in combined operations of fleets and armies. If experience had not taught him how improbable it was that an intelligent enemy would turn from the more important, profitable, and feasible, to attempt the less, at great hazard, would he have learned it from lectures at any naval college? St. Cyr and Napoleon, who knew what they were talking about, agreed in the course of a conversation at Dresden in 1813, that neither teaching nor experience had any effect on a general, but that a man fought to the end as he began, according to his innate faculty and his temperament. Once allow that Nelson was just a seaman and fighter of battles on sea, and his "eccentric conjecture" becomes perfectly explicable. He saw everything through his own profession, and under the influence of a desire that something should be going on in which he could take part. Beyond that he did not see. Indeed, until he had absolutely to decide on a line of conduct there is no evidence in Nelson's considerable mass of correspondence of that "pondering" with which Captain Mahan credits him. He had served as lieutenant and captain in the American War of 1778-83. There was enough there. more especially in the York Town campaign, to excite pondering in a man given to thinking out principles. We have letters of his of that time, some written to his old captain, Locker, with whom it would have been natural to discuss such matters. Yet he does not, and as he was very ready to use his pen with candour, something would have come out if

much had been in his mind. And this kind of limitation remained with him to the end. Captain Mahan, with his habitual honesty, acknowledges that when Nelson returned to Naples after the battle of the Nile, he committed a folly by egging on the unlucky King to his premature attack on the French. It was not the kind of mistake a man would have made who was capable of looking at more than just what was before his eyes,-or at that, except as it were in terms of his own trade. He wanted to "down" the French, and to do that must get at them. If the English fleet could do it, why not Naples! Because they were very different things, which Nelson could see well enough at times, but from which he failed to draw the obvious deduction. Of course there remains this to be considered, that Nelson was then under the influence of two But that only calls for women. the same answer. Can mortal man figure to himself the Duke of Wellington as fighting a battle to save Ciudad Rodrigo under the influence of any Queen of Naples, or any Emma Hamilton, when defeat would ruin the whole cause and victory would bring no adequate gain? The thing is not credible.

These examples are chosen from the time of inexperience, or of delusion; but years later we see the same man at work, when after the renewal of the war in 1803, Nelson went out to command in the Mediterranean. The object was to prevent Napoleon from using the ships at Toulon. What he meant to do with them was obscure, but it was certain that he could do nothing if they were not allowed to get out. So Bickerton, who was in command till Nelson relieved him, appears to have thought, for he kept a close watch. Nelson drew the liners off to a distance, leaving frigates to observe the

harbour and report. Captain Mahan approves the decision, yet the result was that Villeneuve got out twice, and on both occasions was away before Nelson could come within striking distance of him. The result of the first sortie was to send the English fleet on a wild goose chase to Alexandria, though it was surely an "eccentric conjecture" that Napoleon, after his recent experience, would renew the Egyptian adventure with smaller forces and in other hands. Loss of spars, the sea-sickness of his crews, and his own want of heart, drove Villeneuve back; but again he got out, and this time he escaped to the Atlantic. It is difficult to see the wisdom of the course which gave the enemy a chance, but it is perfectly intelligible in view of Nelson's letter to the Lord Mayor, denying that he had ever blockaded Toulon, and declaring that his aim was to tempt the enemy out in order to have a battle A battle was certainly desirable, considering that the relative values of the fleets made victory as near as might be certain for us. But the method adopted did not secure the battle. Trafalgar was no consequence of Nelson's measures in the Mediterranean. It came first because Villeneuve lost heart after his action with Calder and went south, and then because he rushed out of Cadiz in a spasm of wounded vanity on hearing that Rosilly was coming to supersede him, though he well knew that disaster must follow. It was not so that Salamanca and Vittoria came to Wellington. To say that Nelson would have imperilled the cause of his country for the mere sake of a battle would be stupidly unjust; yet he loved the fight for itself, and to get it would, unconsciously, perhaps, but very really, risk letting the enemy get away to make mischief elsewhere. Like all other men, he fell on the side to which he leaned. He was, once more, first and foremost a fighter of battles, and, happily for England, this was precisely the man we wanted, when our own navy had been steadily improving for sixty years, when our enemy, never at his best our full equal in quality, had been cowed by disorganisation and defeat.

This is the Nelson we actually see in Captain Mahan's book, though we may be told from time to time that there was another, and it is the greatest merit of a biographer that however he may wish to represent his hero he never falsifies his evidence. To ask our author to abstain from magnifying his office as the expounder of the Sea Power would be unreasonable, though one is tempted to ask, for instance, why "Moscow and Waterloo are the evitable consequences" of Trafalgar. Was it the Sea Power, or his growing mania for working on the grand scale which induced Napoleon to take twice as many men to Russia as he could feed? Was it the Sea Power which gave the Russians the courage to desert and burn their holy city, and so starve their invaders out? Again, though it is intelligible enough that Napoleon having a maniacal determination to bring England down, and being unable to fight her at sea, was driven to make himself master of the continent in order to be able to exclude her trade and so ruin her, yet it does not follow that the course he took was inevitable. For instance, he need not have played the strange part, compounded of swindler, burglar, and common bully, which he assumed towards Spain. He might have supported Ferdinand; he might have accepted that very detestable person's wish to marry into the imperial family and have so acquired entire control of In that case there would have been no Peninsular war, and

without the Duke and his army there would have been no Waterloo. Captain Mahan should have said was, that all the other conditions, including the characters of Napoleon, and his Empire, and the peoples of Spain and Russia, being as they were, the overwhelming superiority of British Navy, shown to the full by Nelson, was one of the more important of the causes which led to the final downfall of "the Child of Democracy." But then we must allow for the natural partiality of every teacher of a dogma, and also it is the case that if Captain Mahan had recognised all the other causes in work, he would not equally have pleased the large class of persons who like a nice, simple, cut-and-dried explanation of everything, and who therefore hug a convenient phrase. Still, for those who can think for themselves, it is always possible to make these reservations. As for those who cannot, why for them nulla est retentio, as Sancho Panza would have said. There is no holding them in. They must be allowed to go on repeating their shibboleth, and abounding in the sense of their doctor, till somebody comes along with a new formula and draws them off.

When that happens, as it no doubt will before long, we shall still have a very good life of Nelson which will always be worth reading, not because it shows us "the embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain" (whatever that may mean) but because it does give a very creditable picture of an Englishman one is always pleased to look at. Captain Mahan,—a slight touch of the schoolmaster, and a pardonable tinge of the dogmatist being allowed for-is always on the side of the angels, that is to say in agreement with common sense. His treatment of Emma Hamilton is excellent; not prudish nor priggish,

neither denying what of foolish, and even vulgar there is in the story, nor shrinking from saying that it is at least made tolerable by the reality and vehemence of the passion. The Neapolitan episode is not less well told. Captain Mahan comes to the sane conclusion as to Nelson's action in the matter of the execution of Caracciolo. which put briefly is that it was at the best a piece of indecent violence excusable only by his hatred of Jacobins. On the business of the capitulation of the forts Captain Mahan is less decided, and indeed leaves the rights and wrongs rather in the air. He quotes a despatch from Sir William Hamilton, written on the 14th of July, within less than a month after the whole transaction had taken place, which confirms in every detail the charges brought against Nelson by the Jacobins, and by Colletta in his HISTORY OF NAPLES. Captain Mahan disputes the accuracy of the English minister, but the fact remains that these tales were not the subsequent inventions of the Jacobins. over, one finds oneself asking how, if Sir William went wrong about so public an event, which happened before his eyes within thirty days of the time he was writing, we are to take it for granted that Emma Hamilton's claims are disposed of because they do not square with his despatches, though they were based on alleged services which were from their nature secret. Captain Mahan has far too good an understanding of what constitutes evidence to doubt the truth of the story that Nelson disobeyed orders at Copenhagen.

These disputed points, simply because they do allow of debate, have the power to lead us aside from what is the essential thing in Nelson's life, namely, that he was a fighter in a warlike time, and that his victories had great effects for England and for

Europe. But who has ever denied this? Who has ever said that he was not a great fighter of battles? biographer has nothing to do here except to explain a little more fully than others have done how they were fought, and what consequences There was not much, they had. indeed, after his own previous work, there may be said to have been nothing left for Captain Mahan to He can only tell the story of St. Vincent (which Nelson may be said to have seized in the middle, and made his own), of the Nile, of Copenhagen, and of Trafalgar over again, keeping always by the hero's side, and showing us how much it was all his work. that which is the bulk of his book there is no call to differ from Captain Beyond all question, the Mahan. Nelson he draws in the stress of battle is the credible one, always straining to be first, fiery in his zeal, but taking in all the circumstances, and therefore never really rash, and detecting by intuition the weakness of the enemy on whom he then rushes. We may demur a little when we are asked to rank those fights with the very highest things in war. But, given what had to be done, nobody was ever better qualified to do it than Nelson, and that for reasons which Captain Mahan shows well. No chief ever lived who was less to be daunted by the bare show of strength, was more contemptuous of mere bulk, was less tolerant of sloth and half measures. Those would have been fine qualities against any enemy, but they were preeminently effective against the inefficient enemies he had to fight. quite possible to make too much of his skilful dispositions, to concentrate superior forces on the hostile line, and What he did at the Nile would have been done by any capable officer except in the dead pedantic years of the eighteenth century, while

by Trafalgar it had come to this, that it did not greatly matter how the English went into battle, provided they only got in. His memoranda issued during the pursuit of Villeneuve and before Trafalgar, were never applied; but the vehement energy of Nelson, and his faculty for inspiring it in others, can never be exaggerated.

A book being by the nature of things a piece of writing, the question how it is written has to be, if not settled, at least recognised, when we are considering its merits. Like the error of Nelson in regard to generalship in Napoleon's 1797. Captain Mahan's style is not quite worthy of his native sagacity. is a certain looseness of fibre about his form which weakens the matter in the telling; and this has its counterpart in a certain redundancy of narrative. Thus, for instance, the story of Nelson's early cruise with Mr. John Rathbone is told twice over, -once by himself, once by Captain Mahan. When a style is loose it is always at its worst when there is an attempt to be eloquent. How willingly could one spare such sentences as these: "At each of these momentous crises, so far removed in time and place—at the Nile, at Copenhagen, at Trafalgar-as the unfolding drama of the age reveals to the onlooker the schemes of the archplanner about to touch success, over

against Napoleon rises ever Nelson; and as the latter in the hour of victory drops upon the stage where he has played so chief a part, his task is seen to be accomplished, his triumph secured;" and, "May we not almost hear thundered back from the clouds which yet veiled the distant future of the Nile, the words, of which his thought was already pregnant, 'You may be assured I will bring the French fleet to action the moment I can lay my hands upon them'?" Captain Mahan is not without something of Napier's sense of the poetry of war, but he cannot get it expressed. It is all in solution, and struggles out incoherently. You never meet those sentences where two wellplaced adjectives make a picture of which there are hundreds in Napier, nor an approach to that soaring descant on the grandeur of the soldier's art, which almost chants itself as the Duke's army pours down into the valley of Vittoria, sweeping down "Dubreton's thundering castle," and the whole edifice of French rule in Spain, by the mere wind of its march. But if you cannot do this, then it is so much better not to try. Captain Mahan has his own field. He can explain the causes and connections of naval things persuasively, and he can judge a man with insight and taste. One likes him best when he is doing that, and it is not little.

DAVID HANNAY.

## AMERICANS AT PLAY.

Time was, and that not so long ago, when the American sportsman, in his own country occupied an almost despicable position, while the athlete had practically no existence at all. We do not of course include in this statement the professional sportsman, who was outside public opinion, but refer only to the amateur of the North and East, who would fain have spent his leisure in field-sports, or in manly pastimes of a kindred nature. It would be impossible to fix with any precision the date of his emancipation from that half Puritan, half bourgeois thraldom, which is not easy for an Englishman even to imagine. Perhaps the Civil War, being a luminous landmark, might with sufficient accuracy be described as the beginning of a more respectable and sane attitude towards manly sports. It is not indeed so very long since the larger portion of commercial and manufacturing America regarded the individual who shot ducks or caught trout for amusement as a fool at the very best, and probably something worse. If this unwholesome superstition had been due in the main to honest Puritanism one might endeavour to temper one's disgust with some measure of Most of us, at some period of our lives, have been brought in contact with people on whose grim creed every form of diversion jars; and their point of view we can at least understand, though we may not hanker after their company. But the Puritan tradition was the smaller ingredient of the old-fashioned Yankee's aversion to games and field-sports, the true root of which lay in a contempt for men who would divert one single hour from the righteous duty of amassing dollars.

These sentiments, to be sure, would have been decently clothed in moral platitudes, which must have had an odd flavour, coming from a class who set no particular limit to its cocktails, and not much more to its commercial conscience.

Whatever motives and whatever section of society formed public opinion in the Eastern cities thirty or forty years ago, it is quite certain that it looked askance at manly sports, and regarded them, not only as a waste of time, but as being first cousins to drunkenness and dissipation. celebrated Anglo-American sportsman and author, Mr. Herbert (Frank Forester), spent the last twenty years of his life, so tragically ended by his own hand in 1858, in vehemently combating this monstrous and unwholesome prejudice. And it is partly this, no doubt, that makes the memory of that remarkable man so exceedingly dear to American sportsmen, who now fish and shoot with impunity, and even with repute. All is now changed indeed. A certain distrust of leisure and a distorted notion of the chief aim of life are still, we all know, conspicuous traits beyond the Atlantic, but at any rate they no longer control public opinion. There were exceptions, however, even in the dreary period we speak of. Harvard, and possibly one or two other universities, rowed in desultory fashion: the small cricketing coterie at Philadelphia, of which we shall have more to say, went on with its cricket; baseball was played to some extent; while even then there were brazen individuals in the Eastern cities whose love for gun and rod was stronger than their fear of the narrow-minded bigotry which would hold them cheaper upon that account. Society has of course long ago flung the superstitions of its fathers to the four winds. indeed those departed worthies, with their sombre broadcloth and expansive shirt-fronts, would think if they could see the doings of those who have inherited their fortunes and increased them, we dare not conjecture. ways of the ancients, who looked askance at a Joe Manton and a pointer, and even blinked a little at the innocuous weapons of old Izaak, are changed indeed. How disheartening, too, must the change be to certain critics, who are for ever dilating on the emancipation of Americans from European influence, and as if to anticipate this millennium record their sentiments in emancipated English.

Distressing beyond a doubt, to a certain type of American patriot, are all these packs of foxhounds, these stables of hunters and polo ponies, these matches at football and at golf, these tournaments at lawn-tennis, that are now becoming part of the life of every well-to-do American in the older States and are rapidly spreading Westward. He may perhaps, after all, have to form his "ideal American" out of the Germans and Irish, whose recreations seldom run far beyond the beer-garden and the whiskey-saloon. It is quite certain that this recent awakening to the value of field-sports and games, which has so much added to the brightness of life beyond the Atlantic, has shown itself most powerfully among the genuine Americans, and the blood of the genuine American is chiefly British. The ill-conditioned and half-educated provincial, who just now predominates in the Senate Chamber, is precisely the type of man who will look with jaundiced eye on this wholesale importation of healthy customs from that island which, effete though it may be according to his foolish jargon, seems, in fact, to haunt his very dreams with its threatening spectre.

A few years ago the American Press, with an eye, no doubt, to street popularity, used to ridicule people who followed the hounds or played lawntennis, or dressed in tweed suits, as Anglo-maniacs; and some rustic papers do so still. Now, however, these doings are chronicled in more serious and respectful fashion, for not only Society, but the most of the well-to-do class are being converted to wholesome ways. Hunting, coaching, and polo for the more wealthy, lawn-tennis, golf, football, and hockey for all, have taken firm root upon the soil, while shooting and fishing among the Eastern States have developed to an extent that has brought the question of game and its preservation to an acute phase. But we must leave field-sports alone, as being somewhat alien to the purpose of this paper, as well as too wide a subject for its limits. In connection, however, with the taste for country life that has developed among Americans, the evolution of the Country Club must not be passed over. excellent institutions originated, we fancy, with the establishment of something like a social headquarters at the kennels of the various packs of hounds in the countries they hunted. however, they have increased and multiplied exceedingly, and are to be found within reach of most of the large cities, though chiefly prevailing, as is natural, in the East. societies have for their quarters luxurious and commodious mansions, usually situated in neighbourhoods where scenery and sport are available. tensive stabling is, of course, a prominent part of the scheme, and large grounds, where every facility is provided for garden games, as well as for Four-in - hand the inevitable golf.

coaches are frequent visitors to these haunts of the sociable and gay, while that inscrutable person whose hobby is to assume the part of the professional coachman, has already made his appearance in the ranks of American fashion,-buttons, hat, lingo and all. Country life in private houses, too, on the English pattern, so far as the adaptation is possible, has become an accomplished fact. The territorial dignity is, of course, wanting; it is the life rather of further Surrey or the London end of Sussex or Hertfordshire, save that in America such neighbourhoods are actually found at a much greater distance from the There may, or may not be, a cities. few hundred acres of land attached to the American country house, upon which the owner plays at farming and breeds Jerseys or thorough - breds. But with these limitations a very fair reproduction of modern life in the English country house is achieved. Private theatricals, lawn-tennis, golf, riding and driving, with such sport as the neighbourhood offers, and occasionally the propinquity of a pack of hounds, make up an existence such as the last generation could not have even imagined. Nor is identity of costume lacking, for the somewhat elaborate and pronounced fashions that for the last decade or so have distinguished the Briton in mufti have been adopted in all their completeness by Americans of a certain class. has been no tendency, so far as we know, to court a splendid isolation in this matter, or to attempt the territorial magnate on a large scale. obvious reasons country house life in America collects in colonies, and is, as a rule, quite out of touch with the indigenous owners of the soil, who regard its ways with a mixture of amazement and awe, not wholly free from contempt. The Yankee farmer is not, indeed, promising material upon

which to experiment as a grand seigneur, nor are his wife and daughters of the sort that could be easily won over to a deferential attitude by favours conferred. The most startling development of the American country house, so far, must surely be the almost princely mansion which the Vanderbilts have lately built at the foot of the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina of all places! From what we know of the aborigines in that remote part of the world, we are inclined to think that their remarks, when they beheld a spectacle so inconceivable arise in their midst, would have been almost worth crossing the Atlantic to hear.

To come, however, more immediately to the question of pastimes other than field-sports, it has always seemed to us that the cricket of the Americans, as chiefly represented by a small group at Philadelphia, is much more remarkable than their achievements on the running-path or the river. These arenas have the whole nation, so to speak, to draw from, and the whole nation watches and applauds those that perform on But cricket has no hold whatever on popular sympathy, and no opportunity is neglected by a certain class of publication ignorant ridicule of the finest of games; doubtless, because it is preeminently English. Even among the best class of athletic critics, who devote much space to golf and lawntennis, cricket gets but scant notice, and that too of the most unskilful Perhaps it is this very sense of isolation and the rather exclusive traditions of Philadelphian cricket, that make their players so indefatigable and so spirited. Rowing has been for a long time quite a popular sport in America, and has immense natural advantages. when Yale, the best University crew in the States, comes over to

England the whole country is in a transport of delight if they prove themselves a match for a single college from Oxford or Cambridge. When, however, eleven Philadelphians beat the Australians, as they have more than once done,-last year for example,-nobody seems to realise how incomparably greater a performance this is, than would be a victory of Yale over Trinity Hall, let us say, at Henley. As we have alluded to these particular contests by way of an illustration, any inference that such victories were by superior merit must, of course, be disclaimed. The American cricketer, moreover, unlike some of his compatriots, is among the most modest of men, and would be the first to attribute such good fortune to the glorious uncertainty of his favourite game. He would, perhaps, admit, too, that the Australian, on his way home, is not quite so formidable as when strung up to the highest pitch, facing the full strength of all England at Lord's. this, after all, is not the point. Whether a representative delphian eleven, according to English standards is at the top of the secondclass or at the bottom of first-class cricket, it is relatively of more remarkable merit, we venture to think, than even the teams Australia sends us. Its calibre seems to suggest that the American has really a genius for cricket, and that if he took to it seriously, there might be international contests at Lord's of an even more formidable nature than we now see. Hitherto the Philadelphian amateurs, who occasionally visit us and are coming this year, have been content to pit themselves against such teams as strong second-class or weak first-class counties. Considering the limited amount of material they have to

draw upon, this seems sufficiently creditable; but it must be further remembered that it has never yet been found possible to bring over a really representative eleven, and that soft wickets are especially trying to an amateur, and indeed to any team accustomed to fiery ones.

The existence of Philadelphia as the heart of American cricket is so peculiar that it seems to deserve some special remark. There is, we fancy, a common notion in England, and a very natural one, that some British element or other in the Quaker city has been the means of keeping the game so vigorous. Most of the other clubs in America, are, in fact, largely or wholly supported by Englishmen. Even the old St. George's Club of New York has owed a good deal of its varying strength to cricketers from this country. But the case with Philadelphia, and the group of clubs that cluster round it, is entirely different. Except for the groundprofessionals, who of course always imported, the game has been wholly supported for three or four generations by Americans. the patrons and players of cricket in Philadelphia have been chiefly drawn from the older and wealthier families of the city, who have made it their hobby and their pride, and kept it up through times when hardly a wicket was pitched elsewhere on the continent south of Canada. Cricketing fathers have produced cricketing sons, and taken a pride in bringing them up in the way they should go, a course which good wickets, resident professionals, and plenty of money, have greatly facilitated. But till recent years, at any rate, the cricketing class was still a very small one. Nor would it be far from the truth to say that the game at Philadelphia had thriven and prospered upon aristocratic lines; we do not fancy that even yet the populace have shown much interest in the Clubs and grounds have increased, but the players are almost entirely the sons of the richer classes, and this fact has perhaps given the strength and esprit de corps sufficient to keep the game alive in a country which one might almost call hostile to it. Every little town, on the contrary, in Canada, has its and the Dominion cricket club, abounds in men educated at English public schools. But very rarely, if memory serves us right, has a representative eleven of all Canada proved the equal of this small group of Philadelphians. Last year a combined team from the Oxford and Cambridge Universities were beaten by an eleven of past and present members of the University of Pennsylvania. Neither Manchester, Liverpool, or Birmingham, crowded as they are with clubs and in the heart of the motherland of cricket, could put an eleven of genuine resident amateurs into the field able to beat on their merits a representative Philadelphian team. This condition of things may surely be regarded as somewhat remarkable. Yet modesty of the American cricketer is as conspicuous as the reverse is apt to be in some other types of American athlete. Last year, it will be remembered, a school-team came over and played matches with all the principal schools in England, to the number of some fifteen or more, and were only defeated on three occasions. These American youths came over, we have reason to know, in the most humble frame of mind. They came indeed, as their seniors from Philadelphia always say they do, for the benefit of their cricketing education. one considers what a tremendous business cricket is at a big public school in England, it did seem a trifle audacious to undertake so formidable an enterprise. No one was more surprised at the result than these modest lads themselves, who left the best impressions behind them wherever they went. Their somewhat unique undertaking was in fact more watched by the public Press in America than the exploits of their seniors usually are; and if anything can help to develope cricket at a faster rate than it has hitherto travelled in the United States, this recent enterprise of the Haverford College boys is likely to do it.

Our own interest in American cricket goes back to the year of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, and was begun in circumstances that have some reason to be still vivid in our memory. With but the vaguest notion as to the quality of Philadelphian cricket, which at that time was excusable in an Englishman living in a distant part of America, we formed the project of taking an eleven there, and combining a few days' cricket with the other amusements incidental to that particular season of festivity. The requisite material, of a sort, was available within a reasonable radius of our quarters. Four or five Englishmen were secured, who had been in public school or college elevens, and as many more who were absolutely useless except to make up the number, and might without undue harshness be fairly described as lay-figures. Even in our blissful ignorance of the adversaries we were to meet, such an adventure would have seemed perilous enough, particularly as the term "out of practice" would have been a ridiculously inadequate one to describe our condition, scarcely any of us having seen a cricket-ground for two years, some not for a longer period. But we had one trump-card, which any one in the least conversant with cricketing history will recognise as a sufficiently strong one, and that card

was the late Mr. Powys. In fact, it was upon Mr. Powys, who was then staying in our neighbourhood, that the whole fabric of the scheme was based. For younger readers, or for older ones with short memories, it may be well to recall the fact that this gentleman, only a year or two previously, had been accounted one of the best amateur bowlers in England, as he certainly was the fastest of that, or perhaps any day. Both Cambridge and the Gentlemen of England had been vastly indebted to him. apt to be erratic, but then he was sometimes unplayable, and always terrible. With any eleven he might have wrought havoc, but with the very moderate performers we fondly thought we were to meet, it seemed possible that our famous bowler might utterly demolish them and leave our batemen but little to do. Such, at any rate, were our hopes. It was quite another matter, however, when Mr. Powys fell ill the day before we were to leave for the scene of action, and we had to go without him. of us had been capable, at what seemed at that time of life the remote past, of making runs in second-class cricket; the others have been already sufficiently described. We had two bowlers who might have been useful to a country club, but no change whatever, and were now moreover a man short.

In such plight, then, we started for the stronghold of American cricket. We felt we were in a quandary as we travelled thither, and the situation grew still more serious when we realised the quality of the players we were about to encounter. Three oneday matches had been kindly arranged for us with three clubs, which, if we remember right, constituted the Philadelphian cricket world at that period, and they were all to be played on the old Germantown ground which had

witnessed the performances of many of the greatest English players of former days, both amateur and professional. Some of us arrived early enough on the day preceding our first match to go out to the scene of action and have an hour or two of the practice so desperately needed. There was a business-like appearance about the spacious level sward, with its large pavilion and roomy stands, that did not tend to raise our spirits; and the glimpse we had of some of our opponents at the nets was from our point of view still less reassuring. is needless to say we were most kindly received. The absence of our great bowler, if a catastrophe to us, was a disappointment to the Americans who were thoroughly well up in the cricket of the day, all their principal matches even then being against Englishmen or English colonists. Moreover the side had been chosen with a view to facing this great hero; circumstances had mercifully prevented this from being representative, but it was bad enough in all conscience, and it was too late to suggest an alteration. Besides which we had some pride left (though not much), and had no choice now but to go through with the business to the bitter end. The fresh marks of a well-worn wicket in the centre of the ground told the tale of some heavy work within the last day or two, while on the table of the pavilion lay a score-book, which venturing to open, we there read a full explanation of the deep holes that had been so recently ploughed by the feet of agonised and defeated bowlers. A Canadian eleven, presumably more or less picked men, and certainly in full practice, had been here within the week to be routed with utter ignominy. figures were appalling; we could quote them even yet, for the impression they made at the time was so great.

was this any hole-and-corner ground, where we could endure for a day the jeers of a dozen rustics and then sneak off in a break through green lanes to the place whence we came. was crammed, and on our troubled pillow that night we saw in dreams the Germantown ground surrounded by mocking faces, for the international flavour of the coming game, though of a modest nature, could not be ignored. and we felt that in a sense we had betrayed our country. To shorten, however, a tale already too long, we came out of the ordeal better by far than would have been thought possible from the ridiculous disparity of the To begin with, we picked two sides. up an Englishman from Canada who could both bowl and bat respectably; we also won the toss, and the audience happily was small. When half the side was out, and the lay-figures had begun their procession from the pavilion to the wicket and back, we had made, by painfully cautious cricket, nearly seventy runs, which was a far more creditable performance in the circumstances than any description of ours can convey. By the time the innings was completed another dozen had been added and a prolonged luncheon did not leave, on an afternoon in late September, so indefinite a period of leather-hunting. That the Philadelphians should have any respect for our bowling, or fail to take its measure at once and treat it accordingly, was not to be expected. We had a little luck, however, and they had not made very much over two hundred runs when stumps were drawn and by hook or by crook we had got most of them out. ended, without the dire disgrace that seemed inevitable, our first and most important match. The others can be passed without remark, for we sent our five lay-figures on their way rejoicing to more congenial scenes, and replaced them with efficient substitutes, besides meeting weaker opponents.

Before taking leave of Philadelphia and its cricketers, an incident in connection with this same season may be worth recalling as, though slight enough in itself, it relates to no less a person than Charles Stewart Parnell. A match had been arranged by the Philadelphian Executive against eleven Englishmen, drawn from all readily available sources in America, for which one or two of our team were asked to remain. The St. George's Club of New York furnished the chief British element, and at the last moment one of their men failed them. A leading spirit in New York cricket at that time was an Irish acquaintance of ours, who had frequently played with Parnell in country matches at home, and knew him comparatively well. The late Irish leader, it may be remembered, was a keen and passable cricketer in his younger days, and had been captain of the County Wicklow eleven. He was also locally somewhat notorious for being a bad loser in matches where his sympathies were deeply engaged; so at least we have heard from some who knew him on the cricket-field, and indeed his biographer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, has not spared his hero in this particular. However this may be, our St. George's acquaintance, being for a moment at a loss for a substitute, remembered that Parnell was in New York, and hurried at once to his hotel, with a view of carrying him off bodily to Philadelphia for the match. The future Irish chieftain was at that time only beginning to make his mark; but even if he had reached the pinnacle of his fame, the cheery giant who burst into his room while he was still in bed that morning, would have been the very last person in the world to let such trifles interfere with any fun

that was in prospect, and above all with cricket. Parnell, thus suddenly aroused from his dreams, perchance of an Irish republic, readily yielded, having no other engagements, and promised to be at the station in due time. The next and most natural enquiry related to the composition of the sides, and when his unsuspecting visitor told him that the title of the match was Englishmen v. Americans. Parnell, metaphorically speaking, lay down in bed again at once and pulled the clothes over his head. Actually, however, he merely looked grave and remarked, "I don't think that would do at all." "And why to blazes not?" said his visitor, astonished and mortified. "Well," said Parnell, "I don't know what they might say to it in Ireland; it is sure to be in the papers. No, I'm sorry, but I can't do it "—and he didn't. We give this story as we had it from the lips of the other Irishman himself, when a guest in his house. For ourselves we shall always confess to a sense of disappointment in having been thus deprived of the possibility of running between wickets with the Uncrowned King in a struggle for the honour of England.

While cricket still remains a limited and exclusive game in the United States, football has long ago gained the popular favour, and is almost as much of an institution as it has become in England. American football has indeed one advantage, in the fact that it is not around clubs of the Preston North End or Aston Villa type that popular interest chiefly centres, but rather on the amateur games played between universities and The number of these seats colleges. of learning in the United States is legion, and it need hardly be added that a great majority do not turn out representatives exactly on the pattern of Oxford or Cambridge. Still they

are students and amateurs, and if their alma mater is not always venerable and celebrated like Harvard and Yale, there is as much esprit de corps no doubt among its athletes. At any rate that absurd product of modern sporting evolution, the professional football-player, does not fill the public eye to anything like the same extent as with us. The football-matches between the English universities, we take it, excite but little interest in comparison with that shown in the cricketmatches, and in our humble opinion rightly so; but the annual struggle between, let us say, Yale and Princeton on the Manhattan grounds at New York is a most prodigious func-At the last one we witnessed there were said to be between thirty and forty thousand spectators. How many of these were seated, and what prices were paid for good seats, we dare not venture to say, relying only on memory. The crowd, moreover, is mainly a well-dressed one, and the event is regarded as a fashionable, as well as a popular one. The New York papers for some days previously expand themselves in accounts and portraits of the players. There is quite a flutter throughout the city on the day of the match. Demonstrative undergraduates in every variety of vehicle throng the roads to the scene of action, together with the smart carriages of New York society. mass of spectators, however, are borne thither on the elevated railroad, packed like herrings in a barrel, and suggesting the District Line to Putney on the day of the boat-race. scene inside the grounds is characteristic of the greater demonstrativeness of the Americans at play. The gates are besieged by the vendors of emblems wherewith to cheer on the players to victory, such as ribbons and small flags of the two university colours, and the effigies of defiant game-

cocks mounted on sticks. The noise while the game is in progress is at times deafening. What would chiefly strike an Englishman, however, are those peculiar war-cries which the older universities in America cherish, and which have been heard on a small scale, and not, it is to be feared, wholly with approval, at Henley. Suddenly, in the front of a crowded stand, an individual will be seen to leap to his feet brandishing a stick or umbrella; promptly upon this signal twenty or thirty of his immediate neighbours will spring up also and, in time to the waving of their impromptu conductor's wand, give vent to the sharp, jerky chorus of mysterious doggerel, that proclaims them members or past members of one or other university, yok Princeton men, if we remember right, proclaiming their identity and cheering on their friends with the Frogs' Chorus from Aristophanes. A demonstration like this will be taken, in some sort, as a challenge by rival groups of the other faction, and it is curious to see these small patches of organised vivacity breaking out all over the dense mass that throng the stands on every side of the ground. In the evening the city is, or used to be, given over to frolicsome undergraduates who, having shouted themselves hoarse in the afternoon, proceeded to take one or two of the favourite theatres by storm; of late years, however, the terrorised managers have, we hear, made some sort of compromise, which secures them a partial immunity on these occasions. Many old Oxford and Cambridge men will remember Evans's supper-rooms on the night of the University boat-race; those historic performances were child's play to what certain theatrical managers in New York have, it is said, had occasionally to put up with.

The Americans are fortunate in having only one set of football rules. These are a compromise between Rugby and Association, and admit, beyond a doubt, of most elaborate combinations in play, besides being considerably rougher than either of the English codes. Each of the more celebrated colleges are distinguished by certain tactics, and from time to time the newspapers are agog with the rumour that Yale or Columbia (Harvard,? though first in social and intellectual prestige seems never to be quite first in athletics) has developed some new irresistible method of attack, which it is practising in strict privacy. Academic football, as we have said, leads the game in America. From the greater colleges of the East it has spread not only to all the smaller ones, but throughout the South and West, till there is scarcely an institution of any kind from the Atlantic to the Pacific without its regular programme of fix-We have tried sometimes to fancy the South Carolinian of twenty years ago playing football, and have signally failed. The thing is inconceivable! A hack, or an accidental knock, would in those days have led to Heaven knows what complications. We have played ourselves more than once against Southern colleges in the primitive days of American football, and though it was not in such a fiery region as Carolina, there was even there a vague feeling of uncertainty pervading the atmosphere. In countries where the pistol and the knife are to every man's hand football is obviously full of dangerous possibili-That it has now taken root in the South is a sign more eloquent of an improving civilisation than many columns of statistics.

With all this, however, American colleges, even the best of them, have not yet wholly caught the spirit in which English universities and public schools meet each other in friendly contests. We judge them solely out

of the mouth of their own best critics and friends, who, in the columns of the more respectable journals, tell week after week and year after year the same tale. This is not after all a very bad tale, but it tells the American lads very plainly that they have not yet acquired that easy attitude towards each other, that quiet consciousness of fair play being a matter of course and not a matter of talk, which English amateurs enjoy in their mutual rela-Indeed, recent events have made it obvious that the American is still somewhat crude and savage in his athletic rivalry. He must win at all hazards, and in his morbid passion for victory is apt to lose sight of the main aim of outdoor sports. At one time the habit of introducing professionals into colleges was common, but this has now been almost stamped The college clubs, moreover, seem somewhat slow in that mutual accommodation in the matter of fixtures which is essential to harmony. If, for example, the only date possible for an inter-college meeting seems to slightly favour one side, the other is apt to forego the contest altogther, thinking it better not to meet at all than to risk an honourable defeat. Harvard and Yale did not meet for years owing to some ridiculous hitch of this sort. But after all the American Daily Press, with the exception of a few of the best papers, is greatly prejudicial to true sport. To be continually confronted with newspapers that obviously do not understand the very elements of such a thing, and when on this topic are nothing if not sensational and vulgar, must affect even the best of the rising generation.

Nevertheless, the Americans are to be greatly congratulated on the transformation that the last twenty years has seen in their lives. It would be unkind to dwell too much on certain defects that are the result of immaturity in part, and in part to that very enthusiasm with which the people of the United States throw themselves into anything they undertake.

Since writing the last words of this paper, accounts of a case lately tried in the American courts have come to hand, which illustrate, in somewhat humorous fashion, a novel and indeed formidable view of the responsibilities of the football field. If this particular jury had shown sympathy in this case for the plaintiff, another terror would indeed have been added to the life of the American paterfamilias. It seems that a boy, having been injured, though not seriously, in a school match, his fond parent proceeded to make the matter a question If he had sued the school authorities it might have been a foolish act, but it would have been wholly an uninteresting one to the public, and an incident quite unworthy of record. But this delightful person went to the root of the matter and brought an action against the father of the boy who delivered the ill-fated kick. If the jury had gone wrong, conceive the possibilities that would have attached to the possession of a son who was a vigorous forward in the football-field. Fortunately, these twelve good and just men kept their heads, were deaf to the blandishments of counsel, and the fathers of American football-players again breathed freely.

## IN AND ABOUT THE WEST INDIES.

Now that the Commission appointed by the Government to inquire into the continued depression in the Cane Sugar Industry has returned, and the report may shortly be expected, the impressions of a traveller who has but recently returned from a visit to the West Indies may perhaps be found interesting as a contribution towards the evidence on which, whatever may be the report of the Commissioners, the judgment of the public must ultimately be based.

The first view of the islands from the Royal Mail steamship in the road-stead of Carlisle Bay is an animated scene. Shipping of all sorts crowd the anchorage; the white ensign floats above the taffrail of one of Her Majesty's cruisers; West Indian trading schooners, American brigantines, and lumber-ships from Canada and Norway display the flags of their respective countries, and, most important to the traveller, close at hand lie the three Royal Mail Inter-colonial steamers, awaiting the passengers and letters newly arrived from England.

Yet to those who come to the West Indies saturated, as all should be, with the creations of Marryat and Michael Scott, with Peter Simple and Tom Cringle's Log, Barbados is somewhat disappointing. The though lighthearted, does not at first sight appear amusing or even interesting, and the island itself, with its uncompromising cultivation, is not beautiful. Unlike the other islands, it is of coral growth, without any bold features; and as the teeming population has made the most of every inch of land, a drive along the excellent roads with which the island is provided, takes the traveller through a monotonous series of unending canepatches and sweet potatoes, which soon palls. One expedition should, however, at all costs be made, though it involves a drive of nearly thirty miles to the Scotland district of the island. where two hundred years ago Colonel Christopher Codrington built and endowed a college, now managed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. These well-weathered stone buildings, with chapel and hall, remind one of some of the smaller collegiate buildings at Oxford or Cambridge, though they are approached by an avenue of fine cabbage palms and surrounded by tropical vegetation of great luxuriance. The whole establishment is admirable of its kind, and resembles, in its minute perfection and its position on the seashore, a somewhat similar institution of almost monastic character maintained by a late Lord Glasgow on a small island in the Clyde.

On that Monday morning on which he arrives in Carlisle Bay, the traveller (or shall we frankly say, the tourist?) has to make his election as to his future movements. He may remain in the Ocean steamer and pass through the Lesser Antilles on his way to Jamaica and the Spanish Main, calling at Jacmel in Haiti on his way; or he may transfer himself and his belongings and run down to Demerara on the South American mainland, which some ignorant people imagine to be one of the West Indian islands. If, however, he has come out to see what we at home call the West Indies, pure and simple, he has still two alternatives at his choice, but before describing these, it may be worth while to lay before the reader the general scheme of communication which regulates all intercourse in the Caribbean Sea.

There is a fortnightly service of mails from England due at Barbados on each alternate Monday. this central point of distribution proceed four streams of letters, one in the original mail-steamer to Jamaica, one to Demerara, one northward through the islands to St. Thomas, and one southward to Trinidad and These four steamers leave Tobago. Barbados on the Monday afternoon, a few hours after the arrival of the mail from England; but as the homeward mail does not leave Barbados until the succeeding Saturday week, and as the postal contract requires that the mails from England should be delivered at each island as soon as possible, and the homeward mails collected as late as possible, it follows that the steamers going north and south, and also to Demerara, must lie up for some time at their farthest point, and that if the traveller wishes to see more of an intermediate island than can be seen during the brief stay of the steamer, he must make up his mind for a long visit, varying from ten to six days, according to the position of the island in the chain of com-There are, it is true, munication. other means of getting from island to island, but on none of them can any dependence be placed; they work on no regular time-table, and irritating as it is to be torn away from an interesting place after a brief hour or two ashore, the traveller whose time is limited will do well not to cut himself adrift from the regularity of the mail-steamer, not, at least, on his first visit to the islands.

There is also another reason for keeping to the mail-steamers. West Indian hospitality has long been proverbial, and though we no longer, in these changed times, meet with the reckless profusion described by Michael Scott, the generous instinct still remains, and the stranger is everywhere welcomed as a guest. The most hardened must, however, feel that to quarter yourself on perfect strangers of limited means for the best part of a fortnight would be an outrage, how ever willingly the hospitality may be offered. On a second visit the case may be altered, and the acquaintances already made and kept up in the in terval may no doubt warrant the selfrespecting traveller in inflicting himself on his hosts for a longer period, or in arranging a series of visits throughout an island without too greatly abusing the hospitality which is so freely offered. These remarks may possibly seem out of place to some readers, but not assuredly to those who have noted the great development of the tourist system, and can remember when India was as yet uncontaminated by the modern hordes of sightseers, and when the rare traveller was welcomed alike in the camp of every Collector on his tour, and in the messroom of every regiment. In the case of the West Indies it is the more necessary to give such a warning, because times have long been bad there and are getting worse every day; and the traveller who is made welcome by a planter can scarcely appreciate at first sight how small is the margin of profit, if any, which his estate affords, and is only too anxious to exchange the discomforts of a West Indian hotel for the luxuries of a private house.

If the traveller should elect to go northward first he will arrive early on the Tuesday morning at Castries Bay in St. Lucia, after passing the two conspicuous conical hills called the Pitons, and there for the first time will he see true West Indian scenery, and enter the region so long

fiercely fought for by France and England.

At the head of the bay lies the small town of Castries, surrounded by high hills covered with rich tropical vegetation, but on the wharf between the town and the sea are stacked huge masses of sea-coal, for this is an Imperial coaling-station, and unseen amidst the encircling hills are modern guns of great size for the defence of the harbour. Invisible as they are to us, it is said that our French neighbours in Martinique know all about them, and that when the new works were being made a French Engineer officer worked throughout as a day-labourer, and that this was well known to many residents in Castries. This island has indeed ever been French in its sympathies; the names over the shops are French, the negroes, as in some of the other islands, speak a French patois, and excellent claret is imported direct from France. In spite of the low price of sugar St. Lucia is prospering, principally in consequence of the coaling-station and its necessary garrison; and enterprising Frenchmen have made haste to buy, and to sell again at a profit, all the land that was likely to be required for the new fortifications and the barracks to which it is intended eventually to remove the troops from Barbados.

If modern military arrangements are thus present to our eyes the memories of older achievements cannot be shut out. On our left and right respectively as we enter the harbour lie the Vigié and Morne Fortunée, the two old French forts which dominated the entrance, and at the back of the town is the flat-topped hill from which in 1796 Abercromby's troops advanced to the investment of Morne Fortunée, while in the north of the island lies Gros Islet Bay, whence Rodney used to watch the

French in Martinique. This harbour is too distant to be visited during the steamer's stay, but the other points of interest around the town may easily be seen by securing one of the ponies which are on hire close to the wharf, as a good road runs along the crest of the circle of hills which surround the little town like an amphitheatre.

On leaving Castries and its well masked fortifications the steamer runs up the leeward coast of St. Lucia affording a fine view of its wooded mountains of the island on our right hand, and soon we arrive at Martinique, douce Martinique as the French Creoles call it, a sealed book, alas, to the traveller now, and usually, in consequence of the continual presence of sporadic yellow fever. Only the briefest communication alongside is permitted for the purpose of landing and receiving the mails and the necessary certificate of non-communication, without which important document every port in the West Indies would be hereafter closed to us.

The course of the steamer is, however, sufficiently close to the shore to allow us to admire the Diamond Rock. the perpendicular crag which was formally commissioned as one of His Majesty's ships of war and with its guns annoyed the French cruisers as they ran in and out of the magnificent harbour of Fort Royal. It must indeed be confessed that this fine island, the finest certainly of the Windward group, was well worth fighting for; and as we pass its bold mountains and note the evidences of careful cultivation far up the hillsides, we cannot but regret that fever and mismanagement should have lost us the prize which was so dearly won at the cost of the flower of the British Army, the Black Watch, then known as the 43rd of the Line, suffering terribly, and many regiments being almost destroyed by yellow fever in

these operations and in still more fruitless warfare in St. Domingo; while the English planters of St. Vincent found to their sorrow what dangerous neighbours Martinique and Guadaloupe could be in the days of Victor Hugues.

Vain, however, are now these regrets, and we leave Martinique for Dominica, which some maintain is the most beautiful of all these islands. Where all the claims are so strong it is difficult to award the palm, but certainly the ride up the Roseau Valley towards the great waterfall would be hard to beat anywhere. Striking as is this view, we are assured that it is far surpassed by the scenery in the interior and on the windward side of the island; and here it may be as well to point out that the course of the steamer is along the leeward shores of all the islands, as all the ports are to leeward, harbours to windward being practically useless for purposes of trade or refuge, as may be seen nearer home in the case of Galway.

We pass the strait between Dominica and Guadaloupe and the group of islands known as the Saintes with feelings akin to those which arise in our hearts off Capes St. Vincent and Trafalgar, for in this narrow passage Rodney attained his highest pitch of glory when on April 12th, 1782, he at last seized his opportunity and broke de Grasse's line, capturing his adversary in his flagship the Ville de Paris. Strange it is to us now to think that in these quiet waters great fleets of war-ships were then constantly cruising; and still more wonderful is it to reflect that for that little cruiser which we saw in Carlisle Bay it would be but a summer day's holiday to destroy or put out of action all the wooden leviathans which fought that day off the Saintes. Leaving this scene of glorious memories we steam still northward, calling at Basseterre in Guadaloupe, where happily no quarantine regulations prevent our landing and experiencing the novel sensation of hearing French spoken all round us by a black population, and being received by an orthodox French douanier with a black face. Guadaloupe, so far at least as may be judged from the leeward coast, much resembles Martinique, and we leave it with the impression that after all our sacrifices of blood and treasure our French neighbours have not got the worst of the deal.

The course of the mail-steamer is now altered to the west and our head is turned towards Montserrat, where the speech of the inhabitants still recalls the brogue of the Irish exiles sent there by Cromwell. This small island is mainly devoted to the cultivation of limes and supplies a great proportion of the lime-juice used in our Navy. Less dependent upon the fluctuating fortunes of sugar it has thus suffered less commercially in this time of depression than its neighbours; but the vicissitudes of life in the tropics have very recently been shown by an earthquake and by a catastrophe which not long before overwhelmed the chief town, one third of it being destroyed by a flood which swept the frail houses of the negroes into the sea with great loss of life, covering the sites with huge boulders and shingle torn from the bed of the mountain river. Leaving this scene of destruction we approach the coral island of Antigua, the principal of the group now associated under the Government of the Leeward Isles, and we at once recognise as we steam into the harbour of St. Johns that we have changed the character of our Instead of the bold hillscenery. sides which we have hitherto seen, even as recently as at Montserrat, the configuration of the land more reminds

us of the rounded outlines of the West of England, and the harbour of St. Johns might well be a Cornish haven. Interesting historically as is the island, where the sugar cane was first planted by Christopher Codrington more than two hundred years ago, it now contains little to interest the traveller. The days of its prosperity are over, and the deserted dockvard of English Harbour remains as a melancholy memorial of the former strategical importance of the island. Steaming westward again, we pass the isolated crag of Redonda on our course, to recover the usual West Indian scenery at St. Christopher's and its near neighbour Nevis, once the aristocratic sanatorium of the planters when fortunes were quickly made in sugar, now, sad to say, reduced even to a lower depth of depression, if possible, than their neighbours. Sad tales are told, not without truth, of the descendants of thriving planters who now live a wretched existence in their old homes at the mercy of the mortgagees, who are however, as a rule, content to receive what the estates can still produce without disturbing the nominal proprietors in the occupation of their houses.

Sadly we leave this wreck of bygone prosperity, steaming past the anchorage where Hood outwitted de Grasse in 1782, and northward through the Virgin Isles to St. Thomas, passing on our right the Dutch island of St. Eustatia, which was for some time neutral ground during the War of American Independence, and as such used as a depôt for their produce alike by the planters of the French and English islands. After the capture of the island, however, when the Dutch declared war, Rodney's avarice got the better of his discretion; but the indiscriminate confiscation of the property of both friend and foe profited him but little in the end, as the enormous booty was all lost at sea or captured by French cruisers on the way home, and the lawsuits of the exasperated planters of St. Kitt's completed the ruin of Rodney's shattered fortunes. Another Dutch island, Saba, is also passed, where a handful of thrifty Hollanders inhabit an extinct crater many hundreds of feet above the sea, reaching their houses only by means of ladders hanging from the cliffs. Curiously enough in this eagle's nest are built many of the weatherly schooners which carry on the local trade of the islands, the ships being let down to the sea by ropes and navigated by these ingenious Dutchmen, who are the most expert seamen in these waters.

The land-locked harbour of Thomas, though shorn of its importance since the Royal Mail Company has transferred its headquarters to Barbados, still presents an animated scene, as it is seldom that ships of war of various nations, French, German, Danish, Dutch and Spanish, are not at anchor there, and it is also the port through which must pass much of the trade of Cuba and Porto Rico. Still there is an air of depression about the town, and the stores, which open into the street, have vast ranges of vaulted warehouses between them and the sea which have long been empty. Charlotte Amalie, however, is a bright little town to look at, with its single street and tiny place; a toy fort stands on the sea-shore and many red-roofed houses nestle on the hillside. Society though small is agreeable, and the official element most friendly, though the Danish authorities administer the municipal laws with Draconian severity, and it is said that an English gentleman has been seen expiating an after-dinner frolic by assisting next morning to sweep the streets in his evening clothes. this quiet spot the mail steamer remains for four or five days until it is time for her to retrace her course and to collect the post-bags for delivery at Barbados on the succeeding Saturday; but the time need not hang heavily on any man's hands, and a little schooner, the Vigilant, well known in the last days of the slave-trade, nearly a hundred years ago, is still afloat, to take the mails and more adventurous passengers to the island of St. Croix and back. There is, however, not much to regret when the day of departure arrives; little or no cargo has to be taken on board, as the island produces nothing, and the principal articles of commerce are bay-rum and cigars, Charlotte Amalie being, like Gibraltar, a free port, with consequent facilities for smuggling.

Of the return voyage to Barbados little need be said. The steamer calls at the same places, but makes a slightly longer stay at each, as freights of cocoa, lime-juice, and fruit have to be taken on board, and the prudent traveller will, no doubt, have made arrangements on his first visit to utilise this time by securing horses in advance.

Saturday, Sunday, and part of Monday are spent at Barbados in waiting for the mail from England, and on Monday evening the inter-colonial boat departs for St. Vincent, arriving at Kingstown early on Tuesday morning. This charming island, which contends with Grenada and Dominica for the palm of beauty, is one of the most interesting and also the most woebegone in the West Indies. Ravaged turn by French, English and Caribs, it became at last the most English of the true Caribbean islands, putting Barbados and Antigua apart as being of a totally different type; and even the supporters of the scenery of Dominica and Grenada will admit that the Souffriére of St. Vincent has no rival, while the view of the leeward coast from Fort Charlotte, which dominates the town, is very fine.

In spite of the ravages of fire and sword the island was most prosperous until the Emancipation Act, and even afterwards those few estates which were free from mortgages paid a good return to their owners. But the fall in the price of sugar has completed the ruin of the island, which began when absentee owners entrusted the management of their property to agents, who slowly but surely acquired the fee simple of the estates, partly with borrowed money, and then in their turn became absentees; the result being that there is now scarcely one resident proprietor in the island, that estates are going out of cultivation, and that even the production of arrowroot, which at one time promised to restore the vanished prosperity, has through mismanagement ceased to pay. Here, as elsewhere, both official and private expenses have to be ruthlessly cut down, and the great botanical garden which was once the glory of the West Indies shows now but a shadow of its former beauty.

Southwards we sail from St. Vincent to Grenada, passing in our course the chain of islands called the Grenadines, with their infinite variety of form and colour, some like Bequia and Carriacou, still bearing their old Carib names, whilst others are known by more familiar appellations, such as London Bridge and Jumping Jenny. Grenada at once reminds us somewhat of Dominica and St. Vincent, with its bold outline of precipitous hill-tops clothed in dark virgin forest, shading down through the paler green of cocoa plantations to the brighter verdure of the sugar cane on the lower ground. The steamer does not usually enter the romantic little land-locked harbour of St. George's, but lies outside under a dismantled fort, one of the many in the West Indies which serve to remind

us how greatly these islands helped to build up our National Debt. is a general air of prosperity about the town, which is the seat of government of the Confederation, or group known officially as the Windward Isles, consisting of St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Our stay, however, is short, Grenada. but little cargo being shipped until the return voyage, and barely allows time for a visit to a most promising botanical garden, which shows how much in this climate an establishment of this kind may do in the way of intelligent example and advice even in the short space of ten years.

Our next stage is Trinidad, which this year has celebrated the hundredth anniversary of British rule. Port of Spain is approached from the Caribbean Sea through the Dragon's and Serpent's Mouths, narrow waterways leading into the Gulf of Paria through towering islands which almost block the passage between Trinidad and the mainland of South America. eastern-most of these gates is the grandest, with an isolated crag standing sentinel at its entrance, but it is rarely used except in daylight, as the currents are strong and variable, especially at spring tides, the breadth is less than a mile, and the depth of water too great to use an anchor in Through one or another difficulties. of these straits, however, we enter the great gulf, thick and turbid with the muddy waters of the Orinoco, and passing innumerable wooded islands of great beauty, we arrive at Port of Spain, a mantle of malarious fog over the town at early morning showing that however brisk business may be in the daytime, it is wise to follow the example of the wellto-do inhabitants who have taken up their abode on the savannah and in the little valleys leading up to the surrounding hills. And business certainly seems to be brisk in Port of

A railroad runs along the quay, and a tramway through the streets; the town is full of large and handsome stores; telephones and electric light contribute to the amenities of daily life, and the presence of the delicate-featured coolie shows that the labour difficulty has been overcome, and that planters are no longer at the mercy of the lazy negro. Though we are assured on all hands that the sugar industry is being worked at a loss, there is an air of prosperity which is hard to reconcile with these complaints. Cocoa is certainly even now a profitable crop; there is much trade with Venezuela and the Spanish Main, and race-meetings and cricket keep alive the love of sport which is natural to both Englishman and Creole.

To attempt to describe the beauty of this delightful island would be vain, even if Charles Kingsley had not been there before one. The temptations to linger in it are innumerable; but a choice has to be made, and the traveller must decide between the seductive charms of Trinidad and the opportunity of seeing Tobago, in many respects one of the most remarkable of the West Indian Islands. If this opportunity is chosen we repass the Dragon's Mouth, and find ourselves next morning at anchor in the bay of Scarborough, the little capital of this island, so justly described as the Negro's Paradise, but a melancholy prospect for the Englishman. Here we have a perfect climate, the warmth of the sun being constantly tempered by a fresh sea-breeze; cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, and oranges bear witness to the fertility of the soil; coffee grows wild; cattle thrive; the bursting cotton-pods recall the time of the American War when Tobago cotton ranked high in the market; but deserted sugar-estates everywhere show that capital has left the island, which does not now

contain thirty white residents, all French and English fortifitold. cations in ruins are sad evidences of the importance with which the island was once regarded; and little is now left to remind us of these times but the French names of streets now rapidly passing into oblivion, and the lines of roads so admirably traced by the genius of French engineers, which are kept up by the energetic Commissioner so far as the limited reresources at his disposal will allow. The naturalist and botanist will find ample scope in Tobago, the flora and fauna of which are, like those of Trinidad, akin to those of South America. Birds of brilliant plumage, secure in the protection of the law, flit from tree to tree, and the peculiar formation of the interior of the island, with its curious round-headed valleys running up on each side towards a narrow winding crest which barely serves to carry the road, will afford much ground of speculation to the geologist. But when all this has been said Tobago remains but a negro's paradise. The negro is called lazy, but why should he work in Tobago? His wants are few; a shilling earned now and then supplies him with all the ready money he requires; the minimum of labour in his garden provides food for his daily wants, and a house and clothing are almost superfluous luxuries. Tobago is, in fact, a sort of half-way house between civilisation and the conditions which now prevail in Haiti; and what makes a visit to this little island so interesting is that here we have before our eyes an object-lesson to show what must be the fate of the other islands were European capital and energy altogether drained away, a calamity which now appears imminent in St. Vincent and some of the northern islands, where derelict estates and ruined houses everywhere

testify alike to former luxury and present decay. The downward path is well marked in the records of the change in the official hierarchy of the islands. From Governors and Lieutenant-Governors with aides-de-camp and private secretaries, we descend through Presidents to Commissioners and Administrators, who inhabit the spacious Government Houses and unite in their persons almost as many offices as did that great functionary created by Mr. Gilbert in the Mikado. In this direction, at least, official retrenchment can go but little farther in the smaller islands, where one man has to be Governor, Harbour-master, Postmaster, and Treasurer, and passes all his time in devising means for repairing his roads, and trying each day to get half-a-crown's worth of work done for a shilling.

What can be said to be the cause of this universal decay? We need not go back to the abolition of slavery; the islands prospered even after this revolution. It is the fashion to attribute the misfortunes of the West Indies to the Foreign Bounty system and the consequent low price of sugar. This cause has no doubt contributed to effect the present ruin of the islands: but may not the primary cause be with ourselves? It is very easy to lay the blame on the fiscal systems of foreign countries, but possibly the present position is but one of the results of former prosperity. In old times, when the supply of sugar was limited and prices high, West Indian planters made haste to get rich, and thought of little else but increasing their output and enlarging their plantations by "adding field to field." This was too often done, not by sacrificing part of their annual profits, but with borrowed capital; and so long as high prices continued the interest on the mortgages was easily paid and the planter

still enjoyed an ample income, which for the most part he began to spend at home in England, leaving his estates to the care of managers or attornies, as they are called in the West Indies, and contenting himself with an occasional visit to his property. This was all very well so long as high prices lasted; but when sugar began to fall there was soon but little balance, after payment of interest and the attorney's salary, to remit to England; and as gradually the margin vanished the estates slowly but surely came into the hands of the mortgagees, or were acquired by the attornies, who worked them with borrowed money or were actually financed by the merchants who disposed of the crops. There is now scarcely a sugar-estate in the West Indies which is free from mortgages, the lowest rate of interest being about six per cent. The growing crop is, to use an Irish bull, also mortgaged before it is planted in order to provide for the expenses of cultivation; and when to this is added the merchant's commission on the sale of the crop and his profit on all articles supplied to the estate, it is calculated that there is, in addition to the cost of cultivation, an outgoing of from twenty to even thirty per cent. to be subtracted from the price realised by the crop before the nominal owner can receive anything; and to this must of course be added, where the owner is, as is usual, an absentee, the attorney's salary or percentage. No industry can thrive in these times of competition under such drawbacks; but doubtless were the same properties worked without borrowed capital and under the master's eye, a fair profit would be made even at the present price of sugar, and indeed in every island we notice that, though fortunes are no longer made, those few proprietors who are free from

debt and are managing their own property are making a good living. Thus it is computed that the cost of raising a ton of sugar in Antigua is £6, the average nett price of which, after paying all charges, is £8, and this even with the antiquated machinery which has been in use for generations. What is true of sugar is true also, but in a greater degree, of cocoa. In Trinidad cocoa can be grown and shipped for 25s. which can be sold for 46s., thus allowing a fair margin for profit and interest on capital. The profit is of course not what it was even a few years ago, when cocoa sold for 90s., but there are estates in Grenada bought at the top of the flood which even now will return ten per cent. on the capital invested in them. It may in a word be said that what the West Indies are now suffering from is not the Foreign Bounty system, but private indebtedness and absenteeism in the first place, and obsolete methods of production and manufacture in the second.

But how is this situation to be remedied? Some have proposed a large loan upon easy terms to the planters, guaranteed by the Imperial Government, to enable them to discharge their debts to the mortgagees. Some such measure of relief would no doubt do much, as besides reducing the rate of interest it would also indirectly free the planters from the obligation of dealing with the merchants, who are in most cases the mortgagees; but so long as the beet sugar manufacturers abroad are daily using the best chemical and engineering advice to enable them to increase and improve their output, it will be necessary for the growers of cane sugar to adopt the same course of action if they mean to recover the lost control of the sugar-markets. This would involve an enormous outlay of new

capital, and unfortunately the experiment of a central factory with improved machinery in St. Lucia has not proved encouraging. The case of St. Lucia may, however, be peculiar, as the geographical configuration of that island makes communication difficult, whereas in Barbados and Antigua, which were once the two great seats of the sugar-industry, the roads are excellent, and a central usine, or factory, with modern machinery, might well succeed even now, and restore the vanished prosperity of the West Indies. The total output of Antigua was last year about 16,000 tons, and there is at this moment in Cuba a central usine, worked by American capital, capable of turning out 35,000 tons. It would not, therefore, be difficult, if the necessary capital were forthcoming, to work up all the cane grown in Antigua at a single centre, and thus to reduce the cost of manufacture by concentration and substituting improved machinery and methods of production for the antiquated gear and processes now in use.

The sugar at present exported from the West Indies is what is known in English households as brown sugar, though known in the market under various names according to its purity and formation. All this has to pass through another process before it becomes the white loaf sugar of commerce; and of this white sugar the West Indian islands actually import 10,000 tons, mostly beet, so that if central usines were established, they should be equipped with machinery capable of completing the process of the manufacture.

The establishment of such usines would no doubt be resisted by the

existing attornies and overseers, who are well satisfied with the present system so long as they can secure their salaries, allowances, and perquisites, not unnaturally pointing to the failure in St. Lucia in support of their views. But by some means or other this improvement must be undertaken if the islands are not to go from bad to worse, and eventually to sink into the present condition of Tobago or even to that of Haiti. would seem almost incredible, were it not too true, that these fine islands. capable of growing everything for their own use at home, where the climate, out of the towns, is well suited for Europeans if only reasonable attention be paid to temperance and ordinary sanitary precautions, should be reduced to import everything which they require for daily use, including actually the sugar, coffee and cocoa of which they produce the raw material so easily, while the conditions of life are such as might readily attract the young Englishman with a little money and plenty of A very few hundreds of pounds will now buy an estate in St. Vincent with dwelling-house and machinery included. The cost of living, with all tropical luxuries in the islands, is absurdly small. The outdoor life is healthy in spite of the heat of the sun; and as there is no doubt that under the master's eye both sugar and cocoa will pay even at present prices, it is strange that so attractive a field of enterprise should be neglected by those who are ever looking for opportunities to escape from the over-competition with which the man of small means in England has to contend.

JOHN R. DASENT.

### JACK AND JILL.

My friend, Monsieur —, absolutely declines to append his name to these pages, of which he is the virtual author. Nevertheless, he permits them to be published anonymously, being, indeed, a little curious to ascertain what would have been the public verdict as to his sanity had he given his personal imprimatur to a narrative on the face of it so incredible.

"How!" he says, "should I have believed it of another, when I have such astonishing difficulty at this date in realising that it was I,-yes, I, my friend, this same little callow poupon -that was the actual hero of the adventure? Fidèle [by which term we cover the identity of his wife], Fidèle will laugh in my face sometimes, crying: 'Not thou, little cabbage, nor yet thy faithful was it that dived through half the world and came up breathless! No, no, I cannot believe it. We folk, so matterof-fact and so comical! It was of Hansel and Gretel we had been reading hand in hand, till we fell asleep in the twilight and fancied this thing.' And then she will trill like a bird at the thought of how solemn Herr Grabenstock, of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc, would have stared and edged apart, had we truly recounted to him that which had befallen us between the rising and the setting of a sun. We go forth; it rains—my faith! as it will in the Chamounix valley-and we return in the evening sopped. Very natural; but, for a first cause of our wetting-ah! there we must be fastidious of an explanation, or we shall find ourselves in peril of restraint. Now, write this for me, and believe it if you can. We are not in a conspiracy of imagination, I and the dear courageous."

Therefore I do write it, speaking in the person of Monsieur ——, and mainly from his dictation; and my friend shall amuse himself over the nature of its reception.

One morning (it was in late May), says Monsieur ---, my Fidèle and I left the Hôtel du Mont Blanc for a ramble amongst the hills. We were a little adventurous, because we were innocent. We took no guide but our common sense, and that served us very ill,-or very well, according to the point of view. Ours was that of the birds, singing to the sky and careless of the snake in the grass so long as they can pipe their tune. Of a surety that is the only course. If one would make provision against every chance of accident, one must dematerialise. To die is the only way to secure oneself from fatality. Still, it is a wise precaution, I will admit, not to eat of all hedge-fruit because blackberries are sweet. Some day, after the fiftieth stomach-ache, we shall learn wisdom, my Fidèle and I. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." That, I know, comes into the English gospel. Well, I will tell you, I am content to be considered of the first; and my Fidèle is assuredly of the second. Yet did she fear, or I rush in? On the contrary, I have a little laughing thought that it was the angel inveighed against the dulness of caution when the fool would have hesitated.

Now, it was before the season of the Alps, and the mountain aubergistes were, for the most part, not arrived at their desolate hill-taverns. Nor were guides at all in evidence, being yet engaged, the sturdy souls, over their winter occupations. One, no doubt, we could have procured had we wished it, but we did not. We would explore under the aegis of no cicerone but our curiosity. That was native to us, if the district was strange.

Following at first the instructions of Herr Baedeker, we travelled and climbed, chattering and singing as we went, in the direction of the Montenvert, whence we were to descend upon the Mer de Glace and enjoy the spectacle of a stupendous glacier.

"And that, I am convinced," said Fidèle, "is nothing more nor less than one of those many windows that give light to the monsters of the underearth."

"Little imbecile! In some places this window is six hundred feet thick."

"So?" she said. "That is because their dim eyes could not endure the full light of the sun."

We had brought a tin box of sandwiches with us; and this, with my large pewter flask full of wine, was slung upon my back. For we had been told the Hôtel du Montenvert was yet closed, and sure enough, when we reached it, the building stood black in a pool of snow, its shuttered windows forlorn, and long icicles hanging from the eaves. The depression induced by this sight We turned from it to momentary. the panorama of majestic loveliness that stretched below and around us. The glacier, that rolling sea of glass, descended from the enormous gates of the hills. Its source was the white furnace of the skies; its substance the crystal refuse of the stars; and from its margins the splintered peaks stood up in a thousand forms of beauty. Right and left, in the hollows of the mountains, the mist lay like ponds,

opal and translucent; and the shafts of the pine trees standing in it looked like the reflections of themselves. It made the eyes ache, this silence of greatness; and it became a relief to shift one's gaze to the reality of one's near neighbourhood,—the grass and the rhododendron bushes, and even the dull walls of the deserted auberge.

A narrow path dipped over the hill-side and fled into the very jaws of the moraine. Down the first of this path we raced, hand in hand: but soon finding the impetus overmastering us, we pulled up with difficulty and descended the rest of the way circumspectly. At the foot of the steep slope we came upon the little wooden hutch where, ordinarily, one may procure a guide (also rough socks to stretch over one's boots) for the passage of the glacier. however, the shed was closed and tenantless; and we must e'en dispense with a conductor should we adventure further.

"Herr Baedeker says that a guide is unnecessary for the experienced. Fidèle, are we experienced?"

"We shall be, mon ami, when we have crossed. A guide could not alter that."

"But it is true, ma petite. Come, then!"

We clambered down among huge stones. Fidèle's little feet went in and out of the crannies like sandmartins. Suddenly, before we realised it, we were on the glacier.

"Mon Dieu," cried Fidèle, "is this ice,—these blocks of dirty alabaster?"

Alas! She was justified. This torrent of majestic crystal,—seen from above so smooth and bountiful, a flood of the milk of nature dispensed from the white bosom of the hills—now, near at hand, what do we find it? A medley of opaque blocks, smeared with grit and rubbish; a vast ruin of

avalanches hurled together and consolidated, and of the colour of rocksalt.

"Peste!" I cried. "We must get to the opposite bank, for all that.

Mignonne, allons voir si la rose, Qui ce matin avoir desclose."

We clasped hands and set forth on our little traversée, our landmark an odd-shaped needle of spar on the further side. My faith, it was simple! The paveurs of nature had left the road a trifle rough, that was all. Suddenly we came upon a wide fissure stretched obliquely like the mouth of Going glibly, we learned a small lesson of caution therefrom; six paces and we should have tumbled We looked over fearfully. Here, in truth, was real ice at last,-green as bottle-glass at the edges, and melting into unfathomable deeps of glowing blue. In a moment, with a shrick like that of escaping steam, a windy demon leaped at us from the under-It was all of winter in a neath. breath. It seemed to shrivel the skin from our faces, the flesh from our We staggered backwards.

"Mon ami, mon ami," cried Fidèle, "my heart is a stone; my eyes are two blisters of water!"

We danced as the blood returned unwilling to our veins. It was minutes before we could proceed. Afterwards I learned that these hellish eruptions of air betoken a change of temperature. It was coming then shortly in a dense rainfall.

When we were recovered, we sought about for a way to circumambulate the crevasse. Then we remarked that up a huge boulder of ice that had seemed to block our path recent steps, or toe-holes, had been cut. In a twinkling we were over. Fidèle—no, a woman never falls. "For all this," she says, shaking her head, "I maintain that a guide here is a sine-curist."

""Well, we made the passage safely, d toiled up the steep loose moraine beyond, to find the track over which was harder than crossing the glacier. But we did it, and struck the path along the hill-side, which leads by the Mauvais Pas (the mauvais quart d'heure) to the little cabaret called the Chapeau. This tavern, too, was shut and dismal. It did not matter; we sat like sparrows on a railing, and munched our egg-sandwiches and drank our wine in a sort of glorious stupefaction. Right opposite us was the vast glacier-fall, whose crashing foam was towers and parapets of ice, that went over and rolled into the valley below, a ruin of thunder. Far beyond, where the mouth of the gorge spread out littered with monstrous destruction, we saw the hundred threads of the glacier streams collect into a single rope of silver, that went drawn between the hills, a highway of water. It was all a majestic panorama of grey and pearly white,—the sky, the torrents, the mountains; but the blue and rusty green of the stone pines, flung abroad in hanging woods and coppices, broke up and distributed the infinite serenity of the snowfields.

Presently, having drunk deep of rich content, we rose to retrace our steps; for, spurred by vanity, we must be returning the way we had come, to show our confident experience of glaciers.

All went well. Actually we had passed over near two-thirds of the icebed, when a touch on my arm stayed me, and ma mie looked into my eyes, very comical and insolent. "Little cabbage," she said, "will you not put your new knowledge to account?"

"But how, my soul?"

She laughed and pressed my arm to her side. Her heart fluttered like a nestling after its first flight. "To rest on the little provess of a small adventure! No, no! Shall he who has learned to swim be always content to bathe in shallow water?" I was speechless as I gazed on her. "Behold, then!" she continued. "We have opposed ourselves to this problem of the ice, and we have mastered it. See how it rears itself to the inaccessible peaks, the which to reach the poor innocents expend themselves over rocks and drifts. But why should one not climb the mountain by way of the glacier?"

"Fidèle!" I gasped.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, nodding her head; "but poor men, they are mules. They spill their blood on the scaling-ladders when the town-gate is open."

Again I cried "Fidèle!"

"But, yes," she said, "it needs a woman to see. It is but two o'clock. Let us ascend the glacier, like a staircase; and presently we shall stand upon the summit of the mountain. Those last little peaks above the ice can be of no importance."

I was touched, astounded, by the sublimity of her idea. Had no one, then, ever thought of this before?

We began the ascent. I swear we must have toiled upwards half a mile, when the catastrophe took place. It was raining then, a dense small mist, and the ice was as if it had been We were proceeding with greased. infinite care, arm in arm, tucked close A little doubt, I think, together. was beginning to oppress us. could move only with such caution and difficulty, and there were noises, sounds like the clapping of great hands, in those rocky attics above us. Then there would come a slamming report, as if the window of the unknown had been burst open by demons; and the moans of the lost would issue, surging down upon the world. These thunders, as we were afterwards told, are caused by the

splitting of the ice when there comes a fall in the barometer. Then the glacier will yawn like a sliced junket. My faith, what a simile! But, again the point of view, my friend.

All in a moment I heard a little cluck. I looked down. Alas, the fine spirit was obscured! Fidèle was weeping. "Chut, chut!" I exclaimed in consternation. "We will go back at once."

She struggled to smile, the poor mignonne. "It is only that my knees are sick," she said piteously. I took her in my strong arms tenderly. had paused on a ridge of hard snow. There came a tearing clang, an enormous sucking sound, as of wet lips opening. The snow sank under our feet. "My God!" shrieked Fidèle. I held her convulsively. It happened in an instant, before one could leap The bed of snow on which we were standing broke down into the crevasse it had bridged and let us through to the depths. Will you believe what follows? Pinch your nose and open your mouth; you shall take the whole draught at a breath. ice at the point where we entered was five hundred feet thick and we fell to the very bottom of it! Ha, ha! Is it difficult to swallow? But it is true, it is quite true. Here I sit sound and safe and eminently sane, and that after a fall of five hundred feet.

Now, listen. We went down, welded together, with a rush and a buzz like a cannon-ball. Thoughts? Ah, my friend, I had none. Who can think even in a high wind? And here the wind of our going would have brained an ox. Only one desperate instinct I had, one little forlorn remnant of humanity—to shield the love of my heart. So my arms never left her, and we fell together. I dreaded nothing, feared nothing, foresaw no terror in the inevitable mangling crash of the end. For time, that is

necessary to emotion, was annihilated; we had outstripped it, and left sense and reason sluggishly following in our Sense—yes; but not altogether sensation. Flashingly I was conscious here of incredibly swift transitions from cold to deeper wells of frost; thence down through a stratum of death and negation between mere blind walls of frigid inhumanity. to have been stayed a moment by which would have pointed all our limbs as stiff as icicles, as stiff as those of frogs plunged into boiling water. But we passed and fell, still crashing upon no obstruction; and thought pursued us, tailing further behind. It was the passage of the eternal night,-frozen, self-contained, awful as any fancied darkness that is without one tradition of a star. struggling hereafter to, in shadowy sense, renew my feelings of the moment, it seemed to me that I had not fallen through ness at all; but rather that the friction of descent had kindled an inner radiance in me that was independent of the vision of the eyes, and full of promise of a sudden illumination of the soul.

Now, — after falling what depth God knows—I became numbly aware of a little griding sensation at my back, that communicated a whistling small vibration to my whole frame. This intensified, became more pronounced. Perceptibly, in that magnificent refinement of speed, our enormous pace I felt to decrease ever so little. Still we had so far outstripped intelligence that I was incapable of considering the cause of the change.

Suddenly, for the first time, pain made itself known; and immediately reason, plunging from above, overtook me and I could think. Then it was I became conscious that instead of falling we were rising,—rising with immense swiftness, but at a pace that

momentarily slackened — rising, slipping over ice and in contact with it. The muscles of my arms, clasped still about Fidèle, involuntarily swelled to Mon Dieu! there was a tiny answering pressure. I could have screamed with joy; but physical anguish overmastered me. My back seemed bursting into flame; the suffering was intolerable. When at last I thought I should go mad, in a moment we took a surging swoop, shot down an easy incline, and—stopped !

There had been noise in our descent, as only now I knew by its cessation,—a hissing sound as of wire whirring from a draw-plate. In the profound enormous silence that at last enwrapped us, the bliss of freedom from that metallic accompaniment fell on me like a balm. My eyelids closed; possibly I fainted.

All in a moment I came to myself,—to an undefinable sense of the tremendous pressure of nothingness. Darkness! it was not that; yet it was as little light. It was as if we lay in a dim luminous chaos, ourselves an integral part of its self-containment. I did not stir; but I spoke, and my strange voice broke the enchantment. Surely never before or since was speech exchanged under such conditions. "Fidèle!"

"I can speak, but I cannot look. If I hide so for ever, I can die bravely."

"Ma petite! oh, my little one! are you hurt!"

"I don't know. I think not."

Her voice, her dear voice was so odd; but, mon Dieu! how wonderful in its courage! That, heaven be praised, is no monopoly of intellect. Indeed, it is imagination that makes men cowards; and to the lack of this possibly we owed our salvation.

Now, calm and freed of that haunting jar of descent, I became conscious that a sound that I had at first taken

for the rush of my own arteries, had an origin apart from us. It was like the wash and thunder of waters in a deep sewer. "Fidèle!" I said again.

"I am listening."

"Hear, then! Canst thou free my right arm that I may feel for the lucifers in my pocket?"

She moved at once, never raising her face from my breast. I groped for the box, found it, and manipulating with one hand, succeeded in striking a match. It flamed up, a long wax vesta. A glory of sleek fire sprang on the instant into life. We lay imprisoned in a house of glass, at the foot of a smooth incline rising behind us to unknown heights. A wall of porous and opaque ice-rubbish, into which our feet had plunged deep, had stayed our progress.

I placed the box by my side ready for use. Our last moments should be lavish of splendour. Stooping for another match, to kindle from the flame of the nearly expired one, a thought struck me. Why had we not been at once frozen to death? Yet we lay where we had brought up, as snug and glowing as if we were wrapped in bed-clothes. The answer came to me in a flash. We had fallen sheer to the glacier-bed, which, warmed by subterraneous heat, was ever in process of melting. Possibly but a comparatively thin curtain of perforated ice separated us from the under torrent. The enforced conclusion was astounding; but as yet it inspired no hope. We were none the less doomed and buried.

I lit a second match, turned about, and gave a start of terror. There imbedded in the transparent wall at my very shoulder, was something,—the body of a man! A horrible sight,—a horrible, horrible sight,—crushed, flattened,—a caricature,—the very gouts of blood that had burst from him held poised in the massed

congelations of water. For how long ages had he been travelling to the valley, and from what heights? He was of a by-gone generation, by his huge coat-cuffs, his metal buttons, by his shoe-buckles and the white stockings on his legs, which were pressed thin and sharp, as if cut out of paper. Had he been a climber, an explorer, a contemporary, perhaps, of Saussure and a rival? And what had been his unrecorded fate? To slip into a crevasse, and so for the parted ice to snap upon him again, like a hideous jaw? Its work done, it might at least have opened and dropped him through, not held him intact to jog us, out of all that world of despair, with his battered elbow,—perhaps to witness in others the fate he had himself suffered!

I dropped the match I was holding; I tightened my clasp convulsively about Fidèle. Thank God she at any rate was blind to this horror within a horror!

All at once,—was it the start I had given, or the natural process of dissolution beneath our feet?—we were moving again, swift—swifter! Fidèle uttered a little moaning cry. The rubbish of ice crashed below us, and we sank through.

I knew nothing, then, but that we were in water,—that we had fallen from a little height and were being hurried along. The torrent, now deep, now so shallow that my feet scraped its bed, gushed in my ears and blinded my eyes. Still I hugged Fidèle, and I could feel by her returning grasp that she lived. The water was not unbearably cold as yet; the air that came through cracks and crevasses had not force to overcome the under warmth. I felt something slide against me, clutched and held on. It was a brave pine-log. Could I recover it at this date I would convert it into a flag-staff for the tricolour. It was

our raft, our refuge, and it carried us to safety.

I cannot give the extravagant processes of that long journey. It was all a rushing, swirling dream—a mad race of mystery and sublimity—to which the only conscious periods were wild flitting glimpses of wonderful ice-arabesques, caught momentarily as we passed under fissures that let the light of day through dimly. Gradually a ghostly radiance grew to encompass us, and by a like gradation the water waxed intensely cold. Hope then was blazing in our hearts, but this new deathliness went nigh to quench it altogether. Yet, had we guessed the reason, we could have foregone the despair; for, in truth, we were approaching that shallow terrace of the glacier beyond the fall, through which the light could force some weak passage and the air make itself felt blowing upon the beds of ice.

Well, we survived, and still we My faith, what a couple! survive. Sublimity would have none of us. The glacier rejected souls so commonplace as not to be properly impressed by its inexorability. This, then, was We swept into a huge the end. cavern of ice,—through it, beyond it, into the green valley and the world that we love. And there, where the torrent splits up into a score of insignificant streams, we grounded and crawled to dry land, and sat down and Yes, we could do it-we laughed. could laugh. Is that not bathos? But Fidèle and I have a theory that laughter is the chief earnest of immortality.

To dry land, I have said. Mon Dieu! the torrent was no wetter. It rains in the Chamounix valley. We looked to see whence we had fallen, and not even the Chapeau was visible through the mist.

But, as I turned, Fidèle uttered a little cry. "The flask and the sandwichbox, and your poor coat!" "Com-

ment!" I said, and in a moment was in my shirt sleeves. I stared and I wondered, and I clucked in my throat. Holy saints! I was adorned with a breast-plate on my back. The friction of descent, first welding together these the good ministers to our appetite. had worn the metal down in the end to a mere skin or badge, the heat generated from which had scorched and frizzled the cloth beneath it. needed not to seek further explanation of the pain I had suffered,—was suffering then, indeed, as I had reason to know, when ecstasy permitted a return of sensation. My back bears the scars at this moment.

"It shall remain there for ever," I cried, "like the badge of a cocher de fiacre, who has made the fastest journey on record! 'Coachman! from the glacier to the valley.' 'Mais oui, Monsieur; down this crevasse, if you please.'"

And that is the history of our adventure.

Why we were not dashed to pieces? But that, as I accept it, is easy of elucidation. Imagine a vast crescent moon, with a downward nick from the end of the tail. This form the fissure took, in one enormous sweep and drop towards the mouth of the valley. Now, as we rushed headlong the gentle curve received us from space to substance quite gradually, until we were whirring forward wholly on the latter, my luggage suffering the brunt of the friction. The upward sweep of the crescent diminished our progress,-more and yet more-until we switched over the lower point and shot quietly down the incline beyond. And all this in ample room, and without meeting with a single unfriendly obstacle. Voilà, mes chers amis, ce qui me met en peine.

Fidèle laughs, the rogue. "Ta, ta, ta!" she says. "But they will not believe a word of it all."

### ON THE ABUSE OF DIALECT.

What is the function in literature of dialect, or of what King James the First, writing of his own tongue, calls Upland Speech? Accepting, provisionally, the theory of language which says that we think in words, all dialects may be regarded as expressions of distinct types of character; and as they are less remote from the lowest stratum of speech, so they reflect more vividly than the literary language can do, certain phases of human experience.

The history of all dialects is similar, but for the purposes of illustration we may take the Scottish as typical. Mr. Freeman says:—

The Scottish, that is the northern form of English is, in the strictest sense, a dialect. That is to say, it is an independent form of the language which might have come to set the standard, and become the polite and literary speech, instead of that form of the language to which that calling actually fell. Or rather as long as Scotland was politically distinct from the Southern England, the Northern form of English actually did set the standard within its own range. It was the polite and literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the Scottish kings.

Even then, however, a distinction was made between literary Scotch and vernacular Scotch. Nor was this all. It has been pointed out by trustworthy authorities, that in the sixteenth century written Scotch began to differentiate itself markedly from the common English (Inglis), which was employed at an earlier period throughout the old kingdom of Northumbria. The change is traceable to political causes. An intense feeling of hostility to everything

English set in after the great national disaster at Flodden. The nation was driven in upon itself. A spirit of literary separatism came into play, and patriotic writers made it a boast that they did not write in English but in Scottish, that they had discarded the southern in favour of their own language. This spirit, which has survived to our own time, obtrudes itself too often Scottish dialect literature, is a very different thing from the patriotism which inspired Burns to sing a song for Scotland's sake.

What is and what is not classical Scottish, it may be left to students of the dialect to determine. sufficient to recognise the fact that there was once a Scottish language which was the literary speech within the English-speaking lands of the The old conditions Scottish kings. cannot be revived. The Reformation and the union of the Crowns made it inevitable that the northern should succumb to the southern form of the common English speech; and Scotch, as it is now spoken and written, cannot be treated as differing from other English dialects in kind. The question whether and to what extent it is admissible in contemporary literature to employ Scotch is to be tested by the same canons as are applied to any similar departure from the literary language.

Long ago (in 1584-5), King James wrote his Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie, and attempted to lay down rules and cautions (cautelis) for the literary use of his mother-tongue. Of these rules there are two which particularly de-

serve attention. The royal critic advises poetic aspirants that if their purpose be of love, they are "to use common language with some passionate words," while, if their purpose be to write of "landward affairs," they ought "to use corruptit and uplandis words."

The first of these rules is sound in principle, and justified by practice. A Scot, when under the influence of strong emotion, resorts instinctively to a purer form of speech than he is in the habit of employing. In his finest songs, and when the element of humour does not enter, Burns approaches pure English in form and phrase. There is, for instance, little or nothing in the diction of MARY Morison or AE Fond Kiss, two of the best love-songs ever written, which an Englishman can find difficulty in understanding. Passion dictates pure speech, and tact should tell a lover that it is no compliment to his mistress to court her in the rudest and broadest form of the vernacular. Of the other rule, that, in speaking of landward or rustic affairs, the poet should use corrupt and upland words, the validity is not so apparent. If we take it as meaning that a writer is deliberately to adopt a corrupt form of the language, it is obviously vicious. But that is not the only meaning that can be taken out of it; and if we revert to the doctrine that we think in words, we may discover a sound principle underlying the advice that in writing of rural affairs we should make use of rural speech. dialect which lives in the mouths of the rural population, whether it be the dialect of Scotland or Cumberland, of Lancashire or Lincoln, of Somersetshire or Devon, reflects a different world from that which is imaged in the standard language.

Landward affairs may be taken as

including not only external nature and man's relation to it, but also rural character and manners. use of dialect for the description of external nature, is necessarily confined to those who speak it as their native language. The most gifted writer, if his mother-tongue be a dialect which does not embody the best thought of the time, works under limitations. Although within the limits imposed upon him he may approach perfection, he can never attain his fullest development. His spirit is cabined by the speech in which it seeks to image itself. But confined though he be to a dialect of which the growth has been checked, there are some things he may do as well as a writer who uses the standard literary speech. Dialect must inevitably connote less than the standard language; as an expression of all that is meant by mind, it must be less intense. if we recall the fact that the lowest stratum of speech reflects the external universe as primitive man saw it, we shall see how it is possible that a dialect may express more clearly than the standard language the phenomena of nature. A Wordsworth does not see less in nature than a Burns; he sees more; he finds thoughts that lie too deep for tears in the meanest flower that blows. Burns does not; but what he does see is perfectly vivid to him, and has all the qualities of an immediate sensation. And his dialect, like the language of earlier Scottish and English writers, suffices to reflect this direct vision of nature. mirror is not too small for the object. It is for this reason, perhaps, that critics are so unanimous in acknowledging the adequacy of the Scottish vernacular, in the hands of Burns, as the image of the vivid perception of the objective world. And sometimes they are apt to put extravagantly high the claims of the dialect in this respect.

The late Principal Shairp, in his monograph on Burns, has an interesting passage which may serve as an illustration. "What pure English words," he asks, "could so completely and graphically, describe a sturdy old mare in the plough, setting her face to the furzy braes, as the following:—

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't an' riskit,
An' slypet owre "?

Paraphrasing the verse, the Principal makes it read: "Thou didst never fret, or plunge and kick, but thou wouldest have whisked thy old tail, and spread abroad thy large chest, with pith and power, till hillocks, where the earth was filled with toughrooted plants, would have given forth a cracking sound, and the clods fallen gently over." The paraphrase is purposely bald and cumbrous, and the Principal, who was an accomplished Latin scholar, would have given a much terser version, had he been translating Burns into Latin Bald as it is, it gives a better idea of the sense of the original than many modern Scottish readers themselves can gather even with the assistance of a glossary. What strikes one in Principal Shairp's commentary, however, is the implied theory that the standard English is inadequate to the description of an old mare facing a particularly tough bit of ploughland, and that the dialect best describes the sympathy of the farmer with his faithful, inarticulate friend and fellowlabourer. Without going the length of saying that the idea could not be expressed in good English, the fact that a critic like Shairp thinks so may be accepted as a proof of the power the vernacular exercises over those who are familiar with it. One can

quite appreciate the force of the contention that to Burns the toiling life of the ploughman and his horse was a most vivid experience, and that he has made it live for ever in his vernacular verse as he could not have done had he written in the standard English. Only let us remember that the secret of the power of Burns lies in clear vision and genial sympathy, not in the use of a particular vocabu-The fact that his genius has made the Scottish dialect immortal is no proof that in other writers the excessive use of upland words is not a blemish.

A lavish use of dialect in narrative and dialogue is a vice akin to the free introduction of technical phrases in a work which is intended to be purely We have a remarkable literary. example of this blemish in Falconer's Shipwreck; and as Falconer was a Scot, one is tempted to ask whether an excessive love of detail may not be a Scottish failing of which the too liberal employment of the vernacular is only a symptom. Charles Lamb says of the Caledonian: "He brings his total wealth into company and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. His conversation is as a book." In the opening of THE TEMPEST, Shakespeare, by a few vivid strokes, paints a ship driving before the wind on a lee-shore.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

... Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main course.

Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her to courses off to sea again; lay her off.

There is the scene, and it could not be described without all this sailors' talk of sails and courses. At the same time there is no display of minute knowledge of navigation. Shakespeare says enough to bring

before the mind's eye of seaman and landsman alike the peril of the ship and the efforts of the crew to bring her off; and he succeeds perfectly. Now contrast Shakespeare's brief and graphic sketch with Falconer's elaborate scene. Unlike Shakespeare Falconer makes a most copious use of marine phraseology. In the space of some hundred lines he introduces to our notice, among other items of the fitting of the ship, top-gallant yards, travellers, back-stays, top-ropes, parrels, lifts, booms, reef-lines, halyards, bow-lines, clue-garnets, reef-tackles, brails, head-ropes, and robands. There have been critics who have gone into ecstasies over the most highly nautical passages of this poem, but theirs is an enthusiasm which it is difficult to share. One can understand a seaman, or a seasoned yachtsman, becoming enraptured over Falconer's clue-garnets; and among a people whose love of salt water and tarry ropes is proverbial, there are possibly many to whose ears the jargon of the forecastle and the marine dictionary is music. That these sea-phrases can be used effectively Shakespeare has shown; but Falconer demonstrated that enough is far better than a feast. Falconer's mistake is excessive circumstantiality, and this is just the error into which vernacular writers, who prize the vernacular for its own sake, are apt to fall. With them the use of dialect tends to become an affectation, a sort of inverted pedantry, an occasion for displaying a knowledge of uninteresting

When applied to the description of rustic character and manners, King James's advice is of wider interest than when restricted to the description of external nature, for the use of dialect to portray manners is not confined to those who speak the vernacular. Extending the rule to this usage, we may accept the general

principle that when a thought has been born in dialect, so to speak, dialect is appropriate for its expression. But as no true artist paints everything he sees, no discriminating writer repeats literally everything he hears. Modern writers of Scottish dialect have sinned against this principle, and have neglected to observe that there is a distinction between literary Scotch and vernacular Scotch. The distinction is important. Sir Walter Scott, who may be taken as a model in the use of dialect, is careful to insist upon it, and we imagine the words he puts in the mouth of the Duke of Argyle in THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN express his own view. It may be remembered that the Duke eulogising Deans (new become Lady Staunton) says, "She speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily that it is quite Doric;" and when Butler interposes with the remark that he should have thought that would have sounded vulgar, the Duke replies, "Not at all, you must suppose that it is not the broad coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Canongate of Edinburgh or in the Gorbals." In practice Scott himself observes this difference. He never sinks into Gorbals Scotch. As Mr. Ruskin has pointed out with fine discrimination, he does not, like some modern writers, consider it amusing to indulge in "ugly spellings." He "makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new and scarcely writeable one." He only uses the Scots form of a word when there is a difference between it and English. "There is no lisping, drawling, slobbering, or snuffling; the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow; and its elisions and contractions are either melodious (na for not, and pu'd for pulled) or as normal as in Latin verse."

But every Scottish writer is not so skilful as Scott, and the excessive use some of them make of the vernacular in describing rustic manners is apt to repel. The explanation is obvious if we call to mind the dictum. we think in words. An excessive use of dialect in this connection involves a minute account of the meaner and more trivial details of common life which are not necessarily worth photographing. A conspicuous example of the jarring effect of a too free use of the vernacular in this way is to be found in a very interesting narrative poem entitled HELENORE, written in the latter half of last century by Alexander Ross of Lochlee. As a pastoral tale Helenore is admirable: the plot is original and well worked out; and it gives us a valuable insight into the life and customs of a crofter commune, situated on the debatable ground between Highland and Lowland where the conflict between two opposing systems of social ethics was still in the balance; the Highlanders maintaining, in anticipation of Wordsworth's Rob Roy, that right goes with might, and that the booty belongs to the victor, while the Lowlanders take their stand on the principle that the law is protector With all his merits of the weak. Ross is now almost unknown, and the main reason is that his vernacular is unpleasant. Scott, when he quotes him, amends him, and speaks of him as being forgotten even in his day. Had he written in a language less uncouth, his poem might have lived. He wished, as he tells us, to give expression to the sentiments of plain people living in a remote part of the The object is laudable country. enough; but Wordsworth did something of the same kind without finding it necessary to speak the language of Cumbrian folk, and Ross might have fulfilled his purpose without adopting the coarsest Scottish patois. appears to have erred against his better instinct, for he altered his style upon the advice of a mentor to whom he showed his manuscript. The judgment which this gentleman pronounced might serve as the creed of the Kailyard School. poem, Mr. Ross," the critic is reported to have said, "is beautiful, and you are nearly as good at the English as you are at the Latin. You are trying, I see, to imitate some of those great English poets, but it will not go down just yet to speak of Scotch fashions to Scotch people in the English Gae awa hame, mon, and tongue. turn it into braid Scotch verse; and, gin ye print it, not a jot will my lassies do at their wheel, and some thousands mair like them, till they have read it five or six times over."

Judged by the result, the advice was The flame of Ross's genius was smothered under the speech he used, whereas had it been fed with the oil of a less outlandish dialect, it might have continued to shed a mild but benignant light over a little known phase of Scottish rural life. It was Ross's misfortune that he had no one to give him an advice similar to that which Charles Lamb gave John Clare. "In some of your story-telling Ballads, the provincial phrases sometimes startle me. I think you are too profuse with them. In poetry slang of every kind is to be avoided. There is a rustic Cockneyism, as little pleasing as ours of London. . . . Now and then a home rusticism is fresh and startling; but, when nothing is gained in expression, it is out of tenor. may make folks smile and stare; but the ungenial coalition of barbarous with refined phrases will prevent you in the end from being so generally tasted as you desire to be." Lamb was "a scorner of the fields," but, as Wordsworth adds, he was more so in show than truth. He was certainly a more discreet critic than Ross's friend.

Upon the principle that we can look out on infinitude through any loophole, it may be said that one can find an epitome of all humanity in the life of his village. That is the idea, so far as they act by rule, of the extreme school of local and dialect literature. There is undoubtedly some force in it. On the other hand, it is almost certain, that if a man's ears are continually filled with the cackle of his bourg, he will in time become deaf to everything else. A dialect-literature cultivated for its own sake inevitably tends downward to the utterly provincial and parochial.

Shakespeare, in a well-known passage in King Lear, makes Edgar speak in dialect.

Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you. . . . . Chill pick your teeth, zir: Come, no matter vor your foins."

The dialect is in this case of course adopted in order to support the peasant's disguise. On the same principle, that amusing rogue, Captain John Creichton, in relating how he ran to earth the hillside men of the West Country, adopts the West Country tongue on occasion. "While the soldiers stayed to refresh their horses in the churchyard," he tells us, "I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, 'Whither gang ye, this time of night?' He answered, 'Wha are ye that speers?' I replied, 'We are your ane foke." This had the desired effect. While Captain John's dialect is not perfect, the idea of it, like Edgar's, is correct. Friends from

a stranger lurking about a churchyard at night would have sounded Enemies, even to a Westland Whig so guileless as to accept as genuine so poor an imitation of his own tongue. The employment of dialect by Edgar and of West Country Scots by Captain John Creichton is clearly consistent with dramatic fitness. Edgar deceived Oswald by his dress and speech, and there is no other way of indicating the deception than by using the dialect.

It is sometimes charged against modern vernacular writers that they do not distinguish between dialect and corruptions. But the sin is not new. Fluellen wears the leek "upon St. Tavy's day," and tells Henry that all the water in the Wye cannot wash "the Welsh plood out of his pody." "It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud Captains bath," observes Captain Jamy; while Captain Macmorris, in the same play, speaks of the town being "beseeched," and asks, "what ish my nation?" It is but a step from corruptions such as these to the misspelling of Tabitha Bramble, the extraordinary idioms of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig, and the philological vagaries of the American humorists. Mrs. Gamp offends some fastidious tastes; but where are we to draw the "Comparisons are odorous," says Dogberry. "No caparisons, miss, if you please," is Mrs. Malaprop's version of the axiom. "Caparisons don't become a young woman." If we think in words, there is no better way of reproducing the muddle-headedness of a Dogberry or the vacuous conceit of a Malaprop than in words that are no words; but the usage marks the borderland between what is legitimate and what is illegitimate.

In the main, the practice of the best writers confirms the rule that dialect should only be used to convey ideas for the expression of which the standard language is inadequate, and should be used only to an extent sufficient to mark the individuality of the speaker. Where the use of dialect is really vitalising, where it emphasises a character really worth knowing, it is permissible, but not otherwise. And after all, the experience for which the literary language does not provide sufficient expression is comparatively unimportant. It is a sign of degeneracy in our literature when writers deliberately resort to the grotesque, the archaic, or the vernacular. It is the duty of his countrymen to maintain the credit of the tongue that Shakespeare wrote. owe far more to it than to any dialect.

It is astonishing that Scotsmen of all people in the world should fail to realise the significance of the fact that the Scottish people, like the English, have done their thinking, not in dialect, but in English, on the most solemn occasions in their lives. more than two centuries the thoughts which have made Englishmen and Englishwomen what they are, which have made Scotsmen and Scotswomen what they are, have been presented to them in English pure and undefiled. The literary value of the Churchservice to the English people has been incalculable; and this is true also of Scotland. In town and country, for generations, Scotch people have heard the Bible read in the church every Sabbath, and many of them used to hear it read twice a day at family As children they learned exercise. by heart the metrical versions of the Psalms and the clean-cut, logical, dogmatic statements of the Shorter Catechism. Their religion, in short, came to them in an English garb. It would be difficult to overestimate the literary importance of this fact. It has had a much profounder influence upon their literature, if they would only think of it, than their songs and ballads, or the story of Wallace, of

which Burns said that it poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into his veins which would continue to boil along there until the floodgates shut in eternal rest. No one can take a just view of the comparative value of the vernacular literature of Scotland who leaves out of sight the important fact, which Scotsmen presumably overlook only because it is so familiar, that the standard English has been to them of far greater value than their own form of speech. It only needs a moment's reflection to prove that there are some things which their dialect cannot accomplish. ordinary sober-minded Scotsman it would appear partly grotesque, and partly profane, to state the great verities of his religion in anything but the purest speech. With true insight Sir Walter Scott does not make Mause Headrigg, pronouncedly vernacular though she naturally is, give paraphrases of Scripture in her own dialect. She quotes correctly the Orientalisms of the Old Testament; she gives the very words of the authorised translation, as knowing them familiarly and believing in plenary inspiration.

The ideas capable of being expressed even in the purest dialect which has fallen behind in the race for supremacy, are and must be at best only of second-rate or third-rate value. Scotsman, equally with the Englishman, is interested in maintaining the dignity of English speech. language of world-wide literature," said Dean Stanley, "is the only fitting garb for those eternal and primary principles of which the Grecian poet has said that they have their foundation on high, all-embracing like their parent Heaven, neither did mortal infirmity preside over their birth, nor shall forgetfulness lay them to sleep. There is in them a great divinity that grows not old."

### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

By Mrs. Fraser.

#### CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Mr. Jamieson returned to his own house later in the afternoon, he found a note from Lady Marston, asking him to excuse the informality of an abrupt invitation and to dine at Ryestock that evening.

The fact was that Sir Francis had suddenly intimated to his wife that Jamieson had better come to dinner, as an antidote to Harry whom he disliked with a sound conviction. Lady Marston, after a little demur, decided to give way, if only to keep her husband out of bad temper for the first hours of their cousin's visit. Jimmy, who could not know this and who had been rather hurt at the way in which Lady Marston had ignored him lately, was very much pleased. He took the invitation as a sign of reconciliation, and at once wrote a note to accept it.

Ryestock was not one of those houses where visitors are a matter of course, and where the family is seldom alone for more than the three middle days of the week. Except in the shooting-season, few persons came, and they were chiefly relations of Lady Marston's who wanted change of air, rather uninteresting people on the whole. The arrival of Mr. Surtees was preceded by a certain flutter in the household, and when Kitty went into her room late in the afternoon, she saw that her best frock had been laid out on the bed. That meant that she was to come down to dinner. and be on her best behaviour all the

She was not ill pleased. She had

a vague but pleasant recollection of a visit which Cousin Harry had paid them some years back. He had presented her then with a smart doll for which he sent to town, and with which Kitty had been enraptured until she found that its clothes did not take off and on, as the nursery phrase runs. The further discovery that the body inside them was only pink linen and not properly articulated, gave her an early conviction that Cousin Harry had something radically wrong about him, and was probably a burglar or forger in disguise, though, to tell the truth, she had not, at that age, a very clear perception of the nature of those Apart from that particular crimes. patent deception about the doll she had liked the good-looking, cheery visitor who actually called her father Cousin Francis, and she was not at all sorry that he was coming now. As her hair was being dressed, she reflected that he would probably be of great assistance in bearing the burden of Mrs. Barton's company.

"Hallo," said Roy, coming into her bedroom without knocking, as the maid was pinning his sister's sash, "what a swell! You look horrid with your hair up, though."

In honour of a visitor and late dinner Kitty's long hair had been gathered in a splendid knot at the back of her head, overshadowing the nape of her neck. Her frock was nothing particularly smart, a light thin silk with a bit of white softness round the edge; but it showed a dazzling neck and throat, the latter ringed by a little line of sunburn where the collar had ceased to protect it. Her arms were very fair and round, but there too, the traitor sun had left his kisses on wrists and hands, for Kitty and gloves were terms which never appeared in conjunction. She was looking at the hands rather ruefully when Roy made his disparaging remark about her hair. That at once recalled her to the need for self-defence. Between these two the skirmishing was generally rudimentary, and chiefly carried on by means of the facile tu quoque.

"I suppose you think you're a perfect beauty," retorted Kitty, turning on her brother. "Eton collars, and a feather that never lies down on the top of your head! You look about twelve years old."

"Oh bother," said Roy, indifferently; "nobody ever looks at me. I am going to enjoy my dinner for once, 'cause you'll be so busy with our precious cousin. He's brought a lot of luggage, so I suppose he means to stay. And there's another place put at table; I wonder who else is coming. There's the bell!"

Down they went at full speed and reached the drawing-room door a little out of breath. Roy hung back, and sent his sister in first with a visible push which she had no time to resent, as her mother, sitting near the fire-place, immediately called to her. "Come here, my love, and speak to Mr. Surtees!"

Why Mr. Surtees, when he had always been Cousin Harry before? Kitty hesitated, but Harry turned and beamed on her with such a smile of recognition and approval that she at once began to like him again. "How do you do?" she said, smiling too, and putting out a hand in greeting.

"I do very old," exclaimed the man. "How you have grown up, Kitty! It makes me feel about ninety to remember——"

"How I used to sit on your knee?" suggested Kitty gravely, unconscious of a gasp from her mother. "That was a very long time ago," said Lady Marston hurriedly, but Kitty took no notice of the interruption and went on. "You did not expect me to grow down, Cousin Harry; and, one way or another, one does a lot of growing between twelve and seventeen, doesn't one?"

"Rather," put in Roy, edging into view from behind his sister; "one's sleeves are always growing up one's arms. How d'ye do, Mr. Surtees?"

"How d'you do, er—Robert," said Harry, holding out his hand to the boy and searching in vain for his name. He knew it began with an R.

"My name is Roy, please," said the youngster, and turning his back on the forgetful Harry, marched across to where Sir Francis stood, looking firmly dissatisfied, on the other side of the fireplace.

Until Kitty appeared, Mr. Surtees had been wondering how on earth he should manage to pass two whole weeks at Ryestock; he had been noting, with a sinking heart, Sir Francis's short speeches and Lady Marston's silly ones, the frown of his host and the smile of his hostess, the unwilling welcome and the overdone hospitality; and he had felt that fourteen evenings and fourteen mornings of this would wear out all desire for rest that he should ever know on this side of the grave. But Kitty The moment he made a difference. had seen her he felt that fortitude would be granted him to face the trial; and in a very short time he found himself weighing mentally the advisability of leaving out that week with his sister in Herefordshire, which was entered as visit number two on his list, and of economising a whole set of tips and a railway journey by just staying quietly on at Ryestock. In the light of that delightfully pretty face, Sir Francis became only an old-fashioned country gentleman, a bit gruff perhaps, but the real sort, and Lady Marston a simple, good-natured body, who had done all that could be expected of her by society when she brought such a complexion as Kitty's into the world.

His satisfaction was slightly marred by the entrance of Jamieson, who arrived a little late. The careless, cheerful greeting bestowed on him by Kitty made Harry feel chilly. Evidently they were on the most intimate terms; but Harry took comfort from the defective cut of Jimmy's coat collar, which was at least two years out of the fashion. It is something to know that one's own dress is irreproachably, crushingly correct.

Open-air people never appear at their best within four walls; and certainly, so far as dress went, Jimmy looked much better in his rough morning clothes than in an evening coat. Also he was a little shy of Sir Francis and Lady Marston, and felt something very like sympathy with Roy, who came and stood beside him and tried furtively to smooth down that irrepressible feather on the top of his head. At dinner, however, he sat near Kitty, and her sunny presence quite made up for having Lady Marston on his other side.

Kitty herself, enjoying her dinner with the appetite of seventeen, tempered by the slight sense of awe with which the late meal, her best frock, and all those hairpins in the back of her head still inspired her, was quite unconscious of the meaning of Cousin Harry's benignant glances, which became almost tender after the third glass of that ponderous Burgundy in which Sir Francis delighted. Mr. Surtees had never been seen in the family to such advantage. He even melted Sir Francis into laughter, and

nearly caused Roy to choke dangerously by some irresistibly funny (but quite proper) stories. Jimmy, who had not been drawn towards him at first, joined in the applause and wished without envy that he could amuse people like that. Kitty thought he was much nicer than she remembered him, and, womanlike, decided that she must have made a mistake about the doll after all, and that he had been as much deceived as she By which it will be seen that Miss Marston, like most charming people, arrived at the right conclusion regardless of how she got there. Only Lady Marston, after the manner of provincial hostesses, was too much pre-occupied with the serving of the dinner to laugh properly at Harry's funny stories; but the others were so appreciative that it did not make any difference.

"Do you like sailing, Mr. Surtees?" asked Roy in a pause. He could not make up his mind to call the visitor Cousin Harry; it sounded like Sandford and Merton somehow.

"Oh I hope you do," exclaimed Kitty before Harry had time to make up his mind whether he did or not. "I have a half-decked cutter, such a beauty! She sails all but in the wind, and I beat Jimmy in the Minx last Saturday all to nothing." She glanced at Jimmy for corroboration and he nodded his head, smiling.

"Bridle says she's the best boat he ever turned out," exclaimed Roy; "but as to licking the Minx, that's all rubbish, Kit. Jimmy just let you."

"Nothing of the sort, Roy," said Jimmy, appearing much in earnest. "The Midget walked away from us."

"Do you do much boating?" inquired Harry of Lady Marston, who did not hear him at first. She was beaming with relief to find that the new cook understood aspic. In a minute the sense of his words reached

her through her surrounding wall of pre-occupation. "I beg your pardon, I was not answering you," she said. "No, I have no time for that sort of thing; but Mr. Jamieson is very kind, and Roy goes out sailing with him sometimes."

"Oh Mother," protested the boy; "if you said, 'he and Kitty sometimes take Roy,' it would be much more like it!"

"That is all over now," said his mother hurriedly and in a low voice. "When Kitty was a child it was different, of course." And she glanced at Jimmy disapprovingly.

"Oh, was it?" began the irrepressible Roy, and then he caught Kitty's eyes threatening him with unknown

terrors, and stopped.

"I should like sailing awfully with you, Kitty," began Harry, when this breeze of family discussion died down. He was feeling colder and colder. Jimmy's name and Jimmy's presence had a most discouraging effect, but he resolved to stand up to it like a man. "Will you take me out to-morrow?" he went on, leaning forward, and looking into her eyes with an expression which he usually kept for the third stage of a flirtation.

The glance was lost on her, for she was helping herself to a most alluring spoonful of streaked ice, but she answered briskly: "Yes, of course. There will be a good stiff breeze; the sky was all mares' tails at sunset. I'll take you round Morelock Head after breakfast."

"I do not mind where we go," murmured Harry, repeating that tender glance with great effect. Kitty was looking at him this time, and Sir Francis was making some remark to Mr. Jamieson across the table, so Harry ventured on an undertone. "I will go anywhere with you, Kitty; you may take me to a desert island if you like."

"Done with you," replied Kitty, nodding gravely, in spite of a gleam in her eye and a dimple in her cheek. "I know of a capital one just handy. I suppose you will want some lunch; one cannot always get back just to the minute, you know. We will go tomorrow."

"Please do not make any appointments for to-morrow, Kitty," put in Lady Marston's cold voice. "I have invited the Harcourt girls to lunch, you know; and Cousin Harry will have to pay one or two visits with me, I am afraid."

There were various small festivities impending in the neighbourhood, and Lady Marston must present Master Harry and get invitations for him. It was something, in that populously petticoated country side, to have a real young man from town to trot out. The other dowagers need not know that he was impecunious; Lady Marston had invited him for a little purpose of her own, and a flirtation with Kitty was quite outside its scope.

This little purpose was disclosed after dinner when Lady Marston firmly indicated to Harry that he was to take a seat beside her on the sofa, although his eyes were wistfully following the rest of the party as they wandered out to drink their coffee on the lawn.

"I never can sit out in the evening on account of my neuralgia," explained the hostess. "And to tell the truth, Harry, I am rather glad to have you to myself a little; there are so many things I want to talk to you about."

"You do me too much honour, Cousin Alicia," replied Mr. Surtees curtly. "Well, here I am. What is it?"

Twenty years of married life had not taught Lady Marston to leave serious subjects alone for at least an hour after dinner. She had, however, the calm happiness of the obtuse who never know when one is cross with them, and she prepared to be confidential.

"Well, to begin with," she sighed, "it is about Kitty. You see——"

Mr. Surtees was at attention instantly. "I see she is a particularly pretty, jolly little girl," he declared. "I shouldn't think you could be very unhappy about her."

"Unhappy, no, but most anxious; as of course a mother must be, about

her future, you know."

"Early days for that, isn't it?" said the unwilling oracle on the sofa.

"I was married at her age," said Lady Marston.

"Why do they always tell one that lie?" thought Harry, but he only said: "Really! But you see, girls marry later now, Cousin Alicia, don't they?"

"That was not so very long ago," snapped Cousin Alicia; "but to return to Kitty. You see, we live altogether in the country; Sir Francis won't live anywhere else. But Kitty ought to be taken out; she must be presented next year, and I should like her to see something of society, to have a chance of making a suitable marriage, in fact."

"Quite so," assented Harry, wondering what she was heading for. She could hardly ask him to chaperone Kitty in town, he thought.

"And," went on Kitty's mother, "there is nobody,—if you will believe me, Harry, absolutely nobody she can marry here. All our neighbours are married couples or old maids."

"Which is Mr. Jimmy, if that's his name?" inquired Harry.

"Oh well, Harold Jamieson doesn't count. He is always on the water, and they have known each other all their lives, and would never dream of getting up a romance, you know. Besides, I said a suitable marriage;

this man is not at all well off, and you know Kitty will have a good deal of money."

"The deuce she will!" exclaimed Harry to his own heart. "And how is that? I thought everything went to the boy," he said quietly. This tiresome conversation was becoming interesting at last.

"Kitty inherits her grandmother's fortune," replied his companion; "not millions, you know, but a very comfortable income."

Harry saw here an opportunity which might not occur again. He might as well know what Lady Marston meant by a comfortable income. "Life is fearfully expensive, my dear cousin," he said, and a little incredulous smile came over his face. "What was a fortune in Kitty's grandmother's time amounts to a society girl's allowance now. Everything is so changed!"

"I fancy very few society girls, as you call them, can afford to spend three thousand a year on dress," said Lady Marston impressively.

"I humbly beg pardon," apologised Harry; "that certainly may be called an income. I would not say anything about it if I were you," he added, looking into her face with much seriousness. "It will only bring a lot of adventurers and fortune-hunters after her."

"Exactly," replied the lady; "but you see what I mean, Harry. With Kitty's looks and her money, I think I have a right to expect her to make a very good marriage, but then, too, of course, she must see the right sort of people. And that is where I want you to help me. You know everybody, and you could make it so easy for us if you would speak to a few people and get the necessary invitations for us, when I bring her to London next spring."

"I suppose you would take a house

in town, and come for the whole season," suggested Harry dubiously.

"I should like to," sighed Lady Marston; "but you know what Sir Francis is, Harry. He won't come himself, and he will growl at the expense, and probably refuse to let us go at all. No, if nobody will lend us a house, ——"here she looked at Harry as if she thought he carried Mayfair in his pocket.

"Then?" inquired Harry, raising his eyebrows.

"Two rooms even, would be quite enough for Kitty and me," suggested Lady Marston still looking at him.

"You old pirate," he thought, "you mean to borrow my chambers. By Jove, you'd have some queer visitors!" He could not help laughing at a picture which suddenly became distinct to his mind's eye.

"You seem amused," said Lady Marston suspiciously.

"Only delighted at the prospect of seeing you in London next spring," he purred; "you and Kitty must come and have tea with me at my rooms. Yes, of course I can manage some nice invitations for you, and you'll get plenty for your own sake as soon as people have seen you."

"Oh, do you think so?" exclaimed Lady Marston, flushing red with pleasure.

"And as to rooms," went on Harry,
"I'll get you a nice suite at one of the
private hotels. How Kitty will enjoy
herself, won't she!"

"Taking my name in vain?" asked Kitty, her rosy face looking in at the window. "Come along and see the moon rise, Cousin Harry. Papa says you must be dying to smoke by this time."

Harry rose and followed her out. As they stood for an instant on the flags of the terrace, inhaling the damp sweetness of the summer night, something like a resolve formed itself in Harry's mind. Why should Lady Marston torment her maternal heart as to Kitty's future? He would see if he could not lay her cares to rest. Why should he not win and marry this charming little cousin?

### CHAPTER VII.

LADY MARSTON hesitated for a moment as to whether it were her duty to follow Kitty and Harry into the garden and see that they at once rejoined Sir Francis. It was no part of her plan to allow a flirtation to spring up between those two. she was rather a lazy woman; her seat was her favourite one, with a soft cushion in the back; Kitty seemed to have taken the right view of middleaged cousin Harry, and there was really no necessity for her mother to So Lady Marston trouble herself. settled down comfortably in her chair, put on her glasses, and carefully opened a book at the place where a piece of string showed that she had left off reading the dull biography of a certain noble lady. The book was thick and smartly bound, and recorded events which had stirred the world, but had not for an instant disturbed the placid self-complacency of the writer. Lady Marston had fallen asleep over it every night for three months, but held manfully to her intention of finishing it some day. To-night her thoughts wandered sadly, and a calmly evangelical description of the Indian mutiny became mixed with reflections about Harry. How nice he was, how he seemed to understand all her feelings, what a help he would be in London! It was true, he might have offered her his charming rooms; but then he was in bad health, poor fellow, at least so he said, and must have his little comforts of course. His hair was getting somewhat thin, and his figure was not

quite what it used to be. Kitty would never be attracted by a man of his age, oh dear no, there was no danger there! Here Harry suddenly turned into a viceroy and then into an English baby saved by a black ayah; and then Lady Marston's eyes closed, and her mouth opened, and her gentle breathing shook the silent room.

Outside, in the dewy garden, almost the thing she feared was taking place. Sir Francis had sauntered down a broad rose-walk towards one of the gates, and Jamieson, who was longing for a little more talk with Kitty, had felt obliged to accompany him. Roy, behind them, was sniffing aromatic puffs of their cigars, and counting up how many summer holidays must come and go before he could join in that pleasant pastime at home. As for smoking at school, that didn't count, except when he got caught.

As Kitty came out with Harry she saw the other three walking unconcernedly away from her, and a little spark of pique was kindled in her heart. How little they seemed to care whether she came back to them or not! She would much rather have wandered up and down with Harold Jamieson than with Harry; but ever since woman was woman, the sweet daughters of Eve have found it more amusing to roam on a summer evening with one man than with three or four, especially if two of the company are papa and a younger brother. It is surprising to any girl to note how the presence of even the nicest of her relations on these occasions puts a stop to all reasonable conversation. The most delightful man becomes dumb, and her own polite little attempts to talk fall as flat as the jokes in a pantomime. But let two people only saunter together in the fragrant dusky paths, and what an amazing amount there is to say!

Kitty could not have said why she

whisked down a deep shrubbery path just at that moment, unless a certain little note of irritation meant that if the others wanted her they might just come and look for her. There is always an invisible imp waiting to lead poor women into mischief, even where the right road is unmistakable. Kitty's clear duty was to take Harry to papa and remain in demure attendance herself; therefore she turned quickly away from the lawn, and in a moment she and her delighted cousin were lost to view under the long arches of the fruit-bowers where so many peaches had been picked in the morning.

"By Jove," said Harry to himself, "you are not so simple as you look, Miss Kitty! That was neatly done."

"Did you speak?" said Kitty turning round as her dress caught on a branch.

"I was only thinking how nice this is," said Harry in caressing tones, "and how awfully good it is of you to come."

"Is it?" said Kitty. "I like it myself, you know. It is so cool and nice after that stuffy dining-room. Mother will not have any windows open, and I am sure there will be three simultaneous attacks of apoplexy some day after the soup."

"Roy did look rather purple," laughed Harry; "but you seemed all right. Don't you want to know how you looked?"

"I hope I was not purple, and that I had no smuts on my nose," replied Miss Marston anxiously; "I very often have, you know."

"Your nose looked like,—oh dear,
— like anything cool, and white,
and perfectly charming," whispered
Harry. He thought he might go as
far as that, for she did not seem to
be at all shy.

"Dear me," said Kitty, "I am very glad. I don't know of anything

else that answers to that description except cocoanut-candy, or lemon-ice."

"Do you like cocoanut-candy?" inquired Harry, trying to see down to Kitty's horizons. "I'll send to town for a box for you."

"Do," said Kitty earnestly; "only make it marrons glacés, please, if you don't mind, because I can get the other thing at the post-office. Come in here and sit down."

They had reached one of the hivelike arbours at the end of the alley and sat down in its rustling recess.

"Better and better," thought Harry,
"I really think I might venture,—
hullo, what's this?"

The last part of the speech was said aloud and by way of exclamation, for a large soft lump of something woolly fell heavily on Mr. Surtees's beautiful nose, and for a moment he was struggling blindly with enveloping folds of flannel. It was Kitty's red dressing - gown which had been so hurriedly put to bed in an appletree that morning, and which Harry had shaken from the branch as he sat down. He emerged at last with his hair considerably ruffled, and anger in his eyes. Kitty was shaking with laughter.

"Oh poor Cousin Harry," she cried; "you didn't look a bit cool, or white, or charming wrapped up in all that flannel! Don't be frightened, it's only a—a cloak of mine. I hang it up here when I don't want it, you know, and I,—I had forgotten it was there."

"Oh, had you?" exclaimed Harry, angry still, standing up before her. "I believe you did it on purpose, you, —you horrid, unkind little cousin!"

There was something too familiar in his tone, or else Kitty was tired of him, for she said quietly: "I am sorry you were startled, Cousin Harry. It was stupid of me not to remember it was there. I wonder if you would

take it up to the schoolroom for me, the second door on the first landing? I am so tired."

Harry hesitated a moment and then picked up the garment, reflecting that he could smooth a cherished top curl over the right spot before he came out again.

"I shall find you here when I come back?" he said as he turned to go.

"I dare say," said Kitty, meekly; "thanks awfully for taking the cloak."

"What can have become of Kitty?" Sir Francis asked, pulling up suddenly and turning round. He had just remembered that she had gone to call Mr. Surtees out and had not returned. "Roy," he continued, "go and see if your sister is in the drawing-room."

Roy ran back to the house, while the two men stood still in the path and looked after him.

"Is your cousin going to stop long, Sir Francis?" asked Jimmy in a constrained voice.

"Don't know, I'm sure," replied Sir Francis crossly; and then no more was said till Roy returned, more slowly than he had gone.

"No, she's not there, Sir," he called out as he approached. "Where's Surtees?" asked his father facing round and throwing his cigar away.

"He's not there either, Sir," said Roy unwillingly. The Governor seemed put out about something, he thought.

Sir Francis strode off without another word, and Jimmy and Roy were left facing each other.

"What on earth is the Governor so waxy about?" asked Roy. "I am sure she is close by. I shall go and look for her." And away he darted after Sir Francis. Jimmy watched him go, but did not offer to follow. It was none of his business to interfere with Kitty if she preferred some people's society to—other people's. He would go in and say good-night to Lady Marston and walk home. A

great round moon had risen, and almost seemed to be laughing at him, which was unkind, for he felt not at all like laughing himself. So he too went back to the house.

There was no one in the drawingroom except Lady Marston, who sat up very straight and tried to look very wide-awake when Jimmy diffidently asked to be excused because he was starting for Torquay very early the next morning; there was a race coming off which he was anxious to see. Lady Marston was quite willing to excuse him, and to ask Sir Francis to do the same. She put him down as "just a little rough" in her own mind, and had no sympathy with the divine unreadiness of youth. Promise was nothing in her eyes; she liked everything ready made.

Rather sadly Jimmy left the house and walked down the avenue, wondering why Kitty had seemed less kind by the evening light than she had in the midday sun and breeze,-less kind, but not less fair. To his simple eyes she looked like a dream of beauty in her white dress and her shy new He remembered her, so many years ago, a little round-eyed girl with fuzzy hair, who had been very much hurt because he, a fullblown schoolboy, had contemptuously refused tea out of doll's cups when he was taken to pay a visit at Ryestock. He remembered now how sorry he had been that people had to take their hats off when they went to pay visits, for he had just got his first tall hat! Precious discomfort, how few joys in life had equalled that one!

As Jimmy came out from the Ryestock gates, he turned and walked a little way under the wall which bounded the grounds towards the road. A little further on a path turned off at a sharp angle and ran under the hedge which marked the boundary of the park towards the south. Below

it was a wide dip of rolling fields, a green fringe of trees at the foot, and beyond that the glistening sands, and As he came in sight of it he the sea. stood still, rapt out of himself, drinking in the calm of the night and listening to the oldest chant in the The wind-swept ocean, unheard by day, was filling the air with its rhythmic music, the wave whispering low as it leisurely gathered its strength far off under the stars; singing soft and full in the ever quickening rush towards land; mounting, toppling, quivering in a magic network of changing lines as it crossed the spreading silver of the bay, pausing, poised at the leap, ere it burst from those mystic bands, to crash on the shore with a roar of triumph and tumble its garnered snow and molten silver in one spendthrift flood, to fling high a thousand veils of film that broke in showers of jewels on the air, —and at last, sobbing, sighing, grating slow over each stone and pebble of the sands, to sink back like a lover torn from his beloved, and be sucked away in the under darkness as the next great billow came hurrying in from the sea.

Jimmy had seen it a thousand times before, but it stirred him like unknown beauty first beheld. All small anxieties and hurts were smoothed and healed in that luminous wash of air, and the lonely music called his heart from longings which set it fluttering, and tuned its beatings to the wordless songs of peace. He leaned back against the bank; from its crowning hedge long wreaths of honeysuckle hung and swept his cheek with their cool, perfumed clusters; an oak rustled over his head; a ghostly little rabbit rushed from out the bank, sat up for an instant in the moonlit grass, and then scudded across to the next hollow in the hill. Jimmy stood breathless; he had heard the sound which had sent bunny flying, but felt no wish to follow. Down the walk behind his hedge it came, a light young footstep pausing now and again, sauntering slowly nearer, and bringing low notes of a broken song in their train. Then Jimmy's heart threw off the yoke of the night and began to beat in deafening iteration of joy, because she was there.

Oh we found you at the last, Caithlin / High and pure rang the young voice on the empty night. Kitty always moved to her own music, like a lark on the wing, but to-night she was singing out of the fulness of a vet unchristened love. felt that breathless need for solitude, for starlight, for silent flowers, and soft dropping dew, which comes as a new sweet hunger when the heart's rose bursts to life. She had slipped away, not dreaming that others were seeking her, and had come instinctively to the furthest bourne of her home's domain to say good-night to her old friend, the sea.

A few steps beyond where Jimmy was standing, a break in the hedge, a little stile on its crest, and a few worn foot-holes made an opening to the meadow's slope. The ballad ceased, and then in a flood of moonlight Kitty stood, with one hand on the stile, a frame of dark branches all around her throwing out her light figure in sudden whiteness from the leafy background. Her dress gave back the sheeny radiance in broken folds as she gathered it together, her head was raised and her eyes deep and satisfied with the beauty she had come to seek.

Jimmy could hold back no longer, and made a step forward into the light with outstretched hands. The girl started and looked round. He reached her at a stride.

"Don't go," he cried, looking up into her face with a new light in his eyes. "I must go back," she said, bending her head towards him from her green shrine.

"No, you must not," said he growing bolder, and taking a fold of her dress in his fingers; "or if you do, you must go this way!"

She stood irresolute. Her worshipper still held the hem of her robe and gazed up at her face. She tried to pull her dress away; he saw her little feet peeping out from beneath it. and with a quick impulse, bent his head and kissed them passionately, while trembling, Kitty, cheeked, stooped over him with her hand on his shoulder to push him off. Then he sprang up beside her, his young manhood on fire, but she turned and fled up the garden walk where Roy's voice was heard calling to her. She flew past him without speaking, and ran back to the house as fast as those much honoured little feet would carry her.

When Mr. Surtees left Kitty he had obediently climbed to the schoolroom, where an injured-looking housemaid was reducing chaos to order. He did not notice her where she knelt on the floor before a musicstand, and she looked at him in amazement as he carefully hung Kitty's old dressing-gown over a chair whence the sleeves swept the ground. With his eyeglass he examined the queer garment a little more closely, and then turned red as the flannel when he found Emma Jane's stony gaze fixed upon him. From that he fled, and a few moments later returned to the secluded spot where Kitty was to wait for him.

Of course she was not there, and when after some aimless wanderings in the unfamiliar grounds, he at last rejoined Sir Francis and Lady Marston in the drawing-room, the young people had been sent to bed. Harry sought his own couch a little

later with the irritating consciousness that he had been laughed at by a "particularly pretty, jolly little girl" whom it might finally be his clear duty to marry, if only to save her from the unscrupulous ineligibles whom even her little bit of money would certainly attract around her. She was somewhat wild and untamed yet, it was true, but how much nicer than the women who knew everything, and had to sit in shaded rooms on account of their terribly experienced complexions! How tired he was of them, and how lucky to have landed on this pretty, dowered child before anybody else had so much as heard her name! As he put out the light he mentally said farewell, a long farewell, to Mrs. Ebford Barton and her kind for ever.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LADY MARSTON, in continuance of her plan for keeping her fidgety husband in a good temper, or at any rate out of a decidedly bad one, avoided all mention of Mrs. Barton's name when the family met at break-This was now fast the next day, a mercifully late meal in honour of the guest,-not the half-past eight o'clock penance of porridge and tough toast to which Kitty was condemned in lesson-times, and which was the only standing hardship of her life. Prayers had been read in iron tones by Lady Marston to the assembled household. prayers which were not accompanied by much devotion, and were regarded by the younger members of the family as merely conferring a kind of official permission to begin the day.

The ceremony took place in the library, and Kitty and Roy scuttled out with unseemly haste the moment Lady Marston raised her head from her hands. Harry and Sir Francis

were already in the porch discussing the weather as the two joined them.

Harry had forgiven Kitty last night's desertion, and began a reconciliation at once. "Just the day for the desert island," he said, when they had shaken hands. "You will remember your promise, won't you?"

"No sailing to-day, Kit," said her father; "the wind has changed; we are going to have a blow." Sir Francis was keeping a sharp ear open for Master Harry's tender speeches. If he found any nonsense going on he would bundle him out, cousin or no cousin.

"Those odious Harcourt girls are coming to lunch," said Kitty, with a line between her eyebrows. Some reaction from last night's emotions was making her very quiet this morning.

"And that odious Mrs. Bombazine is coming to-night," growled Roy beside her. "Nice kind of day they have laid out for us, haven't they?"

"Come in to breakfast," said Lady Marston, appearing at the window of the dining-room and filling it generously. A true economist, she always wore out her old silk dresses in the morning. To-day it was a threadbare black satin with half the bugles gone out of the jet trimming, and with a vanquished ruffle straggling round the neck. A horrid idea came into Harry's mind; would Kitty look like her mother in the long years to come? She was as crisp as a new daisy now. in her white frock and her tan shoes; surely she would never spread into such a shapeless wreck as that?

As I said before, Mrs. Ebford Barton's name was not mentioned at breakfast, and Harry rose from that meal in happy ignorance of the blow which awaited him. Sir Francis carried him off and kept him occupied, or at least tied, all the morning; while Kitty and Roy, contrary to their habit, passed some hours very soberly in the schoolroom.

"Holiday-tasks, Mother," sighed Roy, when Lady Marston beamed on them, well pleased, from the open door.

"That's right! How sensible of you," she said, and shutting it, passed on her way.

"Why do you waste such a lot of fibs?" asked Kitty of her brother, sternly. "That one may be wanted another time."

"Oh I'll find another next time," he replied lightly. "We didn't want Mother poking about here and looking into these drawers, did we?"

"Well, no," assented Kitty, "I don't suppose we did. Why do you want the sides sewed up? I should think a hole for the head would be quite enough."

And from the large table-drawer, where the copybooks were accustomed to keep house with the guinea-pigs, Kitty drew a folded white thing which she shook out and held up at arm's length before her. It was an old table-cloth doubled to make a mantle, with an opening roughly cut in the middle for a head to pass through. Long folds fell on the ground, and on one side a black, and on the other a scarlet cross traversed its entire length and breadth. Roy eyed it critically.

"Better sew the sides," he said; "they have a way of flying open, and showing what the Crusader's made of. Where's the cotton? I'll help."

Kitty threaded two very long needles and they settled to their work with as much gravity as if they had been sewing a shroud.

"What a pace you go, Kit," said Roy, looking over at Kitty's seam despondently. She was a yard away from the starting-post, and he had only got his needle in three times, with various marks of gore in its track.

"Of course I do," said Kitty; "but

I suppose you'll tell Papa you can lick me at sewing, just as you do at everything else. Great conceited——"

"Don't hit a chap when he's down, Kit! I've laid all my fingers open,—look."

"That will add to the horror of the apparition," said Kitty, unsympathetically. "I was thinking of putting a few splashes of red ink about; it looks too clean."

"First-rate!" said Roy, who was of a forgiving turn of mind. "If you'll do my seam, I'll do the splashing. Where's the paste-brush?"

"Wait till I've done," said Kitty, sewing away for dear life. Roy watched her with his chin in his hands. Suddenly he looked up, his eyes shining with excitement.

"I say," he exclaimed, "couldn't we get Mr. Surtees to help? It takes two people to do it properly. When we did it at school, I sat on another fellow's shoulders, and I looked about eight feet high. Didn't the matron squeak just! We climbed up under her window and caught her at her evening nip."

"But her room was on the ground floor," objected Kitty. "You can't get at Mrs. Barton that way, because all the bedrooms are upstairs. It is a pity, though." And Kitty bit off the end of her thread with her white teeth, and contemplated her work with satisfaction.

"There's a balcony," said Roy; "it runs all round those rooms, from one end to the other; it's perfectly safe. We'll give her fits. The first time she won't see all the Crusader, only the end of his gown whisking past her window as she comes in. She'll persuade herself it was all imagination till he looks over her shoulder while she's doing her hair."

"But where will you run to, Roy? You'll be caught for certain."

"There are three doors to her room,

and if I can't get out at one of them quicker than Mrs. Bombazine she's welcome to catch me." And the imp grinned happily.

"Well, and then ?" said his sister, whose appetite for mischief was terri-

bly robust.

"Ah, then comes the third visitation," replied the boy; "and that will send her off, you'll see. A regular midnight horror walking round her bed, clanking chains, groaning dismally, and going off in thin smoke. Oh Jerusalem, I wish I were doing it now! But I must have somebody to carry me; I am not half tall enough."

"I'll carry you," said the girl.

"No thank you, Miss," cried Roy,
"I know you. You'd drop me down
at the old girl's feet and bolt. No, I
must have another man."

"Where is the first coming from, two-feet-three?" enquired Kitty superciliously; and then she had to dodge wildly, to save her head from various missiles which were launched at her from a practised hand in reply to this insult.

"Oh, shut up, Roy," she exclaimed at last; "this is business, can't you understand? Wouldn't Jimmy help?" She sewed very diligently and reddened a little as she spoke his name.

"No, indeed," said Roy, "there's much more chance of getting Mr. Surtees. Jimmy's awfully stiff about what he thinks good form, and he and I never agree about practical jokes."

"I expect Cousin Harry would be stiffer," said Kitty.

"Not a bit," declared Roy; "I'm sure he's the sort of man to do anything if he was perfectly certain he would not be found out. You ask him, Kit; he's awfully gone on you."

"Thank you," replied Kitty. "Remember, I have nothing to do with this business, and I did not know what you wanted the sheet sewn up for, or anything. I'm grown up, if you please; I have my hair done up already and go down to dinner; and if you want help from Mr. Surtees, as you call him, you must go and ask him yourself."

"I suppose I shall have to," sighed Roy in mock resignation, but there was a twinkle in his eye which Kitty would have done well to mark. She was carefully folding up the Crusader, and when she had put him far away at the back of a deep drawer, she cleared up all scraps which could suggest questions, and ran off to her room to get ready for lunch.

When she was gone Master Roy danced a little jig all by himself and chuckled. "Ask for myself indeed! So I will, Miss Kitty; I am going to pay you out for once. Two-feet-three indeed!"

In spite of her fencing with Roy and her readiness to help him carry out his nefarious plans, Kitty was moving in a dream to-day, though she seemed unchanged in the eyes of those who lived nearest to her. When she was alone in her own room she stood for a moment gazing out with eyes that saw more than the landscape, for they shone like happy stars through a tender veil of moisture, and some whisper at her heart brought the blood to her cheeks and quicker breath through her parted lips. Then she turned and made her little preparations in a very business-like way without letting herself stop to think any more, and in a few minutes ran downstairs to meet her guests.

(To be continued.)

## LANDSCAPE IN POETRY.1

"WHAT a charming title" will be the exclamation of every one who reads the announcement of the work before us; and the reader, we hasten at once to say, will find the book to possess all the captivating qualities which its title promises. He will find all poetic literature, from Homer to Tennyson, laid under contribution by a scholar of proved and acknowledged taste and judgment. He will have an anthology of hundreds, possibly thousands, of passages selected as illustrating the attitude of successive ages towards the external world, and full of beauty and delight, quite apart from the question whether they really illustrate that attitude or not. We hope we shall not be called ungrateful to Mr. Palgrave, or unappreciative of the boon which he has conferred on us, if we say at once that many of the passages cited seem to us to have very little bearing on the question, "How did this or that nation or epoch regard Nature and the external world?" We are not, indeed, ungrateful; on the contrary, we feel that we owe him hearty thanks for a beautiful anthology. But we think that a different method should have been adopted, if his aim had been rather to show how landscape has acted on poetry than to illustrate how poets have dealt with landscape; and we hold that the former would have been, in the language of Bacon, the more light-bearing (luciferous) inquiry.

Mr. Palgrave has approached the question historically, and culled from

'LANDSCAPE IN POETRY; by Francis T. Palgrave, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London, 1897.

the poets innumerable elevated, or merely pretty, passages in which poets have dealt with landscape either in describing the scene of an incident narrated, or allusively and figuratively to enhance the vigour or effectiveness of a sentiment or reflection. It seems to us that none of such passages have any bearing on the question, how Nature has influenced poetry. If a poet says that the arrows fell like snowflakes, he no more shows a sympathy with Nature in her wintry moods than he betrays an interest in astronomy or archery if he describes something as shaped like a half-moon or like a bow. When Homer compares Penelope's tears to the streams that flow down the mountain side when the snow is melted, he is no more under the influence of Nature than Tennyson was when he wrote:--

I would have said, "Thou canst not know," But my full heart, that work'd below, Rain'd thro' my sight its overflow.

The only difference is that Homer, after the usage of his age and his own manner, goes into fuller detail, just as when he compares the jarring of a heavy and rusty bolt to the roaring of a bull, which he then goes on to describe as roaming through the flowery meads. Again, direct narration is out of court. When Virgil says of Dido, in the passage so exquisitely rendered by Tennyson, that she

Ever fail'd to draw The quiet night into her blood,

he is far more under the influence of Nature than when he paints those pretty landscapes, many of which are quoted by Mr. Palgrave; because in the one case we see that the spirit of the night has been felt by him, and that it has unconsciously influenced his diction; while in the other case we find only the conscious artist engaged in the necessary task of unfolding or embellishing his narrative.

Nothing is more invidious than to complain that a writer has not done what he never attempted to do, especially when he has done what he has attempted excellently well. Probably, indeed, Mr. Palgrave's book is really far more interesting than it would have been if he had sought to find out the true relation of the external world to different epochs and to different individuals. A pharmacopæia would be, perhaps, better reading if it passed over many healing herbs to linger rather among the lovely "flowers that the dædal earth puts forth." Yet an attempt to deal more directly with the question of the influence of landscape on poetry would have its own interest. It would be a difficult feat; but few are better equipped to essay it than Mr. Palgrave. It would have to be treated not inductively but deductively, and by analysis rather than synthesis. It would be requisite to discard the historic method, and to devise certain categories or principles, to serve as a framework for a discussion which would tend to be vague and hard to keep within compass. Perhaps among them might stand the questions,-How far is Nature felt, not merely described! How far is she appealed to in love and sympathy, and not merely in the interests of clearness or of ornament? How far is she analysed with a poet's minute keenness of observation, as contrasted with the obvious reflections of an ordinary observer, however beautified by style and diction? Again, does

Nature sympathise with grief or mock at it? Is mental suffering more grievous amid beautiful or sordid surroundings? We fancy that the answer to most of these questions would go far to show that until quite modern times the influence of the external world on the mind of the poet was insignificant, or did not exist at all. We cannot fancy an ancient poet saying anything like Tennyson's—

On the bald street breaks the blank day;

or Burns's---

Ye banks and braces o' bonny Doon, How can ye bloom sac fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sac weary, fu' o' care!;

or Lord Lytton's (Owen Meredith's)-

The day comes up above the roofs All sallow from a night of rain.

Readers of Mr. Palgrave's excellent chapter on the Later Roman Epic and the Elocutio Novella will see that at that epoch Latin poetry was making a closer approach to the modern spirit than was ever made by classical Latin poetry or by Greek or Medieval. But, unless we are mistaken, between the ancient and the modern spirit there is a great gulf fixed. An anthologist, it is true,—Meleager, of the Syrian Gadara (about 100 B.C.)—asks the meadows why they laugh in vain,

Λειμώνες τί μάταια κόμαις ἔπι φαιδρὰ γελᾶτε;

but it is only for the frivolous reason that they are so much less radiant than Zenophilé. But what Greek or Latin or Hebrew poet, not to talk of Celtic and other bards whom we are surprised that the lecturer mentioned at all, could have said with Shelley: I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves and winds and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by Man's misery!

Which of them had a heart that "danced with the daffodils" or was in love with the "sweet jargoning" of "all the little birds that are"?

Considerations like these seem to have sometimes suggested themselves to Mr. Palgrave; but the analyst is overborne by the anthologist. He is so charmed by beauty in literature that he sometimes gives us passages which are merely beautiful and have, as he owns, no bearing on his sub-He notices more than once the difference in the sentiments with which the ancient and the modern worlds have regarded Nature, but he does not seem to realise fully that it was a difference in kind and not merely in degree; and principles now and then appear, but only to be soon ignored when he proceeds to illustration. For instance, though we read of that "union with human feeling which, whether by way of sympathy or contrast, art itself and the human soul always imperatively call for," we look in vain for that union in his quotations from Greek, Latin, and Hebrew poetry at all events, to say nothing now of the "More distinctly modern," he writes, "is the attempt to penetrate the soul of the landscape itself;" but it has not occurred to him that this attempt may be held to be wholly and solely modern, and quite uncharacteristic of the ancient or medieval world. Is there a sign of even conscious sensibility to Nature, not to speak of an attempt to penetrate the soul of the landscape in Greek poetry before Theorritus? In Latin poetry, as Professor Sellar pointed out, there is a good deal of conscious sensibility to Nature, but something quite unlike the modern, the Wordsworthian and Tennysonian, attitude. Lucretius makes a shrewd and interesting remark: "How splendid would be, if seen for the first time, the clear pure colour of the open sky, the wandering stars, and the moon and dazzling sun, to which now man scarce deigns to raise his sated eyes." The feeling for nature, we would say, in Latin poetry is to that of modern poetry as this passage from Lucretius is to Wordsworth's.—

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream, The earth, and every common sight To me did seem Apparel'd in celestial light, The glory and the freshness of a dream.

But it is when we come to Horace that we are most puzzled to realise what it is that in Mr. Palgrave's opinion constitutes in a poet a real love of Nature and susceptibility to her influence. Apparently the mere mention of a river, a mountain, a valley, is enough. What conceivable proof or sign of a feeling for Nature can be found in the lines

Cur valle permutem Sabina Divitias operosiores? 1

Yet it is with reference to this very couplet that Mr. Palgrave indignantly observes, "Those who cannot find the great poet in Horace should lay aside poetry." Now it seems to us, that for even erroneous views on this subject, renewed study under intelligent direction would be a better treatment than the complete laying aside of poetry; but we cannot regard as erroneous the view which sees in Horace a great poet absolutely uninfluenced by Nature, to which, indeed, he often refers with characteristic prettiness, but only to point some shrewd com-

Why lose my Sabine dell to gain The cares that swell the rich man's train?

ment on life, its transitoriness and so Surely it does not go for forth. nothing that by far the most elaborate of his eulogies on country life is ironical, a very clever piece of banter directed against practical men who think it graceful to go into ecstasies about the country,-indeed, the most decided protest in poetry against the main feeling which underlies what some now call the Lake School of English poetry. So far as we can gather Mr. Palgrave's meaning on p. 52, we are to account for Horace's limited allusions to landscape by his limited opportunities of living in the country. But is it not strange that when he does dwell, sincerely and not in mockery, on the delights of a country life, it is on the noctes canaque deûm, his dinner parties and country society, that he enlarges; not on the joys which the country offers, but on those which can be imported thither from the town? Yet Mr. Palgrave twice (pp. 238 and 248) actually compares Horace and Wordsworth as lovers of the country.

In characterising landscape poetry to the close of the eighteenth century, he gives us some excellent criticism which with the necessary modifications might well be applied to Horace: "Man and his works were the chief subject of Dryden's powerful Muse, and, although he looked back to Chaucer, his tales were so modernised by Dryden that the old poet became almost unrecognisable. The wonderful genius of Pope, who saw what his readers required, largely took for the object of his strenuous labour court life and the artificialities of society. Country life as such was to him intolerable dulness."

Though only too generous in his appreciation of the poets, and too ready to find, even in casual allusions, a heart attuned to the spirit of the country, Mr. Palgrave puts one poet

alone outside the pale. This is that tunefullest of singers, Ovid. Dr. Henry thought the first book of the Metamorphoses better than any part of his favourite Virgil's works. Without going so far as this, we would venture to say that the scene in which Proserpina with her girl friends plucks flowers in Enna, though depreciated as "nothing but a gardener's catalogue," compares favourably as landscape-painting with any of Horace's vignettes inspired by a flask of Cæcuban under a tree, and is not inferior to most of the illustrations cited from the subsequent poets (except Shakespeare and Milton), until we come to genuine feeling for Nature in recent poetry.

Quintilian, in an oft-quoted passage, pointed out that the Latin poets admired Nature only for her amenity; bold and wild scenery, mountain pass and frowning scaur, were to them fædi and tetri visu (shocking and hideous to behold). Tennyson's PALACE OF ART, among its lovely pictures of peace, has its "iron coast and angry waves," its "foreground black with stones and slags," and its

Ragged rims of thunder brooding low With shadow-streaks of rain.

All these would have been repulsive to an ancient Roman whether in art or poetry.

A very similar criticism may be made on landscape in Hebrew poetry. Biblical poetry treats landscape mainly in relation to man. The beautiful scene is the field which the Lord has blessed, which will yield a good harvest. Even the 104th Psalm is hardly landscape poetry so much as a series of reflections on the relation of Nature and Nature's God to living things, and especially to mankind. The one phrase in Hebrew literature which seems to show a real sympathy with Nature in the modern sense is the

allusion to the lilies of the field in the Sermon on the Mount, a passage which has always seemed to us as curiously unique as it is simply beautiful.

We have said that Mr. Palgrave here and there enunciates a principle which might have had a regulative influence on his quotations, but that his mind, so attuned to beauty in poetry, cannot resist the Muse when she lays herself out to please; and it has already been pointed out how the condition of "union with human feeling," or even the "sense of the Unity in Nature," is often neglected in the choice of illustra-Though he quotes Beethoven's phrase, "Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei (more expressive of feeling than painting)," he does not ask his poets for rendering of inner sentiment, if they will only give him sufficiently beautiful or powerful painting, as in the garden of Alcinous, the convulsion of nature in the Prometheus, the praises of Athens in the ŒDIPUS COLONEUS.

It is only when he comes to Elizabethan poetry that he makes a distinction which, as we conceive, should have guided him throughout, and lays down that the statement of a natural fact, however true, is comparatively valueless for his purpose, if too obvious. The consistent application of this principle would deprive a very large number of his quotations of their claim to a place. Much the same may be said about another excellent rule, which appears, we think for the first time on p. 171, that it is not enough merely to describe Nature, she must be described for her own sake, as she is by Shelley and Wordsworth. Again, at p. 202 he clearly sees how essential for his purpose it is that with "truth to Nature" should be combined "personal feeling"; but he does not seem to have missed this quality in his many exquisite citations from early Italian and Elizabethan poetry. On

p. 136 he quotes from Spenser a passage in which we have "a picture of the sea and of a vast royal ship of the day which has never been surpassed in English literature." merit of the passage is perhaps exaggerated, but what one feels most disposed to protest against is the generalisation drawn from it: "With what splendid landscape scenes might Spenser have endowed us, had he thus trusted to himself more freely!" Not so; neither in its sturdy boyhood in the hands of Chaucer, nor in its graceful adolescence in those of Spenser was English poetry under the influence of Nature. When she desired to describe a natural scene she described it, and sometimes very well; but she never felt Nature to be a present goddess, and fortunately she never pretended that she did.

As to Celtic poetry, we must confess that to us it seems to prove nothing so clearly as the fact that sometimes the more a poet writes about Nature the more he betrays how little he is under her influence. Llywarch's dry catalogues of the features of the external world interspersed with moral platitudes seem to show a temper at the opposite pole to that of the lover of Nature:

Bright are the willow-tops; playful the fish

In the lake; the wind whistles over the tops of the branches;

Nature is superior to learning. . . . . Bright are the tops of the broom; let the lover arrange meetings;

Very yellow are the cluster'd branches; Shallow ford; the contented is apt to enjoy sleep.

Yet Mr. Palgrave professes to find landscape poetry here, and indeed one might almost say everywhere. He is often obliged to qualify his eulogies, as when he says of Allan Ramsay that he deserves praise rather for his intention than for his performance,

or characterises a poem as "beautiful, but how inferior to the lyrics of Milton," or as "full of life and invention, if not highly poetical."

But it is amazing how many delightful pieces he has put before us, not perhaps bearing closely on his theme, but still very delightful for themselves. Among them we would especially note an admirable rendering by Dean Plumptre of the opening of the twenty-fourth canto of The Inferno (on p. 81), a passage from Ausonius (p. 65), the song of Phædria (p. 134), the river-god's song to Amoret in The Faithful Shepherdess (p. 140), and scores of other beautiful pieces more familiar, but all unfailing in their charm.

It is when we come to the fifteenth chapter, on Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley, that at last we find ourselves exactly at the author's point of view. And this is because now for the first time landscape begins in the fullest sense of the word to influence poetry. Here we have the personal note which personifies Nature and invests her with our human sensibilities, as when (to take one example out of a thousand in modern poetry) Shelley asks the moon,

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the
earth,
Wandering companionless

Wandering companionless Among the stars that have a different birth—

And ever changing like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

In Wordsworth, of course, this is the very key-note; it is of the very fibre of his poetry, and is beautifully and copiously illustrated in the book before us.

We have also the vigorous image that presents Nature to the mind as vividly as she could come before the eye in Coleridge's,— The lightning fell with never a jag
A river steep and wide;

and in Keats's,—

These green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks;

and the minute observation of her moods, as when the latter paints the "swarms of minnows" in a passage closely imitated by Tennyson in ENID AND GERAINT where he compares the champions put to flight by wild Limours to

A shoal
Of darting fish that on a summer morn
Adown the crystal dykes of Camelot
Come slipping o'er their shadows on
the sand;

But if a man who stands upon the brink But lift a shining hand against the sun, There is not left the twinkle of a fin Between the cressy islets white in flower.

These and all the other signs of the influence of landscape in poetry are fairly and fully illustrated and appreciated in the delightful chapter which deals with recent poetry. The work is especially pleasing in its illustration of what is happily called Tennyson's "gift of flashing the landscape before us in a word or two," such as "little breezes dusk and shiver" and "the wrinkled sea beneath him crawls." It is interesting to note that Æschylus (in the Agamemnon, 1408), applies this same epithet  $(\dot{\rho}\nu\sigma\hat{a}\varsigma)$  to the sea, but the editors have unanimously struck it out as an error of the copyist and replaced it by the pale and colourless putas (flowing). Other excellent examples of this gift are "The blasts that blow the poplar white" in In MEMORIAM; in THE BROOK

> I make the *netted* sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows;

and a less familiar passage from THE LAST TOURNAMENT,

The great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin
themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon
and cloud
From less and less to nothing.

In the lavish abundance of English poetry from Coleridge to Tennyson, there must of course be hundreds of admirably characteristic passages omitted in a book like this; but one cannot help wondering how Mr. Palgrave could resist Keats's

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn;

or the terrible intensity of the scene in Mariana in the South, where

The steady glare
Shrank one sick willow sere and small;
The river bed was dusty-white,
And all the furnace of the light
Struck up against the blinding wall;

or, lastly, that amazing picture in The Passing of Arthur, which has inspired more than one painter,—

A broken chancel with a broken cross That stood on a dark strait of barren land; On one side lay the Ocean, and on one

Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

It is an interesting circumstance that from one point of view the ancient and modern world are sharply contrasted in their attitude towards Nature. They both agree in drawing from the external world illustrations of mental states. Sometimes, indeed, in ancient poetry these analogies are almost grotesque, as when Apollonius Rhodius compares the fluttering heart of Medea to a ray of light reflected from the troubled surface of a tub of water, or Virgil likens the frenzied Amata's wanderings to the gyrations

of a top whipped by boys "round great empty halls." But the process is hardly ever inverted in ancient poetry. We can think of no example of such an inversion except one in the Homeric HYMN TO HERMES, where the speed with which a work was done is compared to the speed of thought:

As when a swift thought darts into the brain

Of man, amid thick-coming doubts and fears.

And sparkling flashes dance from out his eyes.

It was possibly this remarkable passage which suggested to Tennyson a fine phrase in The Dream of Fair Women:

As when a great thought strikes along the brain, And flushes all the cheek.

The expression is very uncharacteristic of early poetry, and perhaps points (with other indications in the same poem) to a late, possibly Alexandrian, origin of the hymn. And after all "quick as thought" is a conception so familiar and natural that its elaboration into a metaphor hardly makes a real exception to an established rule. But in modern poetry it is quite common. Shelley compares a rock clinging to the side of a ravine to "a wretched soul" which

Hour after hour
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging leans,
And leaning makes more dark the
dread abyss
In which it fears to fall,

To Browning the black-thorn boughs, dark in the wood but white in the sunshine with coming buds, are "like the bright side of a sorrow." And in The Princess there is a very striking figure:

Let the wild Lean-headed eagles yelp aloud, and leave The monstrous ledges there to slope,

and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air.

Everyone remembers Homer's comparison of man to the leaves of the forest; but we had to wait till the era of Shelley for the converse simile in which the dead autumn leaves are likened to

Ghosts from an enchanter fleeing, Yellow and black and pale and hectic red, Pestilence-stricken multitudes.

It will be seen that in Mr. Palgrave's work we have ventured to take exception only to the method, or rather to suggest that the adoption of a different method might have given more scope to his faculties as a critic, though it might not have produced a more attractive book. The execution is generally excellent. The translations from Greek and Latin poetry show scholarship and taste. times the printers have gone astray, and the necessary correction has been lacking. For instance, on p. 26 husky must be a misprint for dusky which would be a very fair rendering of αίθαλίωνες; on p. 29 περίπλυον should be  $\pi \epsilon \rho i \pi \lambda \epsilon o \nu$ ; in the translation from Menander on p. 32 we should read "shouldst thou live" and "thou wilt see; " birds has usurped the place of buds in the rendering from the Georgics on p. 46. But the most unfortunate misprint is that of whom for who in a sentence on p. 118: "Dorigen goes on to speak of the hundred thousand whom she fancies have been dashed against the rocks and slain." This is an unfortunate misprint, for it seems to give the great sanction of the editor of THE GOLDEN TREASURY

and of a Professor of Poetry at Oxford, to a vile solecism which is gradually making its way into conversation and into the provincial Daily Press. In a writer who is usually so tenacious of a pure English diction we do not like to read that "the part omitted is of some length" when the meaning is that it is of considerable length. Such expressions pave the way for the Americanism "he has been away quite a time." Finally, "to what simplicity of Nature does he not return!" (p. 160) gives countenance to a growing misuse of the negative in interjectional sentences. The words quoted should mean "he returns to every simplicity of Nature," but the sentiment intended to be conveyed is obviously "how he returns to the simplicity of Nature." "What pleas did I not urge" is right enough for "I urged every plea." But "what tears did I not shed" is wrong, for the meaning could only be "I shed every tear," which would be a very singular expression, nearly as strange as "what a wet day was it not," for "how wet it was." The neglect of this obvious distinction is becoming very prevalent; otherwise it would not have been worth while to dwell on so minute a topic. indeed, the general character of Mr. Palgrave's work is so high that one would naturally like to have it without a flaw; and his position is such that his authority might well be quoted for usages which he would be the first to disown. We should all offer him our hearty thanks and congratulations on a piece of work which few could have attempted, few indeed could have accomplished so well; and we can only regret that criticism must so often emphasise rather points of divergence than of concurrence, and devote to cold appraisement pages which might have been filled with warm praise.

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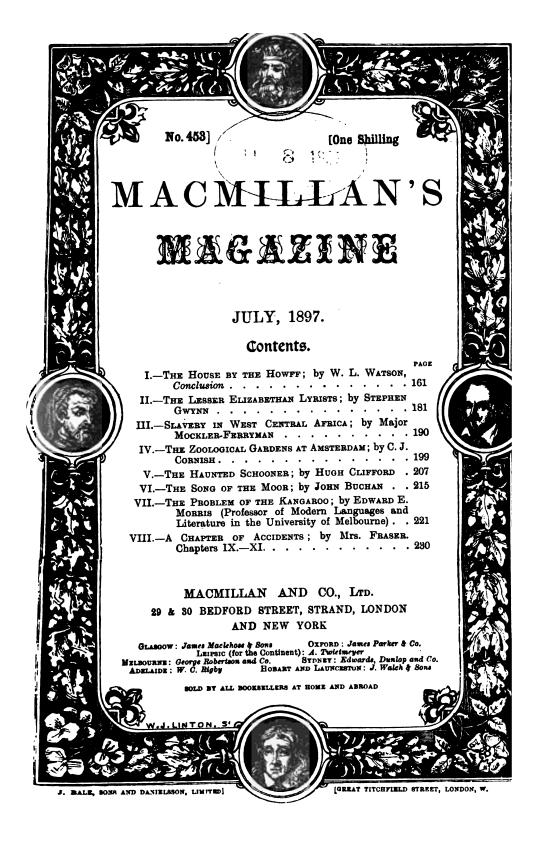
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### THE HOUSE BY THE HOWFF.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

In the evening, as the hour of the ball drew near, Lord Balmeath took counsel with Grier as to how the time were best to be passed for his safety, during the absence of himself and Lady Christine. "I do not like leaving you here, for I fear another search. The secret of the vault I believe to be safe, but it is an uncanny place to spend so many hours in. Besides, I am uneasy at the discovery of my daughter's journey last Who the traitor may be night. passes my wit to guess."

"My lord," said Grier, "though much searched for I am not yet known in person, and I would fain sniff the fresh air. A pinch of risk will season it, and doubtless I can find an alchouse where I can safely pass an hour or two. There would be danger in trying Lowrie's door."

"Lowrie," said Balmeath in meditation; "it was Lowrie knew of the attempt, and it was Lowrie knew of your coming to the house. Can it be that Lowrie has turned Whig?"

"No, no, my lord; Lowrie's a leal man; my head on that."

"Well, well; come, and I will show you something more." He led the way to the entrance-hall, and revealed to Grier that the centre of the second quatrefoil in the wall, when pressed,

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locked the first one and prevented it opening the secret door, and the operation of this stop could only be freed by pressing the third. Their effects on the inside were the same, save that they must be pulled instead of pressed.

"It is a keen contrivance," said Grier, "and shows mickle wit in the man who made it."

"I made it, Sergeant; and for no purpose but to ease a weary mind somewhat bent that way." descended into the vault. "This is what I would show you," continued his lordship; "here, in this corner, under this great screen of ivy, is a door. I will put the key in the lock; it opens inwards, and leads into the Howff; you will find the ivy hangs as thick over it on the outside. Here is a candle and some books. You can remain here for an hour or two till the streets are quiet. Once in the burial-ground you will find the wall beyond the house quite low. I trust to your discretion for the rest."

"My lord, I will do honour to your confidence. Perhaps by cock-crow your lordship will be differently re solved about that matter."

"No more of that, James. Goodnight, till I return."

The festivity at Lord Denmuir's house (the same to which Lady Christine had borne the packet in the morn-

ing) was the first of the season. The gentry of Forfarshire were accustomed to congregate in Dundee for their autumn and winter gaieties, and although the late woeful rising had sorely winnowed their ranks, there "Losh," was yet a goodly company. said an old dame as she gazed on the assembling, "but we have some fine forgetters among us!" There were those present who, but a short year ago, had promised themselves to dance next under the Stuart rule. their tongues on that matter lay idle in their cheeks, and as the old dame again phrased it: "Twixt a Whig reel and a Stuart reel there's just this difference; the music is the same, but the lilt is anither kind."

Chief among the younger men for gallant looks and courtly breeding shone Major Pitcairn. He brought a high name with him from Fontenoy, and had never concealed his dislike of the work he had been called to do in Indeed, it was said that Scotland. he never struck a blow at Culloden, though he set the line an example of firmness under the wild Highland onset; and since then he had made no secret of the disfavour with which he viewed the harsh measures ordered against the broken Jacobites, and with secret contentment reckoned the days to his retirement. But one now remained; after the morrow he purposed returning to his estates in Fife, and meanwhile he showed but a cold interest in Captain Arklay's zeal, being somewhat heedless of the details of the late adventure on the post-road. To-night he showed his pre-occupation by the continuous effort to conceal it. The graciousness of the mothers in the company he met with smiling answers, and the daughters all received his equal tribute of compliment; but still he stood apart, and they made their account elsewhere amid the now animated dancers.

Lord Balmeath and his daughter were late, the first dance being already over as they entered. His lordship's velvet coat was of an antique style, but he was really clad in his grave nobility which his misfortune rather heightened than abated. As for Lady Christine, her French maid had wrought a miracle of art in silk; and although at first she seemed to shrink from the general gaze directed upon her, she soon rose into a sweet unconsciousness. Denmuir, the host, instead of addressing a welcome to her in turn, continued to her father: "Faith, Balmeath, what mean ye by grieving for lost lands when ve have but to ask any title in the two kingdoms if he needs a wife, and ye may have what acres ye will." The lady turning her eyes aside from this flattery met those of Pitcairn, and to check her rising colour as she bowed, slightly raised her brows. It gave more meaning to her smile than she intended, but it brought the Major from his corner.

"Major, I am pleased to hear a fine account of you from Fontenoy," said Lord Balmeath as he shook hands with him. "Your grandfather was a Stuart; your father was both Stuart and Whig; what are you, sir?"

"My lord, I am what I am, and sorry if it displease you. May I dance with your daughter if she will

grant me the favour?"

"My daughter shall dance with whom it pleases her. I know the rules of life, Major. Your father and I were rivals in love and arms; the lady and the cause are both dead."

The violins in the alcove were tuning again, and the stir of choosing partners was renewed in the room. Already some couples stood under the great centre candelabrum with its forty lights, while from the silver sconces on the wall with their triple flames a soft lustre fell on moving

groups and sparkled in the ladies' eyes.

"It is a cotillon, Lady Christine; do you grant it?"

"Your new mode from France will shame mine."

"You will make the old new again."
They moved forward to the line of
dancers and took their places.

"Balmeath, come here." The old lord turned to where an elderly dame sat in a deep cushioned chair. She was powdered and decked with much lace and finery, and although the hand which held the beckoning fan had lost its plumpness there was still a grace in its curve, and about its purport lingered the ghost of a vanished coquetry. He made a stately bow: "And how does Mistress Rutherford?"

"Grows aulder, Balmeath, and wi' little will." The voice was clear and precise, and the words were those of a time when the Scottish tongue was heard in halls and courts.

"It is a misfortune we share together, and is too true."

"True? Faith an' ye that were wont to be a lady's man kenned how I detest clocks, calendars, an' lang memories, ye wad find a way to stop their use, an' put a spigot in the cask o'time."

"You must lay a lighter task upon me. I begin to take a pleasure in seeing the wine run out."

"Ye're a fule, Balmeath; ye'll be dead sune enough." The dancers pursued their stately measures. "Do ye think they dance as well as we did in our young days?"

"No; they dance with their legs; we danced with our hearts. Look at them; they have neither faith nor master."

The dame's keen eyes wandered over the couples. "An' yet ye'll have Whigs for grandbairns, Balmeath."

"How am I to take you, Mistress Rutherford?"

"See at Christine and Pitcairn. Faith an' they are a bonny pair, the brawest there. Ye keep that lass at hame, Balmeath, an' teach her things she cares nocht for and should na. Now the bird is oot o' the cage, see how it flitters in its ain air."

The old lord's eyes sought out his daughter and the Major, as with wondrous grace they pursued the evolutions of the dance. A strange series of expressions passed over his face; he was seeing things he had not heeded or thought of. "She shall not," he said at last.

"Ay, but she sall, an' she will." The dame laid her hand on his arm as he sat beside her. "Balmeath, ye forget that Blanche, when ye wedded her, was a Whig an' a bold ane. An' it says mickle for the love she bore ye that ye made her a Stuart."

The old man's eyes softened, and he fell into silence. The dance went gaily, and the candlelight sparkled on the men's sword-hilts and shoebuckles and on fair ladies' jewels. Round about in groups stood those who for the nonce did not dance; some early visitors to the buffet laughed in a far corner; over all floated the quaint reiterated cadence of the bassoon. Balmeath seemed neither to see nor hear; his hands were folded before him, and his lips moved in silence. The name of his wife had wrought the change, and when at last his hands relaxed their clasp and the motion of his lips ceased, Mistress Rutherford, bending forward, said piously in his ear, " Amen."

He bowed his head. "Marry a Whig and bear a turncoat's name," he said, half piteously.

"Balmeath, ye confound the Stuarts wi' the Almighty, an' their comin' wi' the day o' judgment. Ye are ower dour a mortal; ye maun learn to smile a wee afore ye die. See at

will." He gently pulled the lace, and as it slowly ran clear she stood motionless with bowed head and burning face. At its end the other tag caught and stayed. "It holds, Lady Christine," he said in a whisper. She hesitated, silent; then bowing her head lower, she slipped it through so that it went free into his fingers. Then he stood upright, emboldened, and with a glad exclamation folded her in his arms, saying, "Christine, Christine!" She turned up her face to his kiss, and there was a long silence.

"That means, Christine, that you will wed with me?"

"Oh," she answered, gently withdrawing herself, "I was not thinking of that, or of any such earthly matter."

"And yet, otherwise, your father would run me through for a villain to disjoin love and wedlock. So, to set you above his reproach or another's, say either that kiss was nothing, and I will uphold your honour against the world and swear the fact away to myself; or say that you will wed with me, and the world may wag as it will."

"In truth, Pitcairn, in truth,—surely,—oh me, Pitcairn, but in faith you have my heart, and all goes with that."

"It is so," he answered solemnly. Then after a pause, which neither knew how to break, he said, "You ask no troth from me."

"Oh, but I know you; you would not have taken mine had yours not gone before."

"By God in heaven, Christine, and that is a dire Scots oath, your trust exalts me, and I have no king, nor faith, nor land, nor house, but only you."

"And yourself?"

" For your purposes only."

"Well then, the rest is simple."

A footfall was heard on the gravel

path, and Pitcairn, stepping from the arbour, encountered a servant who said, "Major Pitcairn, Mistress Rutherford would speak with you."

"Say I am coming." He turned back to where Christine stood. alone," she said; "I will follow by and by." She listened to his footsteps, and when their sound had faded, seated herself by the table where in the morning had rested the four foreign seamen, the strange accomplishers of her night's mission. The moon was sinking lower over the hills of Fife, touching the waters of the broad Tay with a steely light. Beyond the garden wall little waves broke lisping on the foreshore, and Christine sat quiet, with her face between her hands, gazing and thinking.

Pitcairn, entering the ball-room, made his way to the old dame. She eyed him narrowly for an instant, and then said: "Sir, when ye take or steal tokens of leddy's love, see ye stuff them out o' sight." From the pocket of his coat hung the golden tag and an inch of Lady Christine's glove-lace. His face coloured deeply as he thrust it into concealment. "Is it serious, sir, or gallant's play?"

"Madam ?"

"Madam me no madams; I dandled ye when a bairn. Answer and be well advised."

"Christine and I will wed."

"Then I wish ye joy. But ye start wi' a fu' day's wark. There's a meeting made atween Balmeath and Arklay. Ye maun stop it."

"What is the affair?"

"What ken I o' the affair? That's for you to discover."

"I know this much by Arklay's report, that the man who did so unceremoniously by him on the Perth road was supposed to be in Balmeath's house. Balmeath denied it, but Arklay searched the house. He should have taken Balmeath's word.

It is a case where authority should not overstep courtesy. If Balmeath said no, it was no. I will see Arklay."

Major Pitcairn moved over to where his subordinate stood gaily chatting with a group of young men, and touched him on the shoulder, taking a step back: "Arklay, I would have you report yourself to me before you leave. There may be duty."

"I have an engagement, Major."

"What is it that goes before duty?"

"Honour, Pitcairn."

"And who questions it?"

"Major, you know these affairs are private, and I apprehend you do not deliberately mean to prevent me."

"Captain Arklay, you will please report yourself to me before leaving the house."

#### CHAPTER IX.

James Grier, left to himself in the vault by the house, soon began to find his durance unbearable. "There's a fat, lusty smell of death here," he said to himself, "and I am as yet a living man. But if I bide longer in his house I'll have the lank loon here himself, scythe an' a', to fetch me; and I wad sooner face a troop o' Whigs than stand a fa' wi' death."

He opened the door that led into the burial-ground, and, closing it carefully behind him, pushed through the thick overhanging ivy into the open air. The place seemed doubly deserted in the moonlight. Long ghostly shadows from the gravestones lay along the ground, and from one particular flat tomb a glimmering light shone, which changed and flickered like an eye that was fixed on his. He felt daunted for a moment, and would have retired again into the vault, until he perceived that the light was but the moonbeams twinkling

from a slab of granite. He advanced some steps to where he saw, beyond the end of the house, a low bordering Suddenly he was aware of the form of a man who leaped this wall from the outside, and, skirting the side of the house abutting on the burial-ground, advanced to a low window, on one of the panes of which he played a kind of tune with his fingertips. Grier sank down noiselessly in the dank grass, heedless of graves or death in view of this new mystery. In a few moments the window was softly opened, and the man, by the aid of an iron bar built into it, drew himself up, and by degrees pushed himself through into the house, the window being closed quietly behind

Grier rose cautiously and slipped "This is not in behind the vault. the orders of the day," he said to himself, "and I have a fancy that I have seen this man. In any case he has been this gate before now, and the kimmer in the kitchen is in the plot." His first impulse was to approach the window and listen, but he remembered he had a safe entrance to the house through the vault, to which he accordingly returned, and removed his boots. The door obeyed its secret springs, and Grier stood within the house. Proceeding with noiseless circumspection he made his way through the dininghall to a door at the further end which opened on some stone steps. Pausing here he heard voices in conversation, and by moving only while they spoke he succeeded in reaching the landing where was the proper door of the kitchen. It stood ajar, and through the chink by the hinges he could see the man and the French serving-maid in a posture of much familiarity, for his arm was thrown round her shoulders, and she looked up smilingly in his face, while wiping a plate, which presently she set down

before a pasty. The man drew in a chair and addressed himself to the dish, of which Grier thought he remembered to have partaken at dinner.

The pair within talked on in persuaded safety, somewhat intermittently on the man's part, for the pasty was evidently to his taste, and he had not the appearance of one likely to balk his appetite for talk's sake.

The girl set down a jug of ale by his elbow. "Yes, Rosie," he said, "you only told us half, and the wrong half, for we missed our man."

"And how?" asked the girl, in her broken English.

"Why, my dear, our captain, who was in advance, was tied up like a trussed fowl by a sturdy man on foot, and the fellow on the horse, coming along, got past, and we knew nothing of it till too late."

"How for a man was he?"

"Come now, Rosie; I like a jest, but this is none. You know the man well enough; him that came to this house to-day."

The girl hesitated,, but showed no surprise or abashment. Grier now recognised in the man before him the trooper he had answered by the way-side and remarked in the market-place. "Ah," she said, "you come for things to know, not for me."

"That's not fair, my dear. It's you that bring me here, and if I want to know some things, why that is to bring me promotion the sooner. I can't marry until I get promotion you know, Rosie." He drew the girl to him, his repast being ended save for some small remnant of ale. "Besides, my dear, the Captain is in a rage, and my comrades are laughing. So you'll just admit he was here to-day, this man, eh?"

Grier felt certain that the girl, however reluctant, could not hold out long against this kind of insistence. He therefore retired with his previous caution, and proceeding upstairs to the room under the roof where he had presided over the fencing, chose from among the weapons on the wall a naked sword, with which he returned to his post behind the door.

The trooper had set the girl on his knee, and was still coaxing her with soft words interspersed with an occasional kiss. "So far so good, my sweet," he was saying; "but I want to know where he is now, and then the name of the gallant that followed on the horse. And you shall tell me, for with that information I can make my name."

Grier was pleased to learn by this question that he was back in time. For himself he cared not so much, but he was determined that the name of the rider should remain unrevealed.

"Come, Rosie," said the trooper.

"I will not be traitress," she answered.

"Tuts! What fine notions are these about rebels? Traitor indeed! What's the man to you, eh? Because your master's in the plot, I suppose. Tell me now."

The girl shook her head, and the trooper took another way. He set her down, and, rising himself with an affectation of wounded feelings, said: "You are carrying this too far, Rosie I am serious; I have given my word to find him. Where is he?" She paused, irresolute. "Where is he!" he repeated.

"Here," said Grier, throwing open the door and calmly walking into their midst; "here, my honest soldier. Take him if you can. You'll never have such another chance of promotion."

The girl fell back in a terror that did not seek to cry; while the trooper in an astonishment quite as great, jumped from his chair, and gradually withdrew before the naked blade advanced against him.

"Where's your tool, my dandy?" continued Grier. "I trussed your captain; here's a spit for you." The trooper showed no sign of either attacking or resisting. Even without the odds of a sword, he could see his opponent was of no light account, being more powerfully built than himself and of a most manifest resolution. He therefore fell back on policy: "Who are you?" he asked.

"Why the very man you seek, come most pat and obligingly to aid you to promotion,—if it so happen. Where's your weapon?"

"You see I have none."

"So," said Grier; "in that case we can come to a parley. But, friend, if you seek to surprise me, attempt to escape, or make a noise, I will use the advantage of this skewer on you instanter. I was a soldier when you were a babe, and have been a man of my word all the time, so be advised." Turning to the girl, he said: "Sit here, mistress; you play an important part." She sat down as directed; the trooper did likewise.

"Now," continued Grier, "frank and honest makes a plain end. You come here, brave soldier, gallanting with this lass, whether honestly or not is her affair. C'est le jeu d'amour, mademoiselle; ça va en Ecosse comme en France, n'est ce pas? L'homme propose,--il fait son mieux--la fille dispose. Si elle ne dispose pas bien, tant pis pour elle." girl made no answer, but gazed at Grier with the same look of silent terror. "But friend," he pursued addressing the trooper, "you draw a professional profit from your sweethearting, and that's not honest. allow you the meat and drink, for love comes easier off a full stomach; and I even pass over the windowloupin', for by an ancient proverb the pleasure is thereby sweetened. But I do not admit the political pro-

That concerns me, and I am to be considered. If it has come to your liberty or mine, you will see I have the advantage, and a knack of using it if necessary. Now, I'll make a pact wi' you, and take your promise on it. You for your part shall not seek to know anything more of me, or of the affair of the past night, nor to further use the information you have, or ask for more. And on my part I'll be secret on this matter of interloping and feasting, and you shall go scot-free. It's a good way I propound to you, for you can kiss and cuddle at ease without the profane admixture of politics. What say you? A soldier's word and I am your man."

He laid the sword on the table in suggestion of a friendly consent. But the trooper, suddenly snatching up the long bread-knife that lay on the platter before him, launched it, point first, at The feat, to be successful, Grier. demands practice, and only the flat of the blade struck the old soldier, which it did with such force as to cut his lip. Instantly the Sergeant rushed at his man, who had leaped up, and they closed. In the struggle Grier's superior strength and adroitness soon told. The trooper's head was forced back by the terrible knuckles under his chin, and then the fingers closed on his throat like an iron gin. The man fell backwards choking, and Grier, after knocking his head several times on the stone floor, rose with a final gesture of con-As he turned he encountered tempt. the French maid standing within a yard of him, with the long knife in her half-lifted, irresolute hand. Uttering a cry, she threw the knife from her, and rushed from the kitchen, through the dining-hall towards the street-door, where Grier overtook her, and, lifting her bodily in his arms, bore her back to the kitchen, the door of which he locked.

"I'd be swier to hurt a lass," he

said, "but ye must bide here for the present." The trooper began to show signs of recovering consciousness, and at last opened his eyes and looked about him dazedly. Grier sat quietly watching him till he rose, and walked somewhat unsteadily to a chair.

"Ay," said the Sergeant, "ye'd been better to accept my plan. May be you feel in the mind to agree to it now?"

The man's tongue was still too thick for utterance, so he nodded approval.

"Well, so be it. Your name?" The words would not yet come, and Grier seizing the ale-jug said, "Drink, man." To the girl he said, "You can tell me his name till he recovers himself."

"Patrick Scott," she answered.

"And who is your officer in command?"

"Major Pitcairn," said the man; and the girl added, "He is at the ball to-night."

"Well, it's a promise; and as for you, mistress, you will hold your tongue to save your sweetheart's credit, and he will do the same by you. Eh, sir?"

"Curse her," said the trooper; "it's through her I have come to this. I'll be laughed at, the mock of the troop. She has led me a pretty dance with her hints and half-tellings."

"Tuts, man, love's a grand forgiver."

"Love!" answered the man in derision. "Love! It's gold I played for. You have your promise; let me go. She may be damned for what I care now."

The girl rose, and sought to grasp the knife, but Grier quickly removed it. "Scélérat!" she cried to the trooper, her eyes blazing, her fingers twitching; "Lâche! Pourquoi ne l'avez vous pas tué!" she said to Grier, with hatred on every feature.

"Take it easy, lass. Mind aye this;

a soldier's a warm lover, but a short one. With them love's a draw-well, and the bucket's aye gangin' in. If ye want a running spring, marry a blacksmith or a grocer."

The trooper now rose, and made for the door, which Grier opened, conducting him through the house and ushering him into the street. "It's a promise," he said, as he stood on the steps.

"Yes," was the answer. When Grier returned to the kitchen it was empty, and a chair under the open window towards the burial-ground showed which way the girl had gone.

#### CHAPTER X.

GRIER, whose chief concern throughout had been to secure the silence of the girl, was mortally chagrined at her disappearance. It was now abundantly clear that it was information given by her to the trooper, partial and half-hearted as it probably had been, which led to the ambush on the high-Now she was gone, it was impossible for the Sergeant to complete his design of discovering whether she in fact knew that the chief actor was her His exultation at the hatred set up between the girl and her perfidious wooer was thus dashed by the uncertainty of what she might now do or reveal. He sat long by the table absorbed in reflection. Then he rose, searched for pen, ink, and paper, and sat down again to write. After many alterations he made a fair copy, saying: "Yes, it is the only way. The safety of my poor skin is not in the count against so sweet a life. I'll do it, come what will."

Quenching the light, he stood on the chair and climbed through the window into the burial-ground. "I'll leave this open. She may think better of the affair and come back. I may come back myself." He leaped the wall and

found himself in a narrow lane winding between scattered houses, and presently emerged into the Friar's Wynd. Boldness was everything now, and he proceeded straight into the heart of the town. All he knew to guide him was that the ball was at Lord Denmuir's, and that Major Pitcairn was present. Thoughts of Lowrie entered his head, but he judged, after his friend's fears and warning, that the quest after him had taken its beginning in that quarter. Nevertheless he passed down the Thorter Row in front of Lowrie's house, with the hope of perchance finding the cripple boy. But there was no sign of him; the streets were almost empty, and the few persons he met passed quickly, bent on their own affairs. No lounger could he find with whom to take occasion "'Tis a most virtuous for a word. and home-keeping town," he said.

At last he came to an alehouse, whose door was dimly lit by a flickering oil-lamp. Entering boldly he found in the outer room some few individuals drinking and smoking solemnly. From an inner parlour came the sound of roysterers, but his account did not lie there.

He called for some ale, and drank a mouthful, to give the company time to observe him, a necessary preliminary as he knew. By and by he borrowed a piece of match-paper for his pipe, as a pretext to entangle the landlady in talk, but she was immediately called into the inner parlour; profit goes before courtesy. Time was passing and still nobody spoke.

"It's a fine nicht," said Grier generally, turning round.

"Ay, it's a fine nicht," answered one man slowly, after a pause, and in a tone of reluctant assent.

"There will be braw doings at the ball," continued the Sergeant.

"Ay," was the sole response. Grier cursed his countrymen heartily but inaudibly. Secrecy, however, was no longer of consequence to him, so he continued, "I am a stranger here."

This elicited no response.

"Is it a Whig affair, or the other side?"

"Oh it's just both."

"Whose house is it at?"

"Denmuir's."

"And where is that?"

"Are ye invited?"

"Na, faith; I was just wondering."

"Ye maun be a fell stranger if ye dinna ken Denmuir's house."

Grier tossed off his ale and left the place with still deeper imprecations on the Scots taciturnity. Outside he chanced upon a passer-by with whom he decisively grappled. "Can ye tell me, sir, where is Denmuir's house?"

"Ay, fine that," answered the man; "but I'm thinkin' they will no be wantin' ye there the nicht."

"But I wish to get there all the

"Ye'll no belong to Dundee?"

"No; I come from Perth."

"Perth? Ay weel, keep the gait you're gaein'. It's on the south side."

Grier held on. After a few steps he laughed, saying: "I am afeared there will be sore detention at the day o' judgment over the Scots, for they will answer to nothing till it's proved upon them." Holding on his way he came to the large house which by evident signs was the one he sought. Pressing through a knot of chairmen and servants, he pushed the gate, and crossed the garden path to the front porch. "This is Lord Denmuir's?" he said to a portly man in livery.

"Maybe it is."

"And Major Pitcairn is here?"

"Well, it's possible."

"Then please take this paper to him."

"Who are ye?"

"Never heed, my friend; my busi-

ness is important. Give that paper to the Major; he will see me."

Major Pitcairn had just turned away from Captain Arklay, after enjoining on him the order to report himself before leaving, when he received the note from the servant. He at once unfolded it and read: I come here with important information on last night's affair on the Perth road, and await your orders. The matter is pressing.

"Is the man here?"

"Yes, sir, at the door."

"I will see him." On the approach of the Major, Grier made a military salute. "I would speak with you, sir, in a safe place."

"We shall not be overheard here."

"Then, sir, I deliver myself into your power as the doer of that affair on the post-road last night. My name is Grier, James Grier, formerly sergeant to Lord Balmeath in France. His lordship has unknowingly mixed himself with me because of our old acquaintance, if I may make bold to speak so; but he has nocht to do with my act. I am fearful of the consequences to him, and will confess the particulars in good time. I am the only culprit, at your service, sir; and I trust to your honour to see that his lordship suffers no scathe."

Pitcairn looked steadily at Grier. "Your action does you credit. You have told me true, and know the consequences?"

"I have said, sir. I value his lordship's peace of mind more than my own bones, and his daughter's more than my life."

"Tell me another thing. You were not in the house when it was searched?"

"In the house, sir, strictly speaking, no. And on that matter also I wish to tell you that his lordship and Captain Arklay came to words, and they meet after this ball is over with

swords. His lordship commands that I shall second him; he is a stubborn man and will not by that. So I beg my liberty to attend him as I am in duty bound. But, sir, I trust you will take means to prevent the meeting. His lordship is an old man. If you will watch to arrive on the ground in good opportunity and stop the affair, I will faithfully give myself up."

"Your name again is?"

"James Grier."

"I will see to it."

"I thank you, sir. You will justify his lordship's opinion of you, and his daughter's."

Major Pitcairn bowed slightly, then, as if struck by a thought, asked: "Does Lady Christine know of the meeting?"

"No, sir. It is half,—ay, more than half—for her sake I come here. You have authority, sir. Save an old, unfortunate man and his daughter, and I, the true fautour they would fain shield, will go with an even mind to whatever the Whig laws have in store for me."

"I will be frank with you," said Pitcairn. "I knew of the meeting, and have already taken means to prevent it. You had better appear, however, to attend Lord Balmeath. If thereafter you disappear, you might not be greatly sought for."

"No, sir; I will yield myself to clear his lordship."

"You are bent on that?"

"Fixed, sir."

"What is his daughter's happiness to you?"

"'Tis my whim, sir, after seeing her. She needs her father; I have done my day's work in the world."

"Very well; good night."

Grier saluted formally, and took his way back to the House by the Howff to await his lordship. He entered by the window, and was disappointed to find no sign of the French girl's return. In case of treachery on the trooper's part, he betook himself with a candle and a book to the dreary vault, and sat down on a little hard bench which stood in a dusky corner. entitled THE MARROW Modern DIVINITY,  $\mathbf{and}$ after vain struggle with two sentences the Sergeant composedly fell asleep.

#### CHAPTER XI.

GRIBR slept on while the poor remnant of candle he had brought with him burned lower and lower, and finally guttered out in its socket. Then he woke with a start, and in a half terror at the cold and darkness, confusedly sought among the threads of his recollection for a clue as to where he was, and what had waked him. A strange, vague rustling fell on his ear, too heavy and persistent for bird or bat. It seemed to come from the ivy outside, and after some efforts he located it high up on the wall towards the burial-ground. doubtedly some living thing pushing its way inside. He distinguished breathing, and the half articulate sounds of some one strug-Gazing steadily at one of the gothic trefoil openings he could see the faint moonlight obstructed by a moving body. Presently something dropped on the floor of the vault, and immediately afterwards the person followed, evidently falling prostrate as he alit, and rising again. Whoever he was he made his way to the secret door, and Grier heard the light click of its spring as it opened. He advanced noiselessly. The door was not immediately shut, and in the faint light of the house passage he distinguished the figure of the cripple boy.

"Cupid, my son," said Grier, becoming jocular in his relief. Davie started and raised his crutch to strike. Then he recognised the Sergeant. "It's you I'm seeking. Were ye in the dead-house?"

"Yes, and followed you."

"An' what for didna ye speak ?"

"Because I did not ken ye. What brings you here?"

"Lowrie sent me to tell you that him an' me is in the lock-up. Ye're to rin awa'."

"And what are Lowrie and you locked up for ?"

"For havin' to do wi' you."

"And you are free again?"

"Na. Lowrie made a rope oot o' the lining o's coat, an' sent me here to tell you to rin awa' afore ye're ta'en."

"And you are going back?"

"Ay, an' quick. Lowrie will pu' me up."

"Then tell Lowrie I'll ne'er forget him till the day I die. Will ye mind that, laddie?"

"Ay; but ye're to rin awa'."

"Yes, yes; but mind ye tell Lowrie that; and say, too, that he'll be free in the morning. Say I've seen Major Pitcairn, and you will both be free in the morning. Now get ye back quick; and see, here's siller for ye. If I but bide a free man ye'll never want for bite or sup."

They re-entered the vault, and the door closed. "Who telled ye of this contrivance, laddie?"

"Christine."

"You ken the lady too?"

"Ay; I gang errands for her. She gies me cake, an' broth, an' pennies."

"Heaven bless her," said the Sergeant. He opened the door with his key and let the boy pass again into the burial-ground, saying: "Good-night now, and dinna forget my words to Lowrie."

"Na; an' ye'll no forget to rin awa'?" Davie hastened back over the wall and disappeared, and Grier shut the door. Seating himself once more in the darkness, he said to himself: "Liberty is a fine thing if only for the friends we get from and do to. But the face o' Lady Christine is in my soul. She has given me spiritual broth, and cake, and pence, and with that provand I'll reach to heaven when my time comes."

Dance succeeded dance at the ball and the night wore on. At a side table Lord Denmuir and his lady, Balmeath and Dame Rutherford played a long game of cards with the keenness of age. Pitcairn and Christine had partnered so often that they drew upon themselves the observation which they scarce cared to avoid, and ever and anon Mistress Rutherford nudged the old lord, repeating her remark: "Faith, and they make a bonny pair."

Captain Arklay succeeded in claiming Christine for one dance, and as they stood ready she said, "But I do not know the Whig mode, Captain," and the lack-humour man only answered, "There is no difference." But there was, and when he would fain have stepped another with her, she answered, "I am engaged." A glance brought Pitcairn to her side, and with him she sailed away again on her summer sea of love.

But now the chill morning air crept into the heated rooms, and a general dispersal began. Lord Balmeath came up to claim his daughter. She, heedless of the stealing hours, stood in laughing converse with Pitcairn in a remote corner, with her back to the company.

"Home now, my lass," said her father, and as she turned her face he saw it changed with a gladness that carried its meaning to his heart. "I see you have enjoyed the night. Is it not so?"

"Indeed, father, I have been happy."

"Major Pitcairn," the old man said with stately courtesy, "I have perhaps at times uttered some jibing words of you. To-night I would have them as not said. For your attentions to my daughter I am your obliged debtor. My house is open to you always, but how you can come there, being as we are, I must leave with you to solve."

"My lord, I will solve it."

Balmeath bowed, but Christine offered her hand to Pitcairn, and while he held it all her blood was in her face. They interchanged a low goodnight and parted.

Dame Rutherford stepped from the throng cloaked and ready. "Where is Arklay?" she asked.

"Under orders, madam; never fear."

"But I do fear; where is he?"

"He dare not disobev."

"You will see to that, Pitcairn?"

"I will see to it," and Major Pitcairn moved away to the door.

Lord Balmeath and his daughter hastened home on foot. Now that her delight was over her mind came back to things of the moment. All the day she had been possessed by strange misgivings. The sound of the colloquy between her father and Captain Arklay had reached her in her room, but the only words she had distinguished were those of her father's denial of Grier's presence in the house.

As they approached their home Lord Balmeath called his daughter's attention to two men lurking in the shadow of a wall on the path opposite to the door. "See, Christine, the spies Arklay puts upon me, doubtless with Pitcairn's connivance. They doubt me still, and would fain trap me."

"Father, Major Pitcairn would never doubt any word of yours. But if you said James Grier was not in the house and it was true in strict fact, was it true in intention?" "In faith, lass, you grow politic. One cannot even dance with Whigs without contamination. Further intimacy would undo you; I must see to it."

Christine, with a heart nigh to bursting, answered nothing.

"Sir," said Balmeath, laying his hand on his sword as he approached one of the men in shadow, the second having slunk away, "what for do you hang about here at this untimely hour when honest folks are asleep?"

"You are awake," was the insolent reply.

Balmeath's blade rattled in its case, but Christine laid a hand on his arm. "Shall I take words from every skulking fellow that chooses to answer me! Some spy of Pitcairn's, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, I have the honour to serve under Major Pitcairn. To him you must answer for any harm you would do me."

The old lord turned away contemptuously. "I'll answer Pitcairn, and he shall answer me. Come, mistress, you shall soon see the end of your fool's game."

He crossed the road, opened the door, and motioned Christine to enter. For the first time in her life she felt hurt at her father's dealing, and went upstairs to her room with silent dignity. Through the window facing the burial ground she saw the pale moonlight fall on the peaceful graves. As if by one bound she passed into a new world, and a great sentiment of life and sorrow surged through her She sat down and began slowly to remove her gay attire. Abstractedly she felt for the lace of her glove, searching with her fingers as for a familiar thing. a sudden she remembered the cause of its absence, and leaning forward on the little table she buried her face in her hands with a loud sob.

Lord Balmeath on entering went

down to the vault where Grier sat in stern patience. "Come, James, we must not be late."

Together they returned to the hall, and the old lord went upstairs to change the light weapon he carried for a heavier and more familiar one. In passing again by his daughter's room he cried: "Christine, I have occasion to go out with Sergeant Grier but will be back soon. You may go to bed. Sleep sound, my lass." Then in company of Grier he issued into the quiet street, and together they proceeded northward up the hill to the place of meeting.

### CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTINE sat for some time unmoving. She imagined that her father, in going out with the Sergeant, was taking some secret step to ensure his Then a strange unrest took escape. possession of her; she began to feel lonely; the silence oppressed her, and these cold gravestones through the window affected her as they never had Taking her candle she done before. went downstairs and through the house to the kitchen to speak with the maid. The sleeping-place was empty; the window was open, and by it stood the chair as it had been left. She beat her thoughts in vain for some explanation. "Rose," she called, and the sound went through the empty house without other response than its own ghostly echo. Then like a flash shot through her memory Captain Arklay's remark about a tryst, and her father's evasive answer to her enquiry about it. She ran upstairs, tied up her hair in a coil, put on the cavalier hat and long cloak she had worn the night before, and girding a sword about her went out into the But where to turn she knew It must be northward towards the open. She ran wildly by the

wall, and after a little way came upon two men returning to the town. One she recognised as the man her father had challenged opposite to the house.

"Have you seen two persons pass up here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, sir; Lord Balmeath and another." The man was frank for some reason which she connected with her appearance of haste.

"Which way did they take?"

"There's a pretty affair on foot in the East Chapelshade with our Captain. We followed, but are not wanted in that company. If you are, hasten, or you will be late for the death."

Christine flew like a hound from the leash.

"You are generous, crony, with your information," said the second man.

"Ah, I took it in my head that gallant carries a second sword against Arklay, curse him! Good luck to his thrust!"

"If it's the contrary way, friend?"

"Then there's a Jacobite the less; and I like to help on sport."

The Chapelshade was an expanse of meadow and garden-ground crossed by avenues of trees. It had been at one time part of the home-lands of a monastery now long laid low, and the skill and taste of the glebe-loving friars were to be seen in what remained of its plan and arrangement.

When Lord Balmeath and Grier passed into the shadow of the trees the moon had faded, and the chilly air of the coming dawn pierced shrewdly to the bone. They held on in silence, the Sergeant keeping martial pace with his lordship with a sense of security in his scheme, yet unable to repress a guilty feeling of broken faith. But still the thought of Lady Christine's sweet young life sustained him in his resolution. Balmeath's eyes were bent on every opening to right and left, and at last

he said, pointing to a dim-lit plot of grassy meadow: "There is our party, James. Let us take heed to do nothing that is not decorous."

Captain Arklay was attended by one who seemed a mere youth, and together the two were pacing up and down wrapped in their cloaks. On the approach of Balmeath and Grier a mutual salute was exchanged. "Gentlemen," said his lordship, "I approve your promptitude. Let us to business."

"My lord," said Arklay, "I make a last appeal. I pass over the injury you put upon me by bringing this man to second you, and I say freely that I am not desirous of drawing on one of your years. Your lordship has provoked this meeting; one word from you now will make further strife unnecessary."

"In faith, sir, what word from me? You misunderstand the matter strangely. The hurt lies on me. As for Sergeant Grier, he is a worthy man and wants but birth to be a better gentleman than some that have it. Come, sir." He drew and took position, while a low colloquy ensued between Arklay and his second.

Grier was becoming alarmed at the absence of Major Pitcairn. Time had to be gained. "Gentlemen," he said, "to fight in this light would be a crime. The sun will shortly be up; wait for the day. Death here would mean murder."

"Sergeant," said Balmeath, who grew heated at the conversation between Arklay and his second, conceiving it to have reference to his age and presumed incapacity, "Sergeant, you overpass your authority. Sir, your guard," he cried in a tone of taunt to Arklay.

The Captain drew, and the swords encountered with a deadly echoing tinkle. Grier watched with halfdrawn blade, determined to interpose in case of manifest danger to Balmeath, but otherwise irresolute how to proceed. Further interference by word he knew would be met with instant and peremptory dismissal from his lordship; and still Pitcairn delayed. The first cautious approaches over, the fence was becoming animated. Thrust and parry succeeded in the strictest manner of the schools, without manifest advantage to either party. Balmeath thought he discovered in his opponent a stiff, sure, but unimaginative swordsman, while the Captain became quickly aware that his utmost skill would be required to ward off harm from one who wielded so subtle and confident a weapon as the old man before him. Grier, watching with practised eye, began to feel assured that his lordship for the time held the upper hand, but was fearful of what might happen if he grew impatient or wearied. Even then Balmeath began to ply Arklay with increasing assurance, and at the culmination of an involved and rapid assault made a swift lunge, from which the Captain fairly leaped back without attempt at defence or reprisal.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cried the Sergeant passionately, "I say again this is murder. Sir," he said to the Captain's supporter, "I wonder you stand to see it." The young man, unpractised in such affairs, flushed but said nothing. "Gentlemen, if you must pursue this, come further west where there is more light, and you can see each other's point."

Balmeath, scarce relaxing his ominous frown, said: "You are right, Sergeant, as to the light. Change ground, sir."

They passed some ten paces further into the open.

"What is it you fight about, gentlemen?" continued Grier. "Here am I ready to——"

"Silence!" thundered the old lord, No. 453.—vol. LXXVI.

with an impassioned flourish of his sword. And Grier thought he wore upon his face the fey look of those who hold a resolved course to death.

Again the swords were crossed, and under the growing light of the morning the struggle quickly became keen and deadly. Conscious now by stern proof that he had opposed to him a trained and unrelenting proficient, Arklay was forced to lay aside every feeling of hesitancy, and all his attention was required to ward off the eager ever-varying thrusts that searched his guard at every point. Grier, in an agony of apprehension, his eyes perforce riveted on the sway of the strife, listened for the sounds of coming footsteps, but all he heard was the keen click and whistle of the steels. He cursed the perfidy or dilatoriness of Major Pitcairn, and stood meditating some final and desperate interference.

Suddenly at a point when the heat and urgence of the fence seemed to bespeak a quick result, an exclamation was heard, and from behind Captain Arklay rushed the cloaked figure of Lady Christine. She wore the sweeping hat of the night before, and in her hand carried a naked rapier. Startled by the sight of his daughter in this guise, Balmeath's eye wandered for an instant as he was parrying, and Arklay's point, but half-diverted from its aim, passed through the flesh of his forearm. The Captain was aware something had happened to his opponent, but he had no time to speak or think, for, turning swiftly round, the lady struck up his sword as he withdrew it, and with a moment's pause to enable him to resume his guard, attacked him. ardent was her onslaught that neither Grier nor her father could interfere, and Arklay had much to do to settle down into his defence. He saw before him the figure of the horseman, but there was about the smooth oval face and great eyes something so strange and dauntless that his thoughts were mere confusion, while all about him played the thrusts of a deadly point. He felt, however, that its object was not his death, for twice in the rapid passage he recognised himself spared. He gave ground uneasily; his wrist involuntarily slackened, when in a moment his opponent, with a superb upward arch of the forearm, involved her point with his hilt, and he felt the weapon wrested from his grasp. It went spinning through the air, and fell point downwards into the earth, where it stuck quivering. With a beautiful gesture she advanced her point against him, arrested it, and disdainfully turned her back, stepping to her father's side just as Major Pitcairn hurried breathless into the circle. Lord Balmeath, looking pale and broken, gazed steadily before him as if at nothing, and in silence.

Pitcairn glanced over the group, seeking for some clue to the significance of what he saw before him. There was no word or motion, save the salute of Arklay and his second. Lady Christine stood motionless by her father with averted face, somewhat careless now as to her disguise. But had it been more complete it would still have failed to deceive the amazed eyes of Major Pitcairn. At a loss how to proceed he fell back on his professional authority. "Sir," he said to Arklay, "consider yourself under arrest."

"At your pleasure, Major. You may bandy my honour with fictitious duty as you will; but here you have before you [pointing to Grier] the man who assaulted me, and there [indicating the cavalier figure in the long cloak] the gentleman who rode the horse. You are my superior officer, and I do not presume to in-

dicate your duty." He laid a malicious emphasis on the last word.

Major Pitcairn's reply to this taunt was to gaze steadily at Arklay for some moments in silence. There was contempt on his face, and in his air a power and authority of more effect than words. Renowned for his courtesy and simple manners, he was known also as a most resolute soldier and a deadly swordsman. His blandness, however, too often gave occasion for a weaker man to forget the sterner side of his nature.

"Captain Arklay," he said, "you are a zealous officer; you want but generosity to be a good soldier. You may, when under arrest, safely taunt your superior; but, sir, against tomorrow when I shall be free I would bid you beware of how you seek to touch, by word or act, the honour of Alexander Pitcairn."

"Sir," said Balmeath in a low voice, "fate is against us; but we thank heaven that against our fall it provides some courtesy and decorum. This, Major Pitcairn, is my daughter——"

"And here," said Grier stepping forward, "am I at your orders. I am the only culprit. It was I bound this gentleman and did the secret office I was on. This gallant,—this lady—comes into the affair by mere accident. I am the man you want; take me."

"Grier," said Balmeath, "you must

"Silence," cried the Sergeant imperiously, then in a milder voice proceeded: "Pardon, your lordship. This is my affair; I cannot abuse your protection longer. I have brought too much on you already. Lead me away, sir," he said to Pitcairn; "I am the man. The rest is all an accident."

Lady Christine removed her hat and threw aside the long cloak that concealed her woman's dress. She whispered to her father who nodded in assent. "Major Pitcairn," she said, but she dared not lift her eyes. At her first motion he and the youth beside the Captain instantaneously uncovered; Arklay followed unreadily. "What Sergeant Grier says is not true. It is I whom you seek. His presence was the accident, although in his generosity he would persuade you otherwise. I am in your power, but I hope you will not take me from my father."

Lord Balmeath stood there pale and stern as she again turned to him. He made a motion with his left hand, tried to speak, and suddenly fell to the ground.

When after a moment's examination they found by the blood-stained hand and sleeve that he was wounded, the grief of Christine was piteous to see. "Father, father! Ah me, it was I did this! I came between them. Save him, Mr. Grier, see to him!"

Major Pitcairn and Grier bound up the jagged gash, and some brandy from the Sergeant's flask revived the old man, who in his pride would have risen, but for Grier's persuasion: "No, my lord, lie still for a little."

"Oh, Mr. Grier, he is not dead, he will not die? Come, let us carry him home. Sir," she said to Pitcairn, "you will find us at home when you wish. We will go together. You will not take me from him?" she added with sudden imploration.

"No, Christine," he answered in a low voice, "I will not take you from him,—not that way." He turned to Arklay. "I remove the arrest, Captain Arklay. Deal with your prisoners; I do not interfere. This lady was to have been my wife. If you proceed in the matter you can do me no better service than to send me along with them."

The Captain was at a loss. He had been rudely assaulted, outwitted,

disarmed, overborne, and here by strange fortune was the mastery laid in his power. To one like him, whom no spontaneous generosity came to aid yet who felt bound by the code of his class to act as a gentleman, the situation was awkward. He paused, and the youth who up till now had seconded him silently, burst out with indignation in his voice: "Major, this must go no further."

Pitcairn bowed; and Grier, turning from his offices to the wounded man said: "Young sir, I doff to you with much devoir. You have a soul; and if, as I guess, you are an officer and the law must have toll, persuade your Captain to take me. Trust me to make his credit ring again. His tale-bearing trooper shall be duly promoted, and my lord's French serving-maid come famously into the story."

A look of wrath and humiliation came over Arklay's face; then in a low voice he said, "Major, the affair rests with you," and turning left the place. Grier stepped to where the rapier stood hilt upwards in the earth, and withdrew it. With a flourish he said, "I would not barter this for a wide estate." The young officer hesitated; "Can I be of service, sir?" he said to Pitcairn. "Yes; we must bear him home," answered the Major.

At first Balmeath insisted on walking. "Leave me, gentlemen; misfortune comes to all who show kindness to Balmeath." But he faltered, and would have fallen. They carried him, Lady Christine at his head, to the House by the Howff, and there Grier explained the absence of the maid. Old Elspeth was speedily summoned, and also a surgeon, who did his office well but shook his head.

Lord Balmeath fell into a fever, and for a week Lady Christine and Grier watched him by turns. Every day Pitcairn and the young Lieutenant called to make enquiries as to his progress. On the seventh they were asked to enter. Propped high on a pillow, with death in his eye, lay Lord Balmeath in his bed.

"Pitcairn," he said, "I know you will say the simple truth. I am beyond the grasp of any power but God's; but how does it stand as affects my daughter?"

"Nothing will be done, my lord."

"I am leaving her alone, Pitcairn; but she and I have spoken together concerning you. Have you anything to say?"

"My lord, I am unworthy of her, I know; but if she has not gone back on her troth, as is impossible, she will find me a true husband and an eternal lover."

"Go take his hand, Christine." The old man laid his hand upon the clasp of theirs, and seemed as if he would say something, but the effort died away, and he lay back breathing faintly.

In the evening Lord Balmeath died, and some days later was borne to his estate, where by Pitcairn's influence permission was obtained for the family vault to be opened for the reception of his remains.

Pitcairn retired to his lands in Fife, and Lady Christine took up her abode with Lord Denmuir. After a year Pitcairn and she were wedded, and when they departed old Elspeth said in the lady's ear: "May a' your bairns be Christines an' Pitcairns. It's an auld wife's rhyme. Farewell, God speed ye. Now will I dee a peacefu' death."

The best farm on Pitcairn's estate was held by James Grier, and over his fireplace hung while he lived the sword which he took from the ground in the Chapelshade. Captain Arklay was removed shortly with his troop to Edinburgh, and with its baggage went Rose the French maid. As for the House by the Howff it fell into neglect. Tinkers and vagrants made their quarters there, and one day it took fire. Its north wall fell asunder on the burial-vault, and to-day not a stone remains to show where either stood.

With the general amnesty Lady Christine in due time entered on possession of her paternal estates, and her pride in her children added a new lustre to the love she bore her husband.

THE END.

### THE LESSER ELIZABETHAN LYRISTS.1

Lyrics are in a sense the most interesting things in poetry. are like an artist's sketches, which bring one nearer to him than his finished work; and it seems so natural for every poet to express his personal feelings in this form that it is hard to realise a period of literature when the lyric did not exist. Yet in all great original literature lyrical poetry developes after narrative poetry has begun to decline, and before drama has emerged. So it was in Greece, so it was in England. Chaucer was dead half a century before Dunbar, Henryson, and others brought French models into Scotland; and in England the poetical renaissance came somewhat later, and came from the fountainhead of Italy. The two men who introduced lyrical poetry into England were Sir Thomas Wyat and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Both were conspicuous figures at the court of Henry the Eighth and distinguished in the tilting-yard as well as by their Their high position enabled poetry. them to set the fashion in this matter, and for a century and more, up to the wars of the Commonwealth, versewriting was a favourite accomplishment of the nobles. The list of fine gentleman poets includes, besides Wyat and Surrey, Lord Vaux, whose work was published with theirs, Sackville, author of THE MIRROR FOR MAGIS-

11. England's Helicon; edited by A. H. Bullen. London, 1887.

TRATES, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Oxford, who challenged Sidney to a duel, Sidney himself, Edward Dyer, known now as a poet by the single line "My mind to me a kingdom is," Fulke Greville, Lord Brook who wrote for his epitaph, "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." Last, not least, whether as poet or courtier, was the great Earl of Essex. In a later day came Sir Henry Wotton, the diplomatist, and the famous group of cavaliers, Suckling, Cleveland, Carew, Montrose, and above all, Lovelace, the handsomest man in the army, who wrote to his lady-love two of the most perfect songs in the world, and was jilted for his pains.

The work of Wyat and Surrey circulated during their lives in manuscript, and was first published in Tottel's MISCELLANY OF SONGS AND Sonners, printed in 1557. This book went through nine editions in thirty years, and Master Shallow, as we know, owned a copy. Wvat and Surrey died young, but they had done a great work. Surrey's is the more facile verse, Wyat's the deeper strain of feeling; yet, when all is said and done, they were only pioneers; although they afford passages of a simple and genuine poetry, their work is the work of men feeling their way and experimenting. Forty years later lyrical poetry was firmly established, and from 1579, when THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR was published, we are in the great Elizabethan period. Before Shakespeare the writers fall into two schools, between whom the division was sharply marked, for it was social.

<sup>2.</sup> Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age; edited by A. H. Bullen. London, 1891.

<sup>8.</sup> LYRICS FROM THE SONG-BOOKS OF THE ELIZABETHAN AGE; edited by A. H. Bullen. London, 1891.

The first was the school of the courtly makers, which culminated in THE FARRY QUEEN, that last and greatest of medieval allegories, the swan-song of chivalry, and the supreme expression of the cult of Queen Elizabeth; the work of the second school was the work of hack-writers, disreputable dramatists, and needy players, who in poverty, contempt, and outlawry brought modern poetry obscurely to the birth. The contrast of these schools proves one thing clearly; that the man who writes most will probably write best, and certainly that the man who writes for his living will write with more vitality than the distinguished amateur. The poet of the coteries may be a true poet, but not the supreme poet. Spenser is the sublime of a poet of the coteries, but the poet of a nation may be Shakespeare. Roughly speaking the poetry that will last is the poetry that pays; Milton is the chief instance to the contrary, but he was an unpopular outlaw when he published PARADISE Shelley and Keats never lived to see their battle won. Great poets. poets who really touch and stir mankind, are not so common that mankind can afford to neglect them for long; and mankind gives them bread and it may be a little butter. But the poet of the coterie can seldom find an audience large enough or warm enough to keep him in existence; and Spenser with all his fame and influence, found out for himself this bitter truth. Shakespeare made a modest fortune; but stern necessity had taught him the art to make out of so subtle a study as Hamlet the most popular stage-play in English. To get money out of people's pockets by poetry, you must be in touch with life, and that is what the poet of the coterie is not.

Of the two schools, the courtiers undoubtedly had, man for man, the better brains; but the curse of the amateur was on them all; they wanted the certainty that comes of long practice, and they departed from the simplicity of nature. The noblest of them all, and the most splendid instance of the amateur in poetry, was Sir Philip Sidney.

He was born in 1554, and he died in 1586. His experiences of the world opened when he was nineteen with the sight of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew in Paris, which he beheld from the house of the English Ambassador. This gave a purpose to his life, and thenceforward he was a steady champion of Protestantism. From France he went to Germany, and there contracted a close intimacy with Hubert Languet, Melancthon's convert, one of the leading reformers, with whom he maintained a remarkable correspondence which still survives. Continuing the grand tour, as was then the custom, Sidney spent eight months in Italy, where his portrait was painted by Paul Veronese. After three years of travel, pregnant with experience, he returned and entered politics, which had been the occupation of all about him since his boyhood. His father, Sir Henry Sidney, was thrice Lord-Deputy of Ireland. Before Philip was thirty, William the Silent, no mean authority and no waster of words, wrote to congratulate Elizabeth in possessing in him one of the foremost statesmen in While still a plain gentle-Europe. man of England, he was proposed as a candidate for the Elective Crown of Poland; and when he died at thirtytwo, more famous even in his death than in his life, the nation went into mourning for him as though he had been a Prince of the Blood.

As a literary man he was of the coterie which centred round a little critic, Gabriel Harvey, whose mission was to Latinise English literature, and a great poet, Edmund Spenser, Har-

vey's friend. Raleigh, too, was of their number; but Fulke Greville and Edward Dyer were Sidney's closest friends; they were, as they called themselves, a happy Trinity.

Sidney wrote a good deal, including some English hexameters to please Harvey; but his fame as a poet rests on the series of songs and sonnets known as Astrophel and Stella, which, as everybody knows, is the record of a love-tragedy. The history is briefly this: Sidney was affianced to Penelope Devereux, daughter of the Earl of Essex, whom he saw first in 1575, during the famous revels at Kenilworth. She was then only thirteen, but engagements were made early in those days. However, marriage would, presumably, not have been possible before 1578, when Lady Penelope (Stella) was sixteen. Now at this time Sidney was very busy with politics and by no means rich; but his prospects were good, as he was heir presumptive to the favourite, Leicester. In this year, however, Leicester was married again to Stella's mother; and Sidney, with a prudence he afterwards bitterly regretted, indefinitely postponed his own marriage. In 1579 Sidney's prospects were ruined by the birth of an heir to Leicester; and further, he had the misfortune and the boldness to offend the Queen by writing a memorial against the French marriage then in prospect. He was forced to retire to Wilton, the lovely home of his sister, Lady Pembroke. During his absence from Court, a match of convenience was made and carried out in the peremptory Elizabethan way for Stella, and early in 1581 he learned that his betrothed was wedded to Lord Rich, a stupid and profligate nobleman.

It is easy to understand what followed. Sidney's engagement, originally one of convenience, had grown into an attachment, but his prudence had deterred him from marrying on expectations, and politics had probably put love-making out of his head. Then followed disappointment, rebuffs at Court, and the long absence from Stella; and finally, the sudden news that whatever consolation he might have proposed to himself in marriage was snatched from him. His feelings vented themselves in the passionate dirge:

Ring out, ye bells, let mourning shows be spread, For love is dead.

But he returned to Court, and there had abundant opportunities of meeting Stella, whose husband he disliked and despised. So began the story chronicled in the last seventy of these songs and sonnets. It is a story of passion, and of unlawful passion; but it has the one character which redeems unlawful passion as a subject for art,-it describes the baser passion acting upon a noble nature. The steady and uniform process of corruption which half the French novels of this century describe is not varied enough to be dramatic; who wants to know how a character rots? But when there is present a force capable of offering resistance to the poison, then you have a struggle and a drama.—the drama of passion.

Sidney's tale opens with the wooing; gradually the knowledge dawns that his love is answered; to certainty succeeds acknowledgement on both sides, and Platonic talk of beauty that is virtue.

But ah! desire still cries, "Give me some food."

To a kiss stolen from Stella sleeping succeed kisses returned; then comes a nightly scene of Love and Duty, the counterpart of Tennyson's, but here it is the woman who is strong. Angry

reproaches follow, and lastly another scene, not this time by night but

In a grove, most rich of shade, Where birds wanton music made.

But the conclusion is the same:

Tyran honour doth thus use thee, Stella's self might not refuse thee.

Therefore, dear, this no more move, Lest, though I leave not thy love, Which too deep in me is framed, I should blush when thou art named.

Therewithal, away she went, Leaving him so passion-rent, With what she had done and spoken, That therewith my song is broken,

That is the dramatic end; but this is a history, and in life one cannot drop the curtain. So Sidney's passion sadly spends itself in hopes and fears and memories, while his brain is

So dark with misty vapours which arise From out Grief's heavy mould, that inbent eyes

Can scarce discern the shape of mine own pain.

Lastly comes the gradual return to the old preoccupation; Stella shall still be right princess of his powers, but he prays her:

Sweet, for a while give respite to my heart,

Which pants as tho' it still should leap to thee;

And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy

To this great cause, which needs both use and art.

Oh, let not fools in me thy works reprove, And, scorning, say: "See what it is to love!"

Years later, Lady Rich, worn out by her husband's ill usage, deceived and left him. It may have been the inevitable result of many years' weariness; but one prefers to think that, had Sidney been the lover, the reaction of his character on hers would still have raised and not lowered her. It is so much easier for a woman to resist a good man than a bad one.

The interest then is in the story, the cumulative effect of these sonnets. Singly they are interesting, written, as he sings, on the highway his "chief Parnassus," tempered to the trampling of his horse's feet "more oft than to a chamber melody;" telling, sure sign of love, of all his ways and works; for passionate love colours a man's whole life, and is coloured by it. Frigid sonneteers tell you eternal things about their mistress's eyebrow. That is not passion; passion is egotistic, and paints itself. So we hear of Sidney's politics in the questions men ask of him-questions which

I, cumbered with good manners, answer do,
But know not how; for still I think of you.

We hear how he has won the prize in a tournament over the English champions and "some sent from that sweet enemy France;" of his namesake, Philip, Stella's sparrow, and a hundred other pretty trifles. The ease of the verse is apparent; indeed all through the sonnets it is too easy. Yet what strikes one most, in the sense, perhaps, is the occasional felicity of phrase in lines like

Wise silence is best music unto bliss;

or in the first sonnet, where he describes his efforts, racking his brains, to write a verse acceptable to his lady:

"Fool!" said the muse, "look in thy heart and write."

Yet the truth is that a flashing phrase here and there will not make great poetry. Collectively, ASTROPHEL AND STELLA is great poetry; but that is

rather because it is the history of so rare a nature. Singly, no poem of Sidney's reaches perfection; the best of them will still be marred by a line that wants weight, or an awkward phrase, or an ill-chosen metre, or a certain thinness of texture throughout. They are in salient contrast to Shakespeare's sonnets, a terrible con-It would be hard to say whether in Shakespeare's lines there is more passion or more poetry; there is more of either, in any case, than literature can elsewhere show in equal space. There are single sonnets that have compressed into them more poetic thought and more beauty of phrase than the whole of Sidney's verses. But it is a bitter story that hides itself, ashamed to be seen. Here the poems gain all by being read singly; in Sidney they lose all.

Still, in praising Sidney's character, it must be admitted that this is his chief charm as a poet. His story interests, and he is by nature a poet; but the poet must be made as well as born, and Sidney never subjected himself to the necessary self-criticism. He has the faults of his time, the conceits and the rest, though no more in this respect than Shakespeare; but he has also the faults of the amateur. The sonnet shows him at his best where the form itself imposes a constraint; his more purely lyrical work,—his songs for instance—are faulty.

There lived also in Sidney's days,—as great a contrast to that gallant gentleman as you can imagine—a man whose existence Sidney would scarcely have stooped to recognise, and yet who, as an artist in verse, is incomparably above the more poetic character. There was no poetry about Robert Greene's life, nothing but squalor and base shiftiness. He was born about 1550 in Norwich; went in course of time to Cambridge, and there, he says, "I lit among wags as lewd as myself,

who drew me to travel in Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to describe." He became, as the proverb went, an Englishman-Italianate before he returned home to Norwich. by some accounts he took orders: but we may give him the benefit of the doubt. One day, however, in Norwich Cathedral a sermon affected him powerfully, and he was for a time induced to contemplate reform; but the good motion lasted in him only till he met with certain of his comrades, who mocked at him for a Puritan, and restored him to his old habit of However, at this time,—whether in pursuance of his intent to reform or not-he married a virtuous woman, and had a child by her; but when her dowry was spent, he deserted both mother and child. He went to London, where his decent acquaintances at first helped him; but, as he says, "though I knew how to get a friend, yet had I not the gift or reason to keep a friend"; and very soon, when he could find no one to sponge upon, he was forced to live by his wits. Happily for him, they were of the wittiest. Soon he was "famoused for an arch play-making poet, yet his purse ebbed and swelled like the sea; but seldom he wanted. his labours were so well esteemed." They were not labours of love. made no account of winning credit by his works; his only care was to have in his purse a spell to conjure up a cup of good wine with at all times." That was how Nash, one of his intimates, wrote of him. Nash was, like Greene, a Cambridge man, a witty, bitter little pamphleteer, a journalist born out of due time, yet a poet, too, by flashes.

George Peele, another University man, was of the same group of Bohemians; better than Greene as a writer of plays, but inferior in lyric

Thomas Lodge, a third yokefellow in iniquity, wrote plays, satires, prose, romance, and two of the most beautiful Elizabethan lyrics. Last, and incomparably the greatest of the group, was Marlowe, of whom nothing need now be said. More disreputable men than these five were not to be found in all London. Villon would have been welcomed as a brother among them. They were drunken, debauched and wild in their talk, fearing neither God nor man. Nash was the least gifted of them and the least Bohemian; indeed, he subsequently resented strongly the charge of intimacy. Marlowe, a fiercer spirit, shocked the world more by his atheistical talk than Green and Peele by their base life and cozening shifts.

Greene's mistress, by whom he had a son, named in irony Fortunatus Greene, was sister to a chief among the thieves and footpads of London, destined to end on the gallows; and Greene, in a fit of repentance, as he said, or urged by the craving for copy, wrote a history of Coney Catching, or ways of cozenage. He was himself a big, jovial animal, with hair worn long, and, as Nash says, "a jolly long red peak, like the spire of a steeple, he cherished continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang his jewel, it was so sharp and pendant." But his way of living could not last; disease came on, and with disease the man's hysterical nature took a religious turn. Greene had the sort of temperament which in these days finds its natural refuge in the Salvation Army. He published THE REPENT-ANCE OF ROBERT GREENE, describing his life; and on his death-bed, as most people know, he produced the tract called GREENE'S GROATSWORTH OF WIT BOUGHT WITH A MILLION OF REPENTANCE, in which occurs the well-known attack on Shakespeare.

The manner of Greene's death is

curious indeed, and affecting. A surfeit of hock and herrings was his fate. He retired to his lodging with a poor shoemaker's widow, and there, tended only by her charity and the affection of poor Fortunatus's mother, he made a miserable end. His good landlady buried him, as she had housed him, at her own expense, and with touching veneration laid a laurel-wreath upon his grave. Gabriel Harvey was engaged in an unseemly controversy with this band of Bohemians, and after Greene's death he made a most discreditable attack upon the dead man's memory; but he has thereby preserved, though in no kindly spirit, this pathetic letter from Greene to his deserted wife. had given his host a bond for £10. He wrote: "Doll,-I charge thee, by the love of our youth, and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid; for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I should have died in the streets." There is also a posthumous letter of his published with the GROATSWORTH OF WIT, in which, after drawing a terrible picture of his own sins and their punishment, he commends to his wife's care his illegitimate son. No man could give stronger testimony to his belief in the virtue of a virtuous woman than did this poor reprobate in these letters.

That is enough, and more than enough, of a chronicle. But it is interesting to see what this unwashed mercenary scribbler, this ruffianly Greene had to say:

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,—

The quiet mind is richer than a crown; Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,—

The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:

Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,

Beggars enjoy while princes oft do miss.

The verse is perfect in style; its

quiet metre suits the quiet subject. But why did Greene write this sort of thing? It is almost a commonplace of Elizabethan poetry, this theme of pastoral felicity, the favourite topic of the poets in that restless age. The men who liked that sort of poetry were the men who helped Drake and Hawkins. Their adventurous, roving existence found its solace in dreams of quiet, their aspiration after El Dorado its complement in sweet content. Nowadays in this level-running life of ours, of many words and few blows, imaginative writers turn back to the Homeric days, to the heroes of the ballad and the saga, and write of what they call simple human passion, of big bones and heavy strokes. Our ideal of mental simplicity is the Homeric chieftain; for the Elizabethans it was the shepherd. In this way every age has two ideals: its true ideal, the ideal of fulfilment, the sum of its hopes and aspirations, hardly seen or grasped by itself as a totality; and its false ideal, the ideal of contrast, the desire for what is not. Shakespeare deals little in pastoralisms. He gives us rather "the very form and pressure" of his time; yet sometimes he too turns from vivid experience and the bustle of his world to rest his thoughts upon pastoral repose; as we, from out our drabcoloured existence, look longingly Eastward, it may be with Kipling, or Westward with Bret Harte, for life and colour.

No one rendered with more truth the ideal of repose than this ruffianly Greene. Nothing could be less ruffianly than his verse. Like many artists, he lived two lives, the actual and the ideal. His body dwelt among slatternly women; his mind conversed with goddesses. He had been in Italy, when Titian was not yet dead and Tintoret was painting; he was Italianate for good as well as for evil, and he

saw things like a Venetian painter. Listen to this:

With that appeared an object twice as bright,

So gorgeous as my senses all were damp; In Ida richer beauty did not win

When lovely Venus showed her silver skin.

Her pace was like to Juno's pompous strains

Whenas she sweeps through heaven's brass-paved way;

Her front was powdered through with azured veins

That 'twixt sweet roses and fair lilies lay.

### Or to this again:

Her cheeks, like ripened lilies steeped in wine,

Or fair pomegranate kernels washed in milk,

Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,

Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.

These things are in the grand style, and they show Greene in his most characteristic aspect, as the artist in words. Here is a still finer passage, with its ascending climax, to which the movement of the verse leads up:

Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair,

Or but as mild as she is seeming so, Then were my hopes greater than my despair,

Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.

Ah! when she sings, all music else be still,

For none must be compared to her note;

Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,

Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.

Ah! when she rises from her blissful bed She comforts all the world, as doth the sun;

And at her sight the night's foul vapours fled;

When she is set, the gladsome day is done.

O glorious sun! imagine me the West, Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast. It is a conceit, but a conceit transfigured and glorified by imagination. Sidney would have left it cold and lifeless. In a very different strain is Sephestia's song to her child with its burden:

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,

When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The pathos of this song, perfectly natural and unforced, constrains one almost to ask, if this man lived two such lives, which was the real Greene? At all events, the authorship of these exquisitely tender and pathetic verses is morally speaking the most creditable thing known about Greene.

But is it not a strange thing that a man so unpoetic in his ways of life should have left us so much perfect poetry, while Sidney, who was himself (in Milton's fine phrase) a true poem, has been so far less successful? It is not that Sidney had less aptitude than Greene, but that he had less practice. Greene was incessantly writing,—plays, pamphlets, novels, and the rest,—and he attained to a style. Sidney's defect is the lack of a sustained style; style is Greene's merit.

What is said of Greene's work applies to that of his fellows; what is said of Sidney applies not only to the amateurs of his day but even to Lovelace and Suckling. Exquisite as their work could be, it was only good by flashes.

But perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the Elizabethan literature is the abundance of unclaimed verse, which is in lyric quality equal to any but the very highest excellence. Tottel's Miscellany was only the first of a string of collections, of which the most famous and popular was England's Helicon. All the known poets contributed to these, but many

also who are unknown. In addition to these, there were innumerable songbooks published with music, and since in those days, when music was not understood or appreciated, people took some thought what they sang, these song-books are full of the same lyrical vein. Whether the author of the music was also author of the verse is a most point. The history of these minor Elizabethan poems has been curious: forgotten in the stress of the Civil War, they slept till within the last twenty years the increased study of our literature brought them into notice; and mainly through the taste and energy of Mr. A. H. Bullen they have been printed and sold with great success. Even his selection of lyrics from the Elizabethan Dramatists is hardly more charming a volume than his Anthology from the Song-Books of which a second edition has just appeared. Indeed it is not we only who should be grateful for these delightful books. Take, for instance, the poet Campion, a musician as well; probably thirty years ago not thirty men in England knew his name. the first edition of THE GOLDEN TREASURY he was unrepresented; in the latest you will find ten of his poems. What retribution will the shade of Campion make to Mr. Bullen?

Thou hast bestowed on me a second life; For this I live thy creature.

But Campion is only one of many: William Byrd, Robert Jones, Rossiter, and Dowland, "whose heavenly touch upon the lute doth ravish every sense;" above all, Richard Barnefield. In 1599 was published The Passionate Pilgrim, which was attributed to Shakespeare. But in those days publishers were not nice in their principles, and two poems in the collection are Barnefield's.

One of them is the famous ode beginning "As it fell upon a day," and perhaps few lines in Shakespeare are better known than,

King Pandion, he is dead; All thy friends are lapped in lead; All thy fellow-birds do sing, Careless of thy sorrowing.

Yet fifty years ago Barnefield was a forgotten name; his ewe-lamb had gone to swell Shakespeare's teeming flocks. And it is so throughout; here and there modern scholarship and research has succeeded in identifying the authors of anonymous or wrongly attributed poems: here and there it has even discovered for the curious a few details in the lives of these forgotten men. But in many, in too many cases the name and fame of the authors has passed out of the world with the joy they had in writing; only these songs smell sweet and blossom over their graves. And that raises a curious question; which is the highest fame, that a man's work should survive him or his reputation? Akenside, for example, is a respectable and an amiable name, nor likely to be forgotten, at least while competitive examinations keep his memory green. But were all Akenside's works by some strange and far-reaching accident to perish to-night, it is doubtful if to-morrow you could restore ten lines of them by oral tradition. Yet you shall find some little poem, out of England's Helicon, fresh as the day it was written and treasured in a hundred memories, though it bears no name to it, or else some fanciful

name, the Shepherd Tony, or the like.

Suppose Fate to say to the writer of such a poem: "Three hundred years after your death, men shall still love and prize the things you write, perhaps in some careless moment of a summer's evening; but they will care for them and not for you; not even a syllable of your name shall linger in their recollections,"—what of this? It is not fame,—it cannot be where no man is famous; but it approaches, in a mortal's apprehension, very close indeed to immortality. And even of the other men, who have left us their contributions to this gathered store of song, though not nameless, yet their position in literary history, as they stand but half rescued from oblivion, seems to us in a manner pathetic. They have not, it is true, left behind them a great name blazoned across a long roll of superb achievements in verse; nor does even a trace of their lives survive, as Greene's does, caught, like flies in amber, among the records of a famous history. They have bequeathed to us nothing practically but their writings, and of these how small a portion it is easy to conjecture. Yet it is no trifling heritage; for among all these Elizabethan songs, from the greatest to the least, where the note is purely lyrical, there is the same bird-like freshness, the same easy tuneful utterance, telling of youth and love and of the spring; ditties and strains that linger in quiet corners of the brain and haunt the mind with restful images.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

### SLAVERY IN WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE recent successful operations on the Niger, undertaken avowedly to crush the two slave-raiding Mahomedan Emirs of Nupé and Ilorin, and the proclamations of Sir George Goldie, by which in the territory south of the Middle Niger and on the banks of the Lower Niger the status of slavery has been abolished, have once more brought before the public the vital question of the suppression of the slave-trade in Africa. trade, as carried on in different parts of Africa, varies considerably, and the methods of checking it in one part are consequently not altogether applicable to another. Still, throughout the slave-zone the main features of the trade are the same; it is carried on almost entirely by Mahomedans, be they called Arabs or Fulahs, for the purpose of supplying a demand, which, in spite of all our endeavours, appears to increase rather than to diminish. This demand is either external or With regard to the former, internal. every effort is being made by our East African Squadron to stop the export of slaves, yet Turkey, Persia, and other Mahomedan countries are still, by some means or other, well supplied with Africans. We may, however, consider that virtually the external trade is on the wane, and the matter of slavery and the slave-trade is confined to Africa itself.

Sir John Kirk, than whom no Englishman knows more about Africa, thus summed up the situation, at the Geographical Congress of 1895:—

Tropical Africa has, in the history of the world, been a lost continent, owing to the misrule which has pervaded it. From time immemorial the Africans have been carried off as slaves, to be used in developing the resources of other countries; for slavery is no new thing, and the traffic is one of the earliest historical facts of which we have any record. The over-sea export has now been practically suppressed, and it remains for the European nations to eradicate the internal slave trade, and the misrule and barbarities exercised by the dominant tribes, and to teach the African to labour for the development of his own, as he has hitherto worked for that of other countries.

The task has now been transferred to the interior of the continent itself, and it has devolved upon those nations who have taken part in its territorial division. Upon them must fall the initial cost of this magnificent enterprise; nor is it to be disguised that the task in its earlier stages will be costly both in men and means, though the ultimate gain will, I firmly believe, be more than commensurate with the initial expense.

That portion of the country now under discussion is the Central and Western Soudan (known also by the more modern names of Nigeria and Hausaland) comprising those Mahomedan States of the great Fulah Empire which stretch from Sokoto to Lake Chad, and which lie to the north of the Middle Niger and Benué rivers, Probably in no part of Africa does slavery exist to a greater extent than here, and we have it on the authority of recent travellers that at Kano, the principal Hausa town, the slaves number four-fifths of the population. In every town of any size there is a public slave-market, and to supply these markets gives occupation to almost every male Mahomedan; moreover, the greater portion of the annual tribute payable by the smaller States to their suzerains consists of slaves. What becomes of all these slaves is a question worth considering, as, before attempting to change such a state of affairs, it is necessary to know why there should be such an extraordinary demand for human beings.

A few slave-caravans cross the Sahara to the north, where a ready sale is obtained for the survivors of the gangs at the Mediterranean ports; but, with this exception, no slaves leave the country, though this fact does not lessen in any measure the evils of the trade. The supply cannot keep up with the demand, raid as the Mahomedans will, and each year increases the amount of slave-raiding. Mr. Robinson, who furnishes the most recent information on the subject, says that during his residence in Kano he had frequent opportunities of witnessing the return of the Mahomedans from their raids, and on one occasion he saw no less than a thousand slaves brought in by a single Yet Kano is no worse than party. other States; everywhere are pagan freemen becoming scarce, and the price of a slave, and consequently the incentive to raid, grows greater year by year.

The horrors of slave-raiding are familiar to everyone; it is therefore needless to dwell on them further than to remind the reader that it is not the mere status of slavery that is so repugnant to our feelings as the terrible loss of life which attends the capture of the miserable human beings, and the subsequent deaths from starvation and thirst, resulting from the long marches before the slaves are finally disposed of. Glancing at the map of this particular region, we see that Adamawa lies seven hundred miles, as the crow flies, to the south-east of Now the annual tribute required by the Sultan of Sokoto from the Emir of Adamawa is stated to be ten thousand slaves. These unfortunate beings may possibly have been captured on the eastern outskirts of

Adamawa, and therefore, before reaching Yola, have passed through the terrors of a march of several weeks: but no sooner have they recovered from this than they are drafted off to proceed by land to the Fulah capital. Of these gangs it is no exaggeration to say that not one half of them survive to reach their destination. Strange as it may read, the presence of the Royal Niger Company in the country indirectly increases this mortality; for the fact of the Benué and Niger rivers being under its supervision necessitates the conveyance of the slaves by inland routes at a distance from water, and the rivers can no longer be used as a highway for the carriage of this species of commodity. In reality, were the Niger Company's steamers to carry passengers from one place to another, making no enquiries and not discountenancing the slave-trade, the saving of life would be enormous; but, of course, such an idea could not for a moment be entertained. Something, however, might be done by the Company's steamers in the matter of carrying passengers which would indirectly affect the slaves and the slave-trade very considerably; but to this I will refer presently.

The subject may be conveniently discussed under the heads of demand and supply. As to the demand, we have seen that a certain proportion of the captured pagans are exported to the north, and that a still larger number pass as tribute from the minor States to Sokoto, but the total of these two drains on the supply is a mere drop in the ocean of slavery. The bulk consists principally of two classes, domestic slaves, and saleable beasts of burden. The former become the household servants, labourers. concubines, and harem attendants of their Mahomedan masters, while the latter are employed by the merchants

for the transport of their goods, an additional advantage being that, as the merchant sells his wares, he can readily dispose also of the slave who carried them, and thus save himself the expense of keeping him longer than necessary. So likewise a traveller, journeying from place to place, takes with him a number of slaves to defray the expenses of his journey, selling them as required to pay his bills. Thus the slave of the Soudan is an actual currency, and, in fault of a better, a fairly convenient and portable one.

With regard to domestic slavery: when once the slaves have settled down in their new homes, there is nothing very irksome in their existence, and this has often been put forward as a reason for non-interference. It is impossible, however, for anyone who knows how they arrive at this state of comparative ease, to forget what they have undergone to attain to it; and should any of my readers require further enlightenment, I would refer them to Sir H. H. Johnston's HISTORY OF A SLAVE, a realistic little book full of minute details. domestic slavery as it exists in certain parts of pagan West Africa, where slave-raiding on its own account is unknown, and where the slaves are either born in servitude or captives of war, is a condition of things which it is perhaps difficult to interfere with all at once; and this, I may say, is a very different affair from the domestic slavery in Mahomedan countries. the West Coast,—the Niger Coast Protectorate, for instance, where among the pagans domestic slavery is in full force—the servitude is of a very light description; and it is no uncommon thing for a slave, by good behaviour, to acquire land and wealth, and even rise to the position of chief or king. Ja Ja of Opobo, Waribo and Oko Jumbo of Bonny, Yellow Duke of

Old Calabar, and William Kia of Brass may be mentioned as men who have risen from servitude to be chiefs of the people. In the Mahomedan countries nearly all the domestic slaves are products of raiding; there is consequently no bond of union among them, since they probably come from different tribes, not even speaking the same language, and they have little in common with each other or with their masters. What their condition is depends entirely on their owners; but as a rule, so long as they are well behaved, their life is not altogether a burden; in fact with thrift they are able in the course of time to purchase their freedom. To the Mahomedan these domestic slaves mean wealth, not the mere value of the slave, but the value of his labour; for, in a country where land can be had for practically nothing, the only requisite for making it pay is labour to cultivate it; therefore the more slaves a man possesses, the larger his estates and the greater his importance. he grows rich, his harem increases correspondingly, and female slaves and eunuchs are required in greater numbers.

Comparing domestic slavery in modern Africa with that of ancient Rome, one is struck by the remarkable similarity in the two systems. The Mahomedan householder is not the time-honoured paterfamilias; within his compound he reigns almost supreme, death being the only restriction on his powers of punishment. The slave is allowed his peculium, the enjoyment of his savings, with power to buy his freedom. Male slaves are also sometimes manumitted; and females are given in marriage to other slaves of the household, when a certain amount of liberty is permitted to the couple. children of slaves are themselves slaves, and the property of the owner of their parents; or, if they are the slaves of different masters, the first child belongs to the mother's master, the second to the father's, and so on alternately; and these children can be sold as slaves. Again a slave has no rights of citizenship; he can neither sue nor be sued in a court of law; he has no redress for grievances, and in fact is a mere chattel, to be sold or bought at will.

Such is the demand, the supply to meet which comes principally from the pagan tribes who are the aborigines of the country, while the remainder are the children of slaves. Slavery, however, does not conduce to much increase of the population; the laws of nature and the mode of living are against it, and probably this source does not account for more than one per cent. of the slaves. The process of slave-making adopted by the Fulahs varies according to the nature of the tribe against which their operations are directed. In the case of weak tribes, known to be incapable of much resistance, the method is that of the razzia pure and simple, when whole villages are surrounded and the inhabitants of both sexes and of all ages are carried off. But where the pagan tribes are too powerful to make raiding in this fashion profitable, recourse is had to the meanest devices, by which the unfortunate people are waylaid and kidnapped, or enticed away from their homes. A certain trade is also done by open purchase from the larger pagan tribes, who in instances will sell to ROMA the Mahomedans members of smaller tribes whom they have captured in war, as well as individuals of their own tribe whom they wish to get rid This form of trade, however, is less common than it is under the Arabs in East Africa.

In the present state of West Central Africa, without railways or No. 453.—vol. Lxxvi.

good roads, to put an end to slaveraiding by force of arms is an absolute impossibility. No force that England could spare to put into the country would be sufficiently strong to cope with the raiders in all directions; and to crush them in one part merely means driving them to some other hunting-ground a little further afield. The whole solution, however, lies in a nutshell; once do away with the demand for slaves, and the supply will at once cease, as indeed happened in the case of the over-sea slave-trade of the West Coast when slavery became illegal in America and other parts. It must be remembered that although Europe has divided Africa into what are called spheres of influence, she has at present absolutely ro jurisdiction over the majority of Mahomedan States in these spheres: and the most that can be done by way of compulsion is to stop the subsidies paid to the rulers for the right of trading in their territories, a proceeding which would of course put an end to all commercial enterprise and consequently the reason for the presence of Europe in Africa. We are discussing only the countries of the Central and Western Soudan, where slave-raiding exists in its worst form, but where (since there is little or no outside traffic in slaves) it would probably be easier to suppress it than on the East Coast, whence there is still a smuggled export of pagan Africans. The internal or local demand for slaves could be diminished in two ways; I do not say that the demand would altogether disappear, but it would probably decrease to such an extent that it would hardly be worth the Mahomedans' while to attempt to make a living entirely by systematic The two simplest ways to meet the difficulty (as advocated by many distinguished Anglo-Africans) are the introduction of a money

currency and the construction of roads and railways. The first is perhaps the least difficult, and when once money is in free circulation, the necessity for half the slaves now employed would end; tribute would be paid in money, and the merchant would no longer require to transport enormous loads of cotton and other goods from place to place for barter. The transport of a certain amount of merchandise would still go on, but, with good roads, and with railways and steamers to carry the goods, very few carrier slaves would be necessary. Railways unfortunately take time to construct, but in the meanwhile something might be done by the Royal Niger Company, which has the command of the great waterway which runs from one end of the country to the other. If the company's steamers on the Middle Niger and the Benué were to carry passengers and freight from one port to another at reasonable rates, there is little doubt that the natives would gladly avail themselves of this method of transport; but so far nothing has been attempted in this direction. The people are great travellers, and there is every reason to believe that a passenger line of steamers on these rivers would in a very short time be a paying concern. The Niger, in point of riverside population, does not compare unfavourably with the larger rivers of Asia, on which there is always found a line (and generally a rival line) of passenger Take, for example, the steamers. Canton river, the Irrawadi, the Indus, or the Tigris; on each of these rivers there has been for many years an excellent service of steamers, patronised equally by the Chinese, Burmans, natives of India, or Arabs, who live on the respective river-banks. apart from the Niger-Benué line being a remunerative one, the fact still remains that, by this means, an

indirect blow would be dealt to slavery; and if the British Government or the great body of African philanthropists, saw their way to subsidizing such a line until it was firmly established, the good that would result could not fail to fully repay their efforts. In commending this to the Royal Niger Company, I would point out that for many years to come it is improbable that a railway will pass through the country in which they trade; but that when a railway is constructed (as it inevitably will be within the next quarter of a century) throughout the length of what for want of a better name we may call Hausaland, that is to say, from Sokoto to Lake Chad, it will in the natural course of events connect with the railway which is even now being laid from Lagos to Ilorin and the Middle Niger, with the result that the whole of the trade of these rich provinces will pass into the hands of the colony of Lagos to the impoverishment of the Niger Company. The Company, therefore, would do well to attract the transport of Mahomedan merchandise to the river before it has been diverted elsewhere.

I have, I fear, wandered somewhat from my subject, though my object in putting forward the establishment of passenger traffic on the Niger and Benué was to show how it might affect the number of slaves required to be kept by the Mahomedan traders. To return to the question of currency: the slave in these parts, is, as I have said, an actual currency, equivalent in English money to from £10 for a young girl to £1 for a middle-aged man, and as negotiable in any public market as a bank-note in England. To oust this form of currency and introduce a new one would be to sap the foundations of the present slave system of the Mahomedan merchants, who are quite astute enough to

understand the advantages of the introduction of money into their fact transactions. In  $\mathbf{they}$ already fully aware of its advantages, since the few silver coins which have at different times found their way into these regions are readily bought at a price far exceeding their European value. These coins are almost entirely the old Maria Theresa dollars. which originally found their way to Bornu in the days when a very considerable trade in ostrich-feathers was carried on between the merchants of Bornu and Tripoli. Since that time, the same coin has been taken to the country by several European travellers, and the identical dollar (with the date 1780) is still struck in Austria for export to Central Africa. Now here is a form of money ready to hand, and one which, being known to the people, it might be the best to use at first. The matter, however, of the particular coin to be used is immaterial, the great point being the importance of flooding the country with money, and the medium for bringing this about is primarily the Royal Niger Company. English money is used freely in all our West Coast colonies, and even in the Niger Coast Protectorate, which came into existence some years after the Niger Company obtained its charter; but in the Company's territories money, as a legal tender, is unknown.

The question of initiating a new system of trade in a country is, I am fully aware, not to be dealt with lightly; in fact, it requires to be very carefully thought out, as so many side issues are involved. In attempting, therefore, the introduction of a money currency into these regions, it would be necessary to consider whether it would be acceptable to the natives, or whether they would reject it. The European

traders need not be considered at present; they might lose a little at first, but would soon recover what they had lost by the rapid increase in trade. To discuss the question from the native point of view, we must examine the present method of carrying on business in this portion of the Soudan. The system is not actual barter, though it is not far removed from it, the difference being that there is an intermediate stage, which the native merchants estimate the value of articles that they wish to sell or buy. medium for bargaining is the cowrie (about two thousand of them being equal in value to a shilling), which is a species of currency, yet cannot be said to be an actual one, as there is no fixed standard; the cowrie is a mere token, and the holder of cowries cannot recover the value of them unless he can find others willing to take Thus the value of cowries varies each day and in each place, everything depending on whether the particular market happens to be well provided with them,-a state of affairs which, in a country with poor means of communication, is naturally a terrible hindrance to trade. over, their bulk is an inconvenience to the travelling merchant, who consequently prefers to take with him cotton or other merchandise borne by slaves, whom he can also sell when he has no longer any goods for them to carry.

These cowries are not indigenous to the country, but are imported from Europe and other parts, and their use is not by any means ancient. Prior to their introduction, there were several forms of currency in the different native States; thus, on the Benué river, there were pieces of iron with a fixed value; in Bornu, the rotl (a pound of copper) was the ancient standard, four gabagas (cotton strips) going to the rotl, and afterwards eight cowries to the gabaga; in Kano, fifty years ago, the dollar had become a standard, with cowries (twenty-five hundred to the dollar) as small change; while in Timbuctoo, the standard consisted of a mithkal of golddust, weighing ninety-six grains of wheat and fixed at four thousand cowries. It is interesting to note these old standards, as it shows that the natives are sufficiently advanced in the scale of civilization to understand the advantages of a portable currency; and probably the only reason that they have not improved in this respect is that the powerful men in the country have complete control over the markets, withholding cowries from circulation, or swamping the markets with them, as occasion suits them. If European money were introduced, and its value guaranteed for a certain number of years, and if all white traders were compelled to accept the money at the fixed value, then the currency question might be finally solved. Unfortunately, however, there are reasons for objection on the European trader's part. matters stand at present, by watching the cowrie market,-where the value fluctuates from seven to seventeen pence for two thousand cowries-the Niger Company's agents are enabled to do business at a very handsome profit; and it is perhaps unreasonable to expect them to give up this profit for the sake of a little philanthropy, though this difficulty might be met by a Government subsidy for a few years.

With regard to railway construction, there is nothing impossible in laying a line between Sokoto and Lake Chad, and with a bridge or steam ferry across the Middle Niger, the Lagos-Ilorin line would then run through Nupé to Sokoto. An extension from Lake Chad to El Fascher would doubtless eventually follow, and thence eastward

to the Nile. For the present, however, this is but building castles in the air. To return to firm ground, the railway should be preceded by good roads, of a moderate width and carefully laid down, so that they could be afterwards used for a permanent way, while rest-camps or caravanserais, with a plentiful supply of water, should be established at convenient distances. All this would, of course, require money, and it is improbable that the Royal Niger Company, or any other company, would see the force of sinking so much capital with no chance of any return for a decade or more. The arguments that gained the vote for the Uganda railway would do equally well here; but failing Government support, I am afraid that there is little probability of anything being done for many years.

Let us now consider how this construction of roads and railways would affect slavery. In the first place, it would be essential that only free labour should be used for the work, and it would be necessary to protect the depôts and the labourers by a small force of constabulary. The Sultan of Sokoto and the Emirs of the vassal States would have to be persuaded to permit the work: but there is nothing that an African ruler will not do for money, so that is merely a matter of bribery. Now comes the question of labour; would it be forthcoming? Perhaps not at first, but by importing Sierra Leone coolies and Kruboys to make a start, and by offering fair wages and protection, the natives would soon see the advantage of working. I do not imagine that the Mahomedans themselves would ever work; but the pagan villagers are no fools, and they would readily grasp the situation, as they have done in the Congo State. By these means there would be fewer pagans to be raided, since, with a constabulary guard, anyone employed on the works would be a British subject, free and protected from attack. It seems to me that the only difficulty would be to find enough work for the applicants. With a good road running east and west through Hausaland, and with branches here and there connecting with the Benué and Middle Niger, communications would be so well established that trade would be at once doubled; the inland parts would become accessible to European traders, the caravanserais would become trading stations, when the Niger Company would be able to actually have a voice in the administration of the country. from which in the course of time would result complete control over the native rulers, and finally the abolition of the This scheme of status of slavery. roads and railways is, it must be acknowledged, rather an extensive one, and possibly may be considered fanciful; yet, compared with what England has already spent on the suppression of the slave-trade in Africa. the cost would be infinitesimal.

The passing of resolutions in London will never abolish the slave-trade What is wanted is real in Africa. systematic action in the country itself; and were missionary and other philanthropic societies to combine, and consent to be guided by the advice of those who are acquainted with Africa, then the matter might be settled for ever. Ask the average Englishman what European Power has been the champion of the abolition of slavery, and he will readily answer "England." He will undoubtedly be correct; yet if we look at Africa, now virtually belonging to half a dozen European Powers, what do we find? That England, of all nations, flies her flag over, or, at any rate, has under her protection, thousands of square miles in which no attempt has been made to suppress slavery, and, where indeed she actually recognizes the legal status of slavery. So long as we acknowledge the right of a Mahomedan, or any other African, to hold slaves, we are aiding and abetting the slave-trade; we are practically encouraging the supply by allowing the demand to continue. It will no doubt be contended that the time has not yet come for proclaiming throughout all our African protectorates that the status of slavery is illegal; but, on the other hand, are we honestly doing all we can to hasten the arrival of that time? Are we honestly fulfilling the obligations we undertook, with ten other Great Powers, at the Brussels Conference in 1890? These obligations were as follows :--

The gradual establishment in the interior, by the Powers to which the territories are subject, of strongly occupied stations, in such a way as to make their protective or repressive action effectively felt in the territories devastated by slave-hunting.

The construction of roads, and in particular of railways, connecting the advanced stations with the coast, and permitting easy access to the inland waters, and to such of the upper courses of the rivers and streams as are broken by rapids and cataracts, in view of substituting economical and rapid means of transport for the present means of carriage by men.

On the East Coast of Africa we have done and are doing much; but in our sphere of influence in West Central Africa seven years passed without the least attempt being made to carry out the terms of the Brussels Act, and now, in the eighth year, all that has been done is the abolition of slavery in that part of the country south of the Middle Niger; and this, we must remember, has been effected at the cost of the shareholders of the Royal Niger Company, not of the British nation.

To sum up the situation of slavery in British West Central Africa: there

an ever-increasing internal demand for slaves, which the Fulahs endeavour by every available means to supply; England has pledged herself to the abolition of slavery within her African protectorates (whether under direct or Chartered Company administration) by making roads and railways, and by establishing posts throughout the country, but in the enormous tracts lying to the north of the Benué and the Middle Niger, nothing has been attempted. By opening communications, and by introducing a money currency, it might be possible to decrease the demand for at any rate those slaves now used as carriers: while the establishment of trading stations in the interior, consequent on the better roads, might give us sufficient power in the land to strike the final blow. Enough blood has already been shed in Africa by this accursed traffic. Surely, then, if it be possible by peaceful means to abolish it, it is the moral duty of Great Britain to make an effort to fulfil the promises that she solemnly made to the world at Brussels, and to endeavour, in this reign of reigns, to ameliorate the condition of the negro, without increasing the bitterness of which his cup is already full.

A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

# THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AT AMSTERDAM.

In most foreign capitals and large towns of northern and central Europe the Zoological Garden is an important social institution. In Berlin or Hamburg, for instance, a late dinner at the Gardens is as popular as a dinner at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, would be here; and it must be added that it is quite as well served and much more amusing. Foreigners excel in this side of the management of a Zoological Garden. But much may be learned by visiting the continental collections, as to the care and maintenance of birds, beasts, and fishes in these great menageries, and the best way of exhibiting them to the public. Good as are the Gardens of Berlin and Paris, we prefer that of Amsterdam to any other, not excepting our own in London. The Dutch have a natural aptitude for managing wild animals, just as the English have, and the site of the Garden is far superior to that in Regent's Park. The Society was founded in 1834, or only three years later than the Royal Zoological Society of London. Its motto is Natura Artis Majistra, and this legend, written conspicuously on all the Society's buildings, has been converted by the public into a handy name for the Gardens. stead of the "Zoo" the Amsterdam public speak of the "Artis"; and they are almost as proud of the Artis as of the new Rijks Museum for the national The Gardens stand on a pictures. natural soil of warm sand and peat, covering a solid oblong of nearly twelve acres, not parcelled off by roads, streets, or canals, and originally purchased of the City of Amsterdam for four hundred thousand florins. site is now worth four million florins,

and continues to increase in value. The whole area is divided into some eighty-five islands of grass, separated by winding paths made of the fine shell-gravel of Holland. The islands are thickly planted with trees, mainly wych-elm, which give shade without darkness. On these islands and round the sides of the oblong are built the houses, exercising-grounds, and aviaries for birds and beasts. In almost every case each colony is isolated from others of different species by the trees, so that the visitor can see one thing at a time and not be perplexed by the simultaneous sight of incongruous forms. Three pretty lakes, like those in St. James's Park, lie right across the Gardens, and upon each of these numbers of water-birds live, make their nests, and bring up their young. This maze of trees and lakes, with the lovely plumage of the tropical birds artistically scattered among them in aviaries or chained in lines to perches beside the avenues, make as fair a scene as any city has to show.

It is a delightful place even to sit or stroll in and lunch under the trees, with all the interest of the menagerie added to its natural beauties. Lastly, in point of date, but not of relative importance, there has now been added the most beautiful aquarium in Europe, where the visitor can walk as if he were on the bottom of the sea, and watch on either side shoals of fish, from the Dutch turbot and herrings of the North Sea to the paradise fish of China, swimming beside and above him behind their crystal walls. This building, handsome outside and most beautiful within, for the living pictures on the walls

are marvels of light, movement, and colour, cost £12,000, and the Amsterdamers are justly proud of it. this paradise of beasts, birds, and fish is open to any one who can pay a shilling, and can be enjoyed on condition of the observance of two peremptory restrictions. No one is to pick bloomen en bladen (grass or flowers) under a fine of five gulden, and anyone who either feeds or teazes the animals incurs a similar fine. Dutch are a most law-abiding people, and not even the elephant tempts to a breach of the law by begging, though elephants have begged buns and pennies since the days of Cæsar Augustus. A concession is made to public feeling in the case of the monkeys. keepers are allowed to feed them with monkey-nuts at the request of the curious visitor, or the latter may have the gratification of doing so himself, provided the food comes from the authorized source.

The result of not feeding the creatures is to make them quite indifferent to the visitor. They lead their own life and take no interest in the human beings they see daily. On the other hand, as no little Dutch boy would dare to make an ugly face even at the meekest animal, they are neither nervous nor shy, but behave much as if no one were in the Gardens but themselves. Sometimes, as in the case of the cranes and storks. which dance by the hour to amuse themselves, or the cormorants, which build their nests and bring up their broods, this is an advantage from the visitor's point of view. He sees many of the creatures living according to nature. In the case of the nocturnal creatures, especially the smaller carnivora, this refusal to make a change of habit when living in public is rather a nuisance. The Artis possesses, for instance, a good collection of small wild cats, ocelots,

gennets, pole-cats, and their kind, including one creature of doubtful merit, a very fine skunk. These are all kept in light cages on the outside of a kind of horse-shoe, where, unlike the same creatures in the small cat-house at our London Gardens, they can be seen well. But as they are never fed or touched by visitors, they follow nature literally, and with one consent go to sleep all day long. The writer was amused, as well as disappointed, to find in every cage, ocelot, tiger-cat, gennet, polecat, or whatever the occupant, curled up in a ball and fast asleep. As most of the creatures had made a bed in the centre of the bunch of willow-shavings given them in place of straw, there was practically nothing but fur to look at. Some of the rarer tropical antelopes are even more aloof from the public than these sleeping beauties. Two or three very rare and beautiful gazelles are kept behind glass, in specially warm compartments where no draught can reach them. At the back of this glass house is set a large mirror, so that from the spectacular point of view there is a gain rather than a loss.

In visiting different menageries one notes that most animals behave in much the same way wherever they are kept in captivity. By an accident which looks like design the director has set in a stall next to some of these elegant creatures a sturdy little Asiatic elephant, present from the Sultan of Siak to some Dutch governor in the Malay Archipelago. He is a fat little slatecoloured beast, like a toy elephant. not higher than a sideboard, and is permitted to be patted and handled by the public, though not to be fed. While very deliberate and solemn in his ways his eye is in constant motion observing his observers, and the keeper of the elephant says that if only sold to a circus he could be trained more

quickly than any animal yet under his care. "Taking notice" is evidently more common in some elephants than in others.

Every Zoological Garden has certain specialities and departments in which it excels. Birds in general, and certain animals in particular, especially the prairie-dogs in their colony, the sea-lion, and the apes, are particularly well off at Amsterdam. The Garden has also a great reputation for breeding young lions, jaguars, leopards, and, until recently, hippopotamuses. The prairie-dog town is very inexpensive to maintain, and so amusing that we ought to institute one at our own Garden. Prairie-dogs, as every one knows, are American marmots, much smaller, more lively (as they do not hibernate), and sandy-coloured, but in other respects they are very much like the European marmot. At Amsterdam they live in a round enclosure, floored with sand, which goes to any depth as it is in the natural soil. In this some thirty prairie-dogs live, and spend nearly all day in digging, when they are not eating carrots, or sitting bolt upright, making believe to be on sentry duty outside the burrow. The digging mania seizes perhaps half-a-dozen prairie-dogs at once. They rush to the nearest hole, dive in, and in a few seconds a shower of sand is flying out behind. Other prairie-dogs run to help, and get their heads and eyes covered with the shower. The volunteer retires discomforted, brushes the sand off his head and rubs it into his eyes with his paws, watching the heap outside the hole growing big. Then a bright idea seizes him. He rushes at the loose heap, hugs a quantity between his arms, chest, and chin, and shoves it down the hole on to the miner inside. Fast as the latter can dig, the prairie-dog at the pit-mouth can shove in sand still faster, till at last the one inside thinks something must be wrong, scratches his way out, and emerges to confront his friend, who sits up on end and stares at him, as if to say, "Who ever could have known you were down there? Why didn't you mention it sooner?" The big apes have also a capital playground. The baboons, Barbary apes, and several other kinds of monkey are not arboreal in their habits, but creatures of the rock and desert. Instead, therefore, of sitting on straw in a cage with a few swings and trapezes to amuse them, they have a big out-door playground, with deep sand, rocks, and one or two dead trees and stone water-troughs; they have also a straw yard for exercise in cold weather. It is an interesting sight to see the big baboons slip out of their inner cage through a hole in the wall, drop on to the sand, and, after taking a drink at the trough, which they do on all fours, putting their faces down to the water like a horse, begin to hunt for larvæ or ants in the sand. This they pick up in their hands and examine, dropping the grains bit by bit, as if looking for gold dust. The sea-lion has a fine grotto, with water dropping from above, but dry under the projecting roof, where he sits and suns himself like a mermaid on the rocks.

Near the southern end of the Garden three large lakes cross the grounds. One of these is devoted to marine birds, the others to inland water-fowl. The colony of cormorants on the first is especially interesting. They build nests of dead sticks, from one to three feet high. Sometimes two pairs combine to make a joint establishment. This is managed by the hen-birds, for the cocks dislike proximity and fight on the doorstep while their wives sit contentedly upon their half-grown young. These poke

their heads out from under their mammas and keep up an incessant clattering croak for food, which is supplied at short intervals by the keepers. The fish are given to the old cockbirds, who thereupon leave off fighting, swallow their food, and, walking up to the nest, apparently commence also to swallow their offspring. having got the little heads well into their own throats they only, instead of swallowing the young, jerk the fish into their mouths and then disgorge them; after the performance of which paternal duty they retire to the trees, where they sit basking and contentedly contemplating their families.

The breeding of lions has been for many years a source of profit and credit to the Amsterdam Gardens. The finest lioness in Regent's Park was an Amsterdam cub. She was so square built and strong that connoisseurs pronounced her the very best lioness ever seen in England; but she is also very savage, and while the Sokoto lion who was mated with her here (unfortunately with no result), could be pulled about by his keeper like a St. Bernard dog, no man dare touch the Dutch-bred lioness. lions have not had a family for many years, the pumas alone breeding freely. Sutton, the lion-keeper, who has just retired after forty years' service at the Gardens, always maintained that this was partly because our stock was not up to the mark. Mr. Rowland Ward presented the Zoological Gardens with a new lion last year, and some cubs were born, but did not At Amsterdam there have survive. been families of lions every year, while leopards and even jaguars have litters. Sometimes every other cage holds a litter of cubs. This is not due to any obvious superiority of their cages over those in Regent's Park. On the contrary, the day houses are rather smaller than the cages of our lions. The night quarters are larger, but there are no outdoor runs like the fine summer palace built for the lions, pumas, tigers, and leopards of London. All the feline animals kept at Amsterdam are fine specimens, but the most beautiful of all is a female jaguar, whose family of cubs were last year one of the sights of the Artis. In May these cubs were the size of cats, with short sturdy legs, fluffy rosetted coats, like red gold dust, and very fat; one, lying on a pile of oat-straw, was making almost his first meat dinner off a piece of boiled mutton. true cats love to lie on a shelf, and the big felidæ of Amsterdam are all provided with this form of furniture. Three splendid pumas, a male jaguar, and a tiger were all lying on their shelves on the occasion of the writer's first visit to their house. The number of young lions was a feature of the show, all bred in the Gardens except one, a three-year-old from Senegambia, which had a coat as thick and woolly as a Turkey carpet. Hippopotamus breeding has also been a speciality of Amsterdam. Five years ago we paid £800 for one of their calves, which is now flourishing in the Regent's Last spring, however, one of the Amsterdam hippopotamuses died, and unless another can be got from the Congo it will be difficult to replace it before we retake Khartoum. There is a species of dwarf hippopotamus, a native of Liberia, which has never yet been brought to Europe. Captain Hinde, author of THE FALL OF THE CONGO ARABS, notes that when in the service of the Free State he saw a third variety, about the size of Alderney cows, on the Sankuru River, a deep slow stream flowing into the Kasai. As he saw one herd of twenty-three and another of seventeen it is hardly probable

that these could have been all young specimens of the common hippopotamus. They were all alike, considerably larger than the Liberian species, and not half the size of that of the Nile. As the Dutch Society are so successful with their hippopotamuses it would probably pay them to contract with the Congo Free State for some of these rare animals to be caught and shipped home. The young ones would command a ready sale at from £800 to £900 apiece.

The European bison, or aurochs, has disappeared from the Regent's Park. The last specimen was one of the most imposing creatures in the whole menagerie, the American bull bison being completely dwarfed beside the enormous bulk of the European bonassus. Both creatures have the double interest of singularity of form and of rapidly approaching extinction, but of the two the aurochs is far the rarest in the collections of Europe. At Amsterdam there are a pair, male and female, from the Lithuanian forest, where alone, except in some inaccessible region at the foot of the Caucasus, the European bison is now found. The male is quite as large as that which lived in the Regent's Park. Its mane is not so thick, but its chin carries a beard two feet long.

But the special glory of the Amsterdam gardens are the birds. If they are not as exuberantly happy as those on the Scamander "rejoicing in their wings," they are at least as happy as birds can be which do not fly. No matter what the species, they are all the picture of health. Storks and cranes, parrots and lorys (out of doors), hawks, eagles, vultures, are in perfect plumage, with bright eyes, bloom upon their feathers, and all the signs of good condition without which no bird retains its beauty for a day. is not a draggled bird in the Gardens. The greatest surprise is in the case of

the eagles and their kindred. most other collections the feathers of these birds become broken, their feet diseased, and their plumage soiled with wet and dirt very soon after the spring In one row of cages at the Artis the writer has seen condors, seaeagles, lammergeyers, a king-vulture, and a hawk-eagle, all sunning themselves and spreading their wings in which not a single broken feather Each bird was in such could be seen. condition that a falconer would have pronounced it fit to fly. As no one is allowed to feed, or to disturb the birds, they never fly against the bars or damage their plumage in efforts to But the main factor in ensuring their health is the dry peaty sand which forms the natural floor of their houses. It absorbs all moisture and dirt: it can be used as a sandbath as well as a floor; and when it becomes heated with the sun the birds can always get a cool couch by scratching or shuffling a few inches below the Thus it is a basking-ground surface. for their backs, and if necessary cools their breasts in hot weather. Eagles and kites will lie on the warm sand by the hour, and dust in it; golden pheasants half bury themselves in the yellow mass; bower-birds, lyre-birds, and doves scratch and play on it like infants in the Board School sandheap. The water-side birds dislike a permanent state of sloppiness just as much as the others. If they have water near, they too prefer the sand as a floor. In place of the grass lawn on which they are kept at Regent's Park, with pans of water, they occupy two rows of houses facing each other, before each of which is a court of this dry sand. whole terrace of bird-houses runs a constant stream of fresh water in a shallow stone bed. This stream rises in a fountain beneath a chestnut tree in the centre of each line of

courts, and flows either way, the fountains, streams, and storks suggesting certain visions in the book of Each house holds a pair or Ezekiel. more of the scarlet, grey, white-cream, rose-colour, and black. No less than thirty species inhabit the two terraces, including flamingos, scarlet ibises. tantalus - storks, Stanley's cranes. crowned cranes, adjutants, and all the long-legged birds with which Japanese fans are covered.

The small birds and parrots are exhibited with equal skill. long we must have a new parrot house in Regent's Park, and as the house also contains the small foreign birds, which is not the case at Amsterdam, we may look for a separation of the two, and some improvement in the art of exhibiting them. the Artis all the small birds are in wide cages, painted white with some harmless composition, which shows the inmates off to advantage. The parrots and cockatoos are taken out in summer, and arranged in two parallel lines under the trees of the central avenue. Each bird is fastened by a light chain to a swinging perch, attached to a tall metal rod, with a pan for food and water close by. The effects of this avenue, some eighty yards long, of vivid blue, scarlet, green, and orange, softened by the whites, pale pinks, and yellows of the cockatoos, is ad-The birds shout, swing, mirable. scream, and talk Dutch all the day This system, which is followed on a small scale in our Regent's Park Gardens, answers perfectly. The birds are in the prime of condition, and the spring moulting, the troublesome period with all caged birds, causes no loss of health or sickness.

We have reserved the aquarium for the close of this paper. Without hesitation it may be taken that this is the most beautiful thing in the Artis, and well worth copying in all Zoological Gardens. It adds also to the logical completeness of the collection of living natural history. To include the birds and beasts, and leave out the fish makes the presentation of nature incomplete. It is true that there is not even such a successful beginning of an insect - house as at Regent's Park; but the aquarium is really delightful. When well built and well managed a collection of living fish has one great advantage over collections of living beasts and birds. You can see them much better and to far greater advantage than if you were looking at them in the sea, or down into a pool. It does not much matter whether the fish are in glass tanks on tables in a top-lighted room, or in tanks between which a gallery is sunk, into which the light comes obliquely from above. The latter is prettier, for the creatures in the water gain a kind of extra glow, as if they themselves gave out light. But in any case the tanks are like luminous living pictures, and the fish look as beautiful as they would if we could walk in the sea-grottos and see them with unsmarting eyes. The indigenous fish of the Dutch coast are quite as beautiful, in the water, as the parti-coloured tropical fishes. The former dwell in glass cases on either side of a long passage. On the left hand of this gallery each tank represents what is practically a sample of the bottom of the North Sea and the fish that dwell therein. It is paved, with pebbles, but with the bright yellow sand of that coast. The chief Dutch food-fishes, which the big flatbottomed pinks are employed in catching, are herrings first (Amsterdam is popularly believed to be founded on herring-bones), then gurnards, turbot, butts, soles, eels, crabs, and flounders. The herrings have to be allowed a light at night, otherwise they knock their noses against the sides of the tank.

This is one interesting discovery from observing fish in an aquarium. the day the whole shoal of herrings, to the number of fifty, are very lively, and most beautiful creatures they are. Nearly all the cod go blind, from an extraordinary hypertrophy of the eye, which becomes terribly swollen; whether this is due to exposure to light, for the cod mainly live in a very dim light when on the Banks, is not certain, but the lemurs at our Gardens constantly go blind from this cause. The flat fish are perhaps the most interesting of all to watch. following notes of a morning passed in studying them may be taken as a sample of the amusement afforded by the aquarium to appreciative visitors.

The flat fish, whether at rest or in motion, have an air of vigilance, vivacity, and intelligence greater than any of the normally shaped fish. This is in part due to their habits, and in part to the expression of the flat fish's eye. This, which is sunk and invisible in the dead fish, is raised on a kind of turret in the living turbot or sole, and set there in a halfrevolving apparatus, working almost as independently as the "ball-and-socket" eyes of the chameleon. There is this difference, however, in the eye of the lizard and of the fish. The iris of the chameleon is a mere pin-hole at the top of the eye-ball, which is thus absolutely without expression. The turbot's or "butt's" eyes are black and gold and intensely bright, with none of the fixed, staring, stupid appearance of ordinary fishes' eyes. It lies upon the sand and jerks its eyes independently into position to survey any part of the ground surface, the water above, or that on either side at any angle. If it had light-rays to project from its eye, instead of to receive, the effect would be precisely that made by the sudden shifting of the jointed apparatus which casts the electric light from a warship at any angle on to sea, sky, or The turbots, though ready, graceful swimmers, moving in wave-like undulations across the water, or dashing off like a flash when so disposed, usually lie perfectly still upon the bottom. They do not, like the dabs and flounders, cover themselves with sand, for they mimic the colour of the ground with such absolute fidelity that except for the shining eye it is almost impossible to distinguish them. It would appear that volition plays some part in this subtle conformity to environment; for one turbot, which is blind, has changed to a tint too light, and not at all in harmony with that of the sand. It is not generally known that fish yawn. The writer saw a turbot yawn twice, and a cod once,—the latter being one of the widest yawns accomplished by any animal of its size. The yawn of a turbot, being something not commonly seen, deserves more particular description. A turbot's mouth is twisted on one side, rather as if it had belonged to a round fish which some one had accidentally trodden on and squashed half flat. The yawn begins at the lips, which open as if to suck in water. Then the jaws become distended, and it is seen that this is going to be a real genuine submarine fish's yawn. But the yawn goes on, works through the back of its head, distending the plates of the skull, and comes out at the gills, which open, show the red inside, are inflated for a moment, and then, with a kind of stretching shiver of its back, the fish flattens out again, until, if unusually bored, it relieves itself by another yawn.

The tropical fishes are kept in square glass tanks in a top-lighted rotunda. The beauty of the paradise fish, the golden carp, and the extraordinary Japanese fish with fins and tails like long pennants of gold, can there be properly appreciated. Feeding-time is perhaps the most interesting hour at which to visit these They, as well as many of the sea-fishes, such as the herrings and even the sea-anemones, live almost entirely on the microscopic waterinsects which swarm in the ponds where the wild-fowl live. and winter alike these entomostraca are bred in millions in the ponds, and the keeper has only to take a muslin net, sweep it about in the water, and bring it out with a couple of handsful of red-looking powder at the bottom. Under the microscope this red powder separates into water-fleas, cyclops, and other strange-looking beasts.

fish know what it is well enough; and when they see the man bearing the bag they crowd up to the edge of the tank and flatten their noses against the glass like little boys staring into a pastry-cook's window. When a few pinches are put into the tank the fish dart at it from every side, sucking it down like soup; no other food keeps them in such good health and it costs nothing to grow.

Though it savours somewhat of paradox to say so, in most respects, except the splendid aquarium, Amsterdam is an old-fashioned Zoological Garden. It is kept mainly as a collection of specimens belonging to the members of a learned society.

There is no attempt to show the felidæ in great inclosures where many are seen together, as is done by Mr. Carl Hagenbeck at Hamburg, or to provide a real jungle for the monkeys to play in, or a palm-house full of birds of paradise and honey-suckers. It is an example of a very fine collection exhibited on the old lines, half scientific, half popular, and like our own Zoological Garden it has grown up on old traditions. But it is all good of its kind, well kept, well supported, and pleasing to look upon; nor is the interest of a visit ever marred by the slightest suspicion of animal sickness or animal suffering.

C. J. CORNISH.

#### THE HAUNTED SCHOONER.

(A Tale of the Eastern Seas.)

The Ghosts of the West are laid, are laid,
The Spirits, and Elves, and Sprites;
The steam-whistle's scream hath made them afraid,—
Too clear are the White men's nights.
The gas-jet's flare, and the lamp-light's glare,
The clamour, the rush, the roar,
Have driven them forth from the lands of the North
To roam on an alien shore.

But the Ghosts of the East wax strong, wax strong, For the land is spent and old,
And the corpse-lights whisper a tale of wrong
To dead men under the mould,
While the Hantus cry 'neath the starless sky,
And the Witch-hags laugh and yell,
When the night shuts down o'er village and town,
And opens the gates of Hell.

I CANNOT pretend to explain this story, nor do I ask anyone to believe it; that is entirely a matter for private judgment. But those who know the East intimately will hesitate to assert that anything, no matter how unlikely, is impossible in the lands where man's body is bathed in eternal splendour, while his mind remains hopelessly steeped in unending night and gloom. I can only tell the tale as I heard it; first from a white man, who knew me well enough to trust me not to laugh at him, and later from a did Malay boatswain. who realise that, by telling a plain story simply and by relating facts exactly as they occurred, he was running any risk of becoming an object of ridicule. I have not attempted to use the words of either of my informants, for the eyes of the East and the eyes of the West are of different focus, the one seeing clearly where the other is almost blind. No

given circumstances have precisely the same value when they are related by a Native or by a European, yet each may speak truly according to his vision; and who shall say which of the twain attains the more nearly to the abstract truth?

The islands of the Eastern Seas, where life is too indolent for a man to do more than dream over the marvellous grouping of the treasures, and the lavish use of light and colour and shade wherewith Nature paints her pictures for lazy eyes to look upon; where the sad, soft winds lull you gently with their spicy breath; where the air comes to you heavy with memories of the cool sleeping forest; where action folly, and all effort seems madness; and where the drowsy people, taking the true spirit of their surroundings. seem to slumber given over and to

dreamy rest,—these islands of the Eastern Seas have the power to bind a man to them for all his days. It needs an effort, for one who has drunk deeply of the intoxication of these sleepy places, to break away from them, and effort has become repugnant to his very being. But if, as happens now and again, a man grows weary of the islands, he must turn his back alike upon them and upon the rising sun, for if he goes towards the East he only increases his trouble. Almost before he is aware of it he will slip into the archipelagoes of the Pacific, and there life is still so entrancing, in spite of the Germans and the Missionaries, that he will soon find himself bound hand and foot by ties stronger even than those from which he seeks to free himself.

If, however, he turns resolutely to the West, he may push his way through any one of the hundred gaps that are to be found in that long fringe of forest-clad islands which skirts the edge of the Malay Archipelago. Then, peeping through the gates of the strait, he may see once more the open, restless sea, and heaving to the horizon, beyond which, separated from him by more than a thousand leagues of storm-swept ocean, lies the east coast of Africa. The little straits of Sunda are the favourite track for such wayfarers, and as you near the western outlet, the point where the calm seas of the Archipelago join issue with the fierce waters of the Indian Ocean, you look your last upon Malayan lands. However insensible you may be to beauty, however impervious to the influence of your surroundings, if you have sojourned long enough among the islands, or in the Malay Peninsula, the fascination of this corner of the earth will have eaten into your heart, and a keen pang of regret will be yours as you turn your back upon the land and beat out to the open sea.

On your right hand lies a broad tract of forest, broken here and there by little dainty villages, the bright patches of green marking the culti-The jungle, fading away vated land. in the distance, colours the earth it cloaks an even greenish blue, softer than any hue for which man has a name; and behind that, very far and faint and dim, rise the white and azure mountains of the interior. The fleecy clouds appear to float around them, casting broad belts of shadow on the plain beneath, and all the land slumbers peacefully under its green coverlet. This is Sumatra; and on your left the coast of Java smiles at you through the evening light. villages cluster closely along the shore, the ordered fields, gay with the splendours of the standing crops, spreading inland almost as far as the eye can carry. Here and there a dark patch of forest breaks the brighter green of the rice-fields, and the hills are seen dimly, blushing faintly in the glow of the setting sun.

Ahead of you lies the ocean, restless and hungry, a strange contrast to the sleepy shore; and in the very portals of the strait, grim and hard and awful, without a blade of grass to soften its harsh outlines, Krakatan, rising sheer from the sea, stands blackly outlined against the ruddy sky.

This wild mountain of roughly-hewn volcanic rock, so black in colour and so strong and harsh in outline, so rudely unlike the smiling land on either side, resembles some fearful monster that stands on guard before the gates of Paradise. In 1883 Krakatan belched forth fire and lava, destroying thousands of human beings and laying whole districts waste. Ships far out of sight of land were licked up, and burned like chaff, by

the floating fire that covered the sea for miles. Reefs rose clear from out the deep sea-bottom where formerly the waters had been unfathomed, while islands disappeared, dragged down into the bowels of the ocean. The deafening reports of the eruption's thousand explosions carried far and wide, filling distant Malayan lands with strange rumours of battle. But to-day Krakatan rears its sullen crest skywards, silent, grim, and terrible, like a destroying angel that has the power to strike but itself is indestructible.

It was lying close under the leaof Krakatan that my friend the White Man chanced to find the schooner, which he bought so cheaply from the adipati, or headman, of the coast near Java Head. She was a dainty little craft, two-masted, and in firstrate condition. The price asked and given for her was absurdly small, and the White Man was full of his luck at having fallen in with her. He had no very high opinion of the morals of the Rajas, or headmen, who dwell in Malayan lands, and he told himself that the adipâti had probably come in possession of the schooner by means which would hardly bear scrutiny. That, however, he considered was no affair of his, for men who roam about the Archipelago are not apt to be over scrupulous, nor do they usually ask awkward questions about such gifts as the gods send

All went well until my friend set about seeking for a crew to man his schooner. Then he found that no living soul upon the coast of Java, nor yet among the villages on the Sumatran shore, would set foot aboard her. He wasted weeks in vainly trying to persuade and bribe the people to lend him a hand to sail the ship up to Tanjong Priuk, which is the port for Batavia, but at length

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he was forced to abandon the attempt. Not without difficulty he succeeded in forcing the adipâti to refund one half of the purchase money, as a guarantee that the ship should not be resold until he returned to fetch her. Then he set off for Sûlu, where he had a large connection among the divers and fisher-folk. A couple of months later he returned to Krakatan, with a gang of yelling Sûlu boys crowding a tiny native craft, and took formal charge of the schooner.

The money was paid, and the ship began to beat up the Straits before a gentle breeze; and, after putting in at Tanjong Priuk to refit, and lying for a week or two under the shadow of the great Dutch guard-ships inside the breakwater, the White Man and his crew set sail for an oyster-bed of which the former alone knew the situation. I cannot tell you exactly where this fishing-ground is, for the White Man hugged his secret closely. Among the islands men pride themselves upon having exclusive knowledge of some out-of-the-way corner that no one else is supposed to have visited. It not infrequently happens that a dozen men plume themselves upon possession of such knowledge in regard to one and the same spot. and until two of them meet there all goes happily enough.

The White Man spoke to me of his schooner, in after days, with tears in his voice. She was "a daisy to sail, and as pretty as a picture," he said; and even the Malay boatswain, who had his own sufficient reasons for hating her very name, told me that at first he loved her like the youngest of his daughters.

Now the custom of the Malay pearl-fishers is this: the ship is anchored on the oyster-beds, or as near to them as is possible, and the diving takes place twice daily, at morning and evening. All the boats are manned at these hours, and the Sûlu boys row them out to the point selected for the day's operations. The white man in charge always goes with them in order to keep an eye upon the shells, to physic exhausted divers with brandy or gin, and generally to look after his own interests.

Presently a man lowers himself slowly over the side, takes a long deep breath, and then, turning head downwards, swims into the depths, his limbs showing dimly in frog-like motions, until, if the water be very deep, he is completely lost to sight. In a few minutes he again comes into view, his face straining upwards, yearning with extended neck for the air that he now needs so sorely. hands cleave the water in strong, downward strokes; his form grows momentarily more distinct, until the fixed, tense expression of his staring face is plainly visible. Then the quiet surface of the sea splashes in a thousand drops of sun-steeped light, as his head tears through it, and his bursting lungs, expelling the imprisoned air, draw in the breath, for which they crave, in long, hard gasps. If the dive has been a deep one a little blood may be seen to trickle from nose and mouth and ears; at times even the eye-sockets ooze blood, in token of the fearful pressure to which the diver has been subjected. He brings with him, from the depths of the sea, two oyster-shells, never more and very rarely less, and when these have been secured, he is helped back into the boat, from which another diver is now lowering himself. These men can on occasions dive to the depth of twenty fathoms, one hundred and twenty feet; and though the strain kills them early, they are a cheery, devil-may-care set of ruffians till such time as their lungs and hearts give way.

The shells are the property of the

white man, for the divers dive for a wage, and it is the mother-of-pearl to which the European looks for his sure profit, the pearls themselves forming the plums which may or may not fall to his lot. My friend always opened his shells himself; and, indeed, it is a fascinating employment, when each closed bivalve may contain within it a treasure on the proceeds of which a man may live in comfort for the best half of a year. The Malay boatswain sometimes helped him, but his interest in the matter, being vicarious, was less keen.

The White Man and his schooner reached the oyster-bed in safety, and work was begun on the following morning, each of the divers making two trips to the bottom during the day. The shells were lying "as thick as mites in a cheese," my friends told me, and he got three fine pearls on the first day, which is more than any pearl-fisher living has a right to hope for. Therefore he turned into his bunk, and dreamed of great wealth and an honoured old age. He was just shaking hands warmly with Queen Victoria, to whom a moment earlier he had presented a necklace of pearls as big as plover's eggs, when he awoke to find the Malay boatswain standing over him.

"What thing ails thee?" asked the White Man in Malay.

"The order hath come to Abu," was the reply.

"When did he die?" asked the White Man, who understood the Malay idiom.

"I know not, *Tûan*,<sup>1</sup>" said the boatswain. "I found him lying face downwards on the deck a little abaft the mainmast. He died startled (suddenly) and no man was at hand to watch him at his death."

<sup>1</sup> Tian is the word commonly used in addressing Europeans in the Malay Peninsula.

"Come, let us see," said the White Man, rolling off his bunk, and together they went to view the body by the light of a ship's lantern.

Abu lay dead, naked to the waist, with outstretched arms extended and the palms lying flat upon the deck. Half a dozen of the Sûlu boys stood in a frightened group at a little distance from him, talking together in low, uneasy whispers.

The White Man turned the body over on its back, and put his hand upon the dead man's breast. He noted that the face had been badly bruised by the boards of the deck, against which it had struck when Abu fell. Apparently the man, who in his lifetime had always appeared to be a strong, healthy fellow enough, had had a weak heart, and the diving had proved too great a strain for him. The White Man said so to the boatswain, but the latter did not seem to be convinced.

"Has the Tûan noted this?" he asked, turning the body over as he spoke, and pointing to a minute black stain on the skin below the left shoulder blade.

The White Man examined the spot carefully. "It is a birth mark," he said.

"Perhaps," said the boatswain doubtfully; "but in all the years that I have seen Abu stripped for the diving never have I remarked the said birth mark."

"Nor I," said the White Man; "but if it is not a birth mark, what then may it be?"

"God alone knows, Tûan," said the boatswain piously; "but I have heard tell of spirits who scar their victims, leaving such a mark as that we see."

The White Man was righteously indignant. He felt that he did well to be angry, for superstition is an unseemly thing, more especially when

it tends to prevent a man from working one of the best oyster-beds in the whole of the Malay Archipelago. The boatswain took all the hard things that the White Man said to him with the utmost composure; but it was not difficult to see that the Salu boys, who had stood listening to all that passed, felt that reason lay upon his side.

Diving was resumed on the morrow, but my friend noticed that some of the younger men failed to reach the bottom, apparently lacking the nerve required for the violent effort, while both old and young seemed to be somewhat sullen and uneasy. White Man did not like these symptoms at all, for every wise pearl-fisher knows that much depends upon his divers being kept in good spirits. Accordingly when night had fallen, and after the evening rice had been devoured in silence, he did his best to rouse his people by organising a dance on the open space abaft the mainmast. Drums and gongs were produced, and the Sûlu boys thumped and clanged them vigorously, while one of their number blew the shrill serunai, whose note resembles that of a demented bagpipe. Then some stood up and danced nimbly, and all lifted up their voices in discordant song.

Men of the Malayan race are gifted with volatile natures, easily cast down and easily lifted up again; and soon the people on the deck of the schooner were singing and laughing, bandying jests, each man competing eagerly for his turn to rise up and dance. faces, with flashing eyes and teeth showing white through gums stained dark red with areca-nut, looked as merry and as happy in the flare of the ship's lanterns, as though death and the fear of death were thoughts to which they were utter strangers. The White Man heaved a sigh of relief, and shortly before midnight he stole away to his cabin, and set about the task

of opening the oyster-shells which had been taken during the day.

Suddenly a bewildering hubbub broke out upon the deck. The drums and gongs were silenced, and the sound of the serunai died away in one expiring wail. The lusty song ceased, and the noises which replaced it were yells and screams of fear, mingled with the pattering sound of naked feet scurrying along the deck. White Man seized a pistol and rushed out of his cabin. He found the boatswain cowering against the bulwarks, his teeth chattering like castanets and his body bathed in a cold sweat. was too spent with fear to do more than moan, but at last the White Man succeeded in shaking him into articulate speech.

"Behold!" said the boatswain, and with a hand that shook violently he pointed to an object a little abaft the mainmast. The White Man walked up to it, and found that it was the body of one of his people, a youngster named Intan. He lay quite dead in the same attitude as that in which Abu's body had lain upon the previous night, and on his back, a little below the left shoulder-blade, was a small, dark stain upon the skin.

The White Man picked up the body and carried it to his cabin, where he laid it gently down upon his bunk. In the bright light of the lamp he could see Intan's face clearly for the first time. The nose and forehead had been bruised and cut by the fall upon the deck, but the face still wore fixed upon it the expression which it had borne at the moment of death. The eyes were starting from their sockets, the mouth seemed open to scream, and the whole face told a tale of abject, masterless terror, fear such as it is given to few to experience and to fewer still to survive. The White Man tried to tell himself that Intan's heart had been rotten, and that death was due to natural causes; but with that strange mark below the shoulderblade before his eyes, he failed to convince even himself.

While he still stood pondering upon the mystery, the boatswain, and the mandor, or headman, of the Sûlu divers, came to the cabin door and begged to have speech with him. They spoke in the name of all on board, and entreated the White Man to set sail that very night, and shape a course for the nearest land.

"This ship is the abode of devils," said the boatswain; "of evil spirits that war with man, and in the name of Allah we pray thee to depart from this place, and to abandon this woful ship. Behold, as we sat singing, but an hour ago, singing and dancing with our hearts at ease, of a sudden it was laid upon us to gaze upwards, and lo, we spied an aged man climbing out of the rigging of the main-Out of the black darkness. above the reach of the lantern light, he came, climbing slowly, after the manner of the aged, and indeed he was far stricken in years. His hair was white as the plumage of the pâdi crane, and his beard also was white and fell to his waist. body from the belt upwards was naked and bare, and the skin was creased and wrinkled like the inner seed of a dûrian. He was clad in a yellow waist-skirt looped about his middle, and his fighting-drawers were also vellow. It is the colour of the Spirits, as the Tûan knows. He had a long dagger, a kris cherita, of many tens of waves to its blade, and he carried it cross-wise in his mouth as We who looked upon he climbed. him were stricken with a great fear, so that we might not stir hand or foot, and presently he descended on to the deck. Then we fled screaming, but He of the Long Dagger pursued Intan, and smote him on the back as he ran, so that he died. Thereafter the spirit swarmed back up the mast, and disappeared into the darkness. Many beheld this thing, Than; it is not the talk of a child; and we that saw the evil one cannot endure to dwell longer within this haunted ship."

The White Man did not know what to make of it, for he was not himself inclined to superstition. His influence with his people was great, and their faith in him was as the faith of little children in their parents. Therefore he made a pact with his crew, by which he promised to sail for the nearest land if anything untoward should happen on the following night, and he further promised to watch with them, and protect them from the spirit, should it again descend among them.

The crew were in a state of abject fear, but they at last agreed to accept the White Man's terms. No diving was done on the morrow, for the men had no heart for the effort, and though an attempt was made it was speedily abandoned as useless. Night found the crew huddled together on the deck, a little forward the mainmast, with the White Man sitting nearest to that dreaded spot. tried to induce them to keep up their hearts by thumping the drums and gongs, as on the previous night; but the songs died down in the singers' throats, the serûnai wailed discordantly, then ceased, and as the hour of danger approached, a dead silence of fear fell upon the crowd of men, huddled one against another for the sake of company on the dimly lighted deck.

Shortly after midnight a tremor ran through the crew, and half a dozen men started to their feet. All were gazing upwards with craning necks to the rigging of the mainmast. The White Man could hear the sighing of the wind through the cordage, the creaking of a rope against the mast, and the hard breathing of the frightened crew; but though he strained his eyes to peer eagerly through the darkness, nothing could he see. It made his flesh creep queerly, he told me, as he stood there, while the night wind sighed gently overhead and the little lazy ripple broke against the ship's side, to watch the frightened faces of the Malays, gazing with protruding eyes at something that he could not see, something in the rigging of the mainmast, whose descent towards the deck they seemed to watch.

"It is He of the Long Dagger!" behind whispered a voice that sounded harsh and strange. The White Man would never recognised it as that of the boatswain, had he not seen the man's lips moving. "Where, where?" he cried eagerly, glancing from one terrified face to another; but no one heeded him, all seeming spellbound by the creeping, invisible thing they watched in agony. harsh tones of the White Man's voice died down, and the little quiet noises of the night alone broke the stillness of the heavy air. The sea and the sky seemed alike to wait for a catastrophe, and the fear of death, and worse than death, lay heavy on the watchers.

Presently the awful silence was broken rudely by yells and screams, such sounds as the human voice alone can produce when men wax mad with panic. The groups behind the White Man broke like a herd of frightened deer, the Malays flying in every direction, shricking their terror of some unseen pursuer.

And still the White Man could see nothing. He turned to watch his people in their flight, and as he did so a chill breath, such as often whispers over the surface of the

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tropic sea during the quiet nighttime, seemed to fan his cheek and pass him by. As he watched, the headman of the divers, who was running up the deck, his breath coming in hard, short gasps, suddenly threw up his arms, his hands extended widely, and with a fearful yell fell prone upon the deck, his face striking the planks with a heavy, sickening thud. The White Man ran to him, and lifted him across his knee; but the headman was dead, and below the left shoulder-blade the strange, dark stain that the boatswain had called the scar of the Spirits was plainly to be seen.

Before dawn the schooner was under way, heading bravely for the nearest land. The Sûlu boys slunk about the deck, or sat huddled up against the bulwarks, talking together in scared whispers. The sun shone down brightly on the dancing waves, and the schooner leaped joyously through them to the song of the wind in the rigging and the ripple of the forefoot through the water; but Nature alone was gay and well pleased that day, for the schooner carried none but heavy hearts, and souls on which lay the fear of an awful dread.

Early in the afternoon land was sighted, and when the white trunks of the cocoanut-trees could be clearly distinguished below the dancing palm-fronds. first one and then another of the Sûlu boys leaped upon the bulwarks and plunged headlong into the sea. The White Man could do naught to stay them, for they were mad with fear, so he stood despairingly gazing at the black heads bobbing on the waves as the swimmers made for the shore. Only the old Malay boatswain remained by his side, but even his fidelity could not look the prospect of another night spent aboard that devil's ship steadily in the face. The white man aiding, they made shift to lower a boat, and taking such articles of value as were capable of being removed, they too turned their faces shorewards.

During the night a wind from off the land sprang up, and carried the schooner away with it. By dawn she had vanished, and so far as I am aware, she has never been heard of since.

I have said that I cannot pretend to explain this story, nor do I know anything of the former history of the schooner, before the White Man chanced upon her at Krakatan. Perhaps, if we knew the whole of the facts, an explanation might be found; but, for the present, you must content yourselves with a fragment, as I have had to do.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

### THE SONG OF THE MOOR.

This is a story that I heard from the King of the Numidians, who with his tattered retinue encamps behind the peat-ricks. If you ask me where and when it happened I fear that I am scarce ready with an answer. will vouch my word for its truth; and if anyone seek further proof, let him go east the town and west the town and over the fields of Nomansland to the Long Moor; and if he find not the King there among the peatricks, and get not a courteous answer to his question, then times have changed in that part of the country, and he must continue the quest to His Majesty's castle in Spain.

Once upon a time, says the tale, there was a great godly man, a shepherd to trade, who lived in a cottage among the heather. If you looked east in the morning you saw miles of moor running wide to the flames of sunrise; and if you turned your eyes west in the evening, you saw a great confusion of dim peaks with the dying eye of the sun set in a crevice. If you looked north, too, in the afternoon, when the life of the day is near its end and the world grows wise, you might have seen a country of low hills and haughlands with many waters running sweet among meadows. if you looked south in the dusty forenoon or at hot midday, you saw the far-off glimmer of a white road, the roofs of the ugly little clachan of Kilmaclavers, and the rigging of the fine new kirk of Threepdaidle.

It was a Sabbath afternoon in the hot weather, and the man had been to kirk all the morning. He had heard a grand sermon from the minister (or it may have been the priest, for I am not sure of the date, and the King told the story quickly),—a fine discourse with fifteen heads and three parentheses. He held all the parentheses and fourteen of the heads in his memory, but he had forgotten the fifteenth; wherefore, for the purpose of recollecting it, and also for the sake of a walk, he went forth in the afternoon into the open heather. The air was mild and cheering, and with an even step he strolled over the turf and into the deep of the moor.

The whaups were crying everywhere, making the air hum like the twanging of a bow. Poo-eelie, pooeelie, they cried, kirlew, kirlew, whaup, wha-up; and sometimes they would come so close about him, all but brushing him, that they fairly drove all settled thoughts from his head. Often had he been on the moors, but never had he seen such a stramash among the feathered clan. The wailing iteration vexed him, and he strove to scare the birds away with his arms; but they seemed to mock him and whistle in his very face, and at the flap of their wings his heart grew sore. waved his great stick; he picked up bits of loose moor-rock and flung them wildly; but the godless crew paid never a grain of heed. The morning's sermon was still in his head, and the grave words of the minister still rattled in his ear, but he could get no comfort for this intolerable piping. At last his patience failed him and he "Deil rax swore unchristian words. the birds' thrapples!" he cried.

At this all the noise was hushed, and in a twinkling the moor was empty. Only one bird was left, standing on tall legs before him, with its head bowed on its breast and its beak touching the heather.

Then the man repented his words and stared at the thing in the moss. "What bird are ye?" he asked crossly.

"I am a respectable whaup," said the bird, "and I kenna why ye have broken in on our family gathering. Once in a hundred years we foregather for decent conversation, and here we are interrupted by a muckle, sweerin' man."

Now the shepherd was a fellow of great sagacity, yet he never thought it a queer thing that he should be having talk in the mid-moss with a bird; to tell the plain truth, he had no mind on the matter. "What for were ye making siccar a din, then?" he asked. "D'ye no ken ye were disturbing the afternoon of the holy Sabbath?"

The bird lifted its eyes and regarded him solemnly. "The Sabbath is a day of rest and gladness," it said; "and is it no reasonable that we should enjoy the like?"

The shepherd shook his head, for the presumption staggered him. "Ye little ken what ye speak of," he replied. "The Sabbath is for them that have the chance of salvation, and it has been decreed that salvation is for Adam's race and no for the beasts that perish."

The whaup gave a whistle of scorn. "I have heard all that long ago. In my great-grandmother's time, which 'ill be a thousand years and mair ane, there came a people from the south with bright brass things on their heads and breasts, and terrible swords at their thighs. And with them were some lang-gowned men who kenned the stars, and would come out o' nights to talk to the deer and the corbies in their ain tongue. And one, I mind, foregathered with my great-grandmother and told her that the souls o'

men flitted in the end to braw meadows where the gods bide, or gaed down to the black pit which they ca' Hell. But the souls o' birds, he said, die wi' their bodies and that's the end o' them. Likewise in my mother's time, when there was a great abbey down yonder by the Threepdaidle Burn, which they called the House of Kilmaclavers, the auld monks would walk out in the evening to pick herbs for their distillings, and some were wise and kenned the ways of bird and beast. They would crack often o' nights with my ain family, and tell them that Christ had saved the souls o' men, but that birds and beasts were perishable as the dew o' heaven. And now ye have a black-gowned man in Threepdaidle who threeps on the same owercome. Ye may a' ken something o' your ain kitchen-midden, but certes ye ken little o' the warld beyond it!"

Now this angered the man and he rebuked the bird. "These are great mysteries," he said, "which are no to be mentioned in the ears of an unsanctified creature. What can a thing like you wi' a lang neb and twae legs like stilts ken about the next warld?"

"Well, weel," said the whaup, "we'll let the matter be. Everything to its ain trade, and I will not dispute with ye on metapheesics. But if ye ken something about the next warld, ye ken terrible little about this."

Now this angered the man still more, for he was a shepherd reputed to have great skill in sheep and esteemed the nicest judge of hog and wether in all the countryside. "What ken ye about that?" he asked. "Ye may gang east to Yetholm, and west to Kells and no find a better herd."

"If sheep were a'," replied the bird, "ye micht be right; but what o' the wide warld and the folk in it? Ye are Simon Etterick o' the Lowe Moss. Do ye ken aucht o' your forbears?"

"My father was a God-fearing man

at the Kennel-head, and my grandfather and great-grandfather afore him. One o' our name, folk say, was shot at a dyke-back by the Black Westeraw."

"If that's a'," said the bird, "ye ken little. Have ye never heard o' the little man, the fourth back from yoursel', who killed the Miller o' Bewcastle at the Lammas Fair? That was in my ain time, and from my mother I have heard o' the Covenanter, who got a bullet in his wame hunkering behind the divot-dyke and praying to his Maker. There were others o' your name rode in the Hermitage forays and burned Naworth and Warkworth and Castle Gay. I have heard o' an Etterick, Sim o' the Redcleuch, who cut the throat o' Jock Johnson in his ain house by the Annan side. And my grandmother had tales o' auld Ettericks who rade wi' Douglas and the Bruce and the ancient Kings o' Scots; and she used to tell o' others in her mother's time, terrible shock-headed men, hunting the deer and rinnin' on the high moors, and bidin' in the broken stane biggings on the hill-taps."

The shepherd stared, and he, too, saw the picture. He smelled the air of battle and lust and foray, and forgot the Sabbath.

"And you yoursel'," the bird went on, "are sair fallen off from the auld stock. Now ye sit and spell in books, and talk about what ye little understand, when your fathers were roaming the warld. But little cause have I to speak, for I too am a downcome. My bill is two inches shorter than my mother's, and my grandmother was taller on her feet. The warld is getting weaklier things to dwell in it, even since I mind mysel'."

"Ye have the gift of speech, bird," said the man, "and I would hear mair." You will perceive that he had no mind of the Sabbath day or

the fifteenth head of the forenoon's discourse.

"What things have I to tell ve when ye dinna ken the very hornbook o' knowledge? Besides I am no clatter-vengeance to tell stories in the middle o' the muir, when there are ears open high and low. There's others than me wi' mair experience and a better skill at telling. clan was well acquaint wi' the reivers and lifters o' the muirs, and could crack fine o' wars and the taking of cattle. But the blue hawk that lives in the corrie o' the Dreichill can speak o' kelpies and the dwarfs that bide in the hill. The heron, the lang solemn fellow, kens o' the greenwood fairies and the wood elfins; and the wild geese that squatter on the tap o' the Muneraw will croak to ye of the merrymaidens and the girls o' the pool. The wren,—he that hops in the grass below the birks-has the story of the lost Ladies of the Land, which is ower auld and sad for any but the wisest to hear; and there is a wee bird bides in the heather (hilllintie men call him) who sings the Lay of the West Wind and the Glee of the Rowan Berries. But what am I talking of? What are these things to you, if ye have not first heard the Song of the Moor, which is the beginning and end o' all things."

"I have heard no songs," said the man, "save the sacred psalms o' God's kirk."

"Bonny sangs!" mocked the bird.

"Once I flew by the hinder end o'
the kirk and I keekit in. A wheen
auld wives wi' mutches and a wheen
solemn men wi' hoasts! Be sure the
Song of the Moor is no like yon."

"Can ye sing it, bird?" said the man; "for I am keen to hear it."

"Me sing," cried the bird, "me that has a voice like a craw! Na, na, I canna sing it; but maybe I can take ye where ye may hear it. When I was young an auld bog-blitter did the same to me, and sae began my education. But are ye willing and brawly willing, for if ye get but a sough of it ye will never mair have an ear for other music?"

"I am willing and brawly willing," said the man.

"Then meet me at the Gled's Cleuch Head at the sun's setting," said the bird, and away it flew.

Now it seemed to the man that in a twinkling it was sunset, and he found himself at the Gled's Cleuch Head with the bird flapping in the heather before him. The place was a long rift in the hill, made green with juniper and hazel, where it was said True Thomas came to drink the water.

"Turn ye to the west," said the whaup, "and let the sun fall on your face. Then turn ye five times round about, and say after me the Rune of the Heather and the Dew." And before he knew the man did as he was told, and found himself speaking strange words, while his head hummed and danced as if in a fever.

"Now lay ye down and put your ear to the earth," said the bird, and the man did so. Instantly a cloud came over his brain, and he did not feel the ground on which he lay or the keen hill-air which blew about him. He felt himself falling deep into an abysm of space, then suddenly caught up and set among the stars of Then slowly from the stillheaven. ness there welled forth music, drop by drop like the clear falling of rain, and the man shuddered, for he knew that he heard the beginning of the Song of the Moor.

High rose the air and trembled among the tallest pines and the summits of great hills. And in it were the sting of rain and the blatter of hail, the soft crush of snow and the rattle of thunder among the crags. Then it quieted to the low sultry croon which told of blazing midday when the streams are parched and the bent crackles like dry tinder. Anon it was evening, and the melody dwelled among the high soft notes which mean the coming of dark and the green light of sunset. Then the whole changed to a great pean which rang like an organ through the earth. There were trumpet-notes in it and flute-notes and the plaint of pipes. "Come forth," it cried, "the sky is wide and it is a far cry to the world's The fire crackles fine o' nights below the firs and the smell of roasting meat and wood-smoke is dear to the heart of man. Fine, too, is the sting of salt and the risp of the northwind in the sheets. Come forth, one and all, to the great lands oversea and the strange tongues and the fremit peoples! Learn before you die to follow the Piper's son, and though your old bones bleach among grey rocks, what matter, if you have had your bellyful of life and come to the land of Heart's Desire?" And then the tune fell low and witching, bringing tears to the eyes and joy to the heart; and the man knew (though no one told him) that this was the first part of the Moor-Song, the Song of the Open Road, the Lilt of the Adventurer, which shall be now and ever and to the end of days.

Then the melody changed to a fiercer and sadder note. He saw his forefathers, gaunt men and terrible, run stark among woody hills. He heard the talk of the bronze-clad invader, and the jar and clangour as flint met steel. Then rose the last coronach of his own people, hiding in wild glens, starving in corries, or going hopelessly to the death. He heard the cry of Border foray, the shouts of the poor Scots as they harried Cumberland, and he himself rode in the midst of them. Then the tune

fell more mournful and slow, and Flodden lay before him. the flower of the Scots gentry around their king, gashed to the breast-bone, still fronting the lines of the South, though the paleness of death sat on each forehead. "The Flowers of the Forest are gone," cried the lilt, and through the long years he heard the cry of the lost, the desperate, fighting for kings over the water and princes in the heather. "Who cares?" cried "Man must die, and how the air. can he die better than in the stress of fight with his heart high and alien blood on his sword? Heigh-ho! One against twenty, a child against a host, this is the romance of life." And the man's heart swelled, for he knew (though no one told him) that this was the Song of Lost Battles, which only the great can sing before they die.

But the tune was changing, and at the change the man shivered, for the air ran up to the high notes and then down to the deeps with an eldrich cry, like a hawk's scream at night or a witch's song in the gloaming. It told of those who seek and never find, the quest that knows no fulfilment. "There is a road," it cried, "which leads to the moon and the great waters. No change-house cheers it, and it has no end; but it is a fine road, a braw road-who will follow it?" And the man knew (though no one told him) that this was the Ballad of Grey Weather. which makes him who hears it sick all the days of his life for something which he cannot name. It is the song which the birds sing on the moor in the autumn nights, and the old crow on the tree-top hears and flaps his wing. It is the lilt which old men and women hear in the darkening of their days, and sigh for the unforgetable; and love-sick girls get catches of it and play pranks with

their lovers. It is a song so old that Adam heard it in the Garden before Eve came to comfort him, so young that from it still flows the whole joy and sorrow of earth.

Then it ceased, and all of a sudden the man was rubbing his eyes on the hillside, and watching the falling dusk. "I have heard the Song of the Moor," he said to himself, and he walked home in a daze. The whaups were crying, but none came near him, though he looked hard for the bird that had spoken with him. It may be that it was there and he did not know it, or it may be that the whole thing was only a dream; but of this I cannot say.

The next morning the man rose and went to the manse.

"I am glad to see you, Simon," said the minister, "for it will soon be the Communion season, and it is your duty to go round with the tokens."

"True," said the man, "but it was another thing I came to talk about," and he told him the whole tale.

"There are but two ways of it, Simon," said the minister. "Either ye are the victim of witchcraft or ye are a self-deluded man. If the former (whilk I am loth to believe), then it behoves ye to watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation. If the latter, then ye maun put a strict watch over a vagrom fancy, and ye'll be quit o' siccan whigmaleeries."

Now Simon was not listening but staring out of the window. "There was another thing I had it in my mind to say," said he. "I have come to lift my lines, for I am thinking of leaving the place."

"And where would ye go?" asked the minister aghast.

"I was thinking of going to Carlisle and trying my luck as a dealer, or maybe pushing on with droves to the South." "But that's a cauld country where there are no faithfu' ministrations," said the minister.

"Maybe so, but I am not caring very muckle about ministrations," said the man, and the other looked after him in horror.

When he left the manse he went to a wise woman, who lived on the left side of the kirkyard above Threepdaidle burn-foot. She was very old and sat by the ingle day and night waiting upon death. To her he told the same tale.

She listened gravely, nodding with her head. "Ach," she said, "I have heard a like story before. And where will you be going?"

"I am going south to Carlisle to try the dealing and droving," said the man, "for I have some skill of sheep."

"And will ye bide there?" she asked.

"Maybe aye, and maybe no," he said. "I had half a mind to push on to the big town or even to the abroad. A man must try his fortune."

"That is the way of men," said the old wife. "I, too, have heard the Song of the Moor, and many women, who now sit decently spinning in Kilmaclavers, have heard it. But a woman may hear it and lay it up in her soul and bide at hame, while a man, if he get but a glisk of it in his fool's heart, must needs up and awa' to the warld's end on some daft-like

But gang your ways and fare plov. ye weel. My cousin Francis heard it, and he went north wi' a white cockade in his bonnet and a sword at his side, singing 'Charlie's come hame.' And Tam Crichtoun o' the Bourhopehead got a sough o' it one simmer's morning, and the last we heard o' Tam he was killed among the Frenchmen fechting like a fair deil. Once I heard a tinkler play a sprig of it on the pipes, and a' the lads were wud to follow him. Gang your ways, for I am near the end of mine." And the old wife shook with her coughing.

So the man put up his belongings in a pack on his back and went whistling down the Great South Road.

Whether or not this tale have a moral it is not for me to say. King (who told it me) said that it had, and quoted a scrap of Latin, for he had been at Oxford in his youth before he fell heir to his kingdom. "One may hear tunes from the Song of the Moor," said he, "in the thick of a storm on the scarp of a rough hill, in the low June weather, or in the sunset silence of a winter's night. But let none," he added, "pray to have the full music, for it will make him who hears it a footsore traveller in the ways o' the world and a masterless man till death."

JOHN BUCHAN.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE KANGAROO.

Australia has been variously described by poets and travellers as the Land of the Golden Wattle, the Land of the Giant Gum, and the Land of Although some marthe Kangaroo. supials are not unknown in other lands, and the wattle (genus acacia) is present under other names all over the world, while the eucalyptus has carried its healing powers to many places, yet all three titles fairly symbolize Australia. It is not, however, with the natural history of our national marsupial that my problem is concerned. Primitive zoologists may have classified him as a gigantic jerboa, a rat-tailed deer, or a magnified hare, according to their several ingenious fancies; the bushman is welcome to his original views on the manner of the animal's birth: these things have been settled with sufficient finality by the authorities at Regent's Park and by the British Museum. My problem lies on other lines, where these high authorities give no help. There was once a Berlin Professor who lectured on classics, but loved to indulge in diatribes on matters theological, ever pulling himself up with "Aber [and what force can be put into the German aber [] ich bin Philolog, kein Theolog." So I too am a philologist not a biologist, for my study is of words, and the word kangaroo, the most notable Australian word that has entered the English language, is as to its origin somewhat shrouded in mystery.

Over a century and a quarter ago the first specimen of the animal was brought to England by Joseph Banks, who was then naturalist on board Captain Cook's ship the Endeavour. He stated that it "was called by the natives kangooroo," and with a slight variation in spelling, the word has settled down into English as kangaroo. It has been adopted into other tongues, and is the name by which, ever since, the animal has been known to white When first introduced it was spelt and correctly pronounced kangooroo, and its French forms kangourou and kanguroo, with the German kängwruh, still retain this original pho-The puzzle is that netic accuracy. no aboriginal Australian vocabulary now contains that name. When, nearly twenty years after Cook's visit, the first fleet sailed for Botany Bay, and Captain Phillip settled at Sydney Cove on the beautiful shores of Port Jackson, the name was there unknown for the animal. In his ACCOUNT OF THE SETTLEMENT AT PORT JACKSON (1789) Captain Watkin Tench writes: "Kanguroo was a name unknown to them [i.e., the aborigines of Port Jackson] for any animal, until we introduced When I showed Colbee [an aboriginal] the cows brought out by us in the Gorgon, he asked me if they were Colbee actually thought kanguroos." kangaroo an ordinary English word, and did not know what animal it denoted. Again, when a little later Captain King, R.N., visited the Endeayour River, the very place where forty years before him the name had been obtained, he found the word was not In various parts of Australia different species of the animal still go by divers names among the aborigines, but, except when adopted from the white man, never by the name of kan-Was Banks then mistaken in the word, or did the name die out among the aborigines between the date of his visit and the first settlement of Australia?

Before answering either question let us trace the exact circumstances under which the name was first obtained. The animal had been seen by white men earlier, though no name had been given to it. In the year 1699 William Dampier, Captain in the Royal Navy (and, it must be added, buccaneer), made a voyage along the north-western coast of New Holland, as Australia was then called; and he afterwards published, in 1703, some interesting information on the natural history of the country, including the earliest description, though without any name, of an animal seen by him: "A sort of raccoons, different from those of the West Indies, chiefly as to their legs; for these have very short fore-legs; but go jumping upon them [not upon the short fore, but the long hind-legs, it is to be presumed as the others do; and like them are very good meat." Dampier's description this is unmistakeably a species of what we now call the kangaroo.

Nearly seventy years later (August 25th, 1768) Lieutenant James Cook, R.N., sailed out of Plymouth Harbour in command of a little bark of three hundred and seventy tons, which had been specially purchased for his expedition and registered on the list of the Royal Navy by the name of the Endeavour. The immediate purpose of the voyage was "to go to the southward of the equinoctial line to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disc," for which purpose an astronomer, Mr. Charles Green, was on board. But Cook and those with him had views beyond this. They proposed to explore the unknown

lands of the Southern Seas, and among the ninety-five souls on board the little bark were the two naturalists, whom Linnseus styles "the immortal Banks and Solander."

Joseph Banks was then a young man of twenty-five. He had been educated first at Harrow and then at Eton, and was a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church. He was gifted with a large and noble mind, and a liberal desire for extending the bounds of knowledge. From his youth upwards he had a passion for botany, gaining his earliest knowledge of it from the old women who culled simples round Finding no teacher of botany at Oxford, he brought one over from Cambridge, and secured a class for Fortunately he enjoyed an independent income of £10,000, on which, and with money borrowed in addition, he had fitted up on the Endeavour, entirely at his own expense, a floating herbarium, laboratory, museum, and library, and had engaged as his own private staff Dr. Daniel Carl Solander, a pupil of the great Linnæus, three artists (Reynolds, Buchan and Sydney Parkinson), one assistant and four servants, two of them persons of colour. The subsequent result was perhaps the most interesting to science that the world has known. From the days of the Argonauts but one voyage can rank in importance with that of the Endeavour,—the voyage of Christopher Columbus.

After many wanderings, not to be followed here, the Endeavour, coming from New Zealand, sighted the coast of Australia at Cape Howe, and turned north. Anchor was cast for the first time on Australian shores on the 28th of April, 1770, in a harbour christened by Cook Stingray Harbour, a name which he almost immediately changed into Botany Bay. Here the ship lay a week, men and officers

A COLLECTION OF VOYAGES; in four volumes. London, 1729, vol. iii., 85. The words in parenthesis are the comment of Matthew Flinders.

going frequently ashore, but seeing no kangaroos, though on the 1st of May Banks must have come upon the tracks of one, for he notes in his diary: "We saw also the dung of a large animal that fed on grass, much resembling that of a deer." On the 3rd of May he writes: "Our collection of plants was now grown so immensely large that it was necessary that some extraordinary care should be taken of them." This circumstance was the source of the later name of Botany Bay

On the 6th of May the Endeavour again weighed anchor and coasted northwards along the eastern shore. On the 10th of June unfortunately she stuck fast on a coral rock of the Great Barrier Reef off the north-east coast of what is now Queensland. great exertions, however, she was saved from total loss, and seven days afterwards was successfully moored by Cook a little way up the narrow inlet named by him Endeavour River, at the spot where Cooktown now stands. Here on the next day, June 18th, 1770, Cook beached his ship, built a stage from the deck to the land, got out all his stores, and then careened and overhauled her. Here she lav till she sailed again on the 10th of August. During those seven weeks and more Banks and Solander explored and botanised, and the first kangaroo was seen and shot. successive stages in the discovery of the animal and of its name are best marked by the following extracts from Banks's recently published Journal.1

June 22nd, 1770.—The people who were sent to the other side of the water

JOURNAL OF THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOSEPH BANES, DURING CAPTAIN COOK'S FIRST VOTAGE IN H.M.S. ENDEAVOUR IN 1768-71 TO TERRA DEL FUEGO, OTAHITE, NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, &c.; edited by Sir Joseph D. Hooker. London, 1896.

to shoot pigeons, saw an animal as large as a greyhound, of a mouse colour, and very swift.

June 25th.—In gathering plants to-day I had the good fortune to see the beast so much talked of, though but imperfectly; he was not only like a greyhound in size and running, but had a tail as long as any greyhound's; what to liken him to I could not tell, nothing that I have seen at all resembles him.

July 6th.—We saw three of the animals of the country, but could not get one.

July 7th.—With its first dawn we set out in search of game. We walked many miles over the flats and saw four of the animals, two of which my greyhound fairly chased; but they beat him owing to the length and thickness of the grass, which prevented him from running, while they at every bound leaped over the tops of it. We observed, much to our surprise, that instead of going upon all fours, this animal went only upon two legs, making vast bounds just as the jerboa (Mus jaculus) does.

July 14th.—Our second lieutenant had the good fortune to kill the animal that had so long been the subject of our speculations. To compare it to any European animal would be impossible, as it has not the least resemblance to any one I have seen. Its fore-legs are extremely short, and of no use to it in walking; its hind again as disproportionally long; with these it hops seven or eight feet at a time, in the same manner as the jerboa, to which animal indeed it bears much resemblance, except in size, this being in weight 38 lbs., and the jerboa no larger than a common rat.

July 15th.—The beast which was killed yesterday was to-day dressed for our dinner and proved excellent meat.

July 22nd.—They [three Indians] had hanging on a tree by them, he said, a quarter of the wild animal, and a cockatoo.

July 27th.—This day was dedicated to hunting the wild animal. We saw several and had the good fortune to kill a very large one weighing 84 lbs.

It will be noted that up to this date no name has been assigned to the animal. He is "as large as a greyhound," "the beast so much talked of," "the animal of the country," "the animal that has so long been the subject of our speculations," but nowhere

"the kangaroo." This ignorance of the name is confirmed by the collateral entries in five or six other diaries kept by officers and men on the ship, as well as by Captain Cook's Logs, all of which have been published in Sydney in the Historical Records of New South Wales.1 On the dates corresponding with those of Banks the expressions in these diaries are similarly vague; on July 14th, Captain Cook's official log runs, "This day an animal was shot, weight about 28 lb. gross;" and on the 27th, "Mr. Gore shot a beast, weight 80lb." Cook's Logs make no other mention of the animal; nor is any attempt at naming it to be found in any other of the published iournals.

It is thus clear that up to the lastmentioned entry in Banks's Journal on the 29th of July, when the second beast was killed the name of kangaroo was unknown to any white man. the next day, July 28th, Banks writes: "Botanising with no kind of success, the plants were now entirely completed, and nothing new to be found, so that sailing is all we wish for, if the wind would but allow us." But the wind did not allow them until August 10th, and in that twelve days' interval there was time to look about, to investigate native names, and make comparison of note-books, as a subsequent entry on the 27th of August shows. On the seventh day of that interval they found the animal's name.

Besides the official Log of the Endeavour and his own private Log, Captain Cook kept a Journal, devoted, not to seamanship or formal record, but to desultory observation of things in general. In that Journal, under date August 4th, 1770, appears this passage: "The animals which I have before mentioned, called by the natives Kangooroo or Kanguru." This pas-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i., part 1, 1893.

sage is the first place where the name of the kangaroo was written by an English or by any other pen. Nobody knows who actually obtained it from the natives. It might have been the great commander himself, it might have been his crack marksman, Lieutenant Gore, who shot both the beasts; or it might have been that most accurate observer and faithful reporter, Mr. Banks. What is more probable, as subsequently appears, is that the name was obtained independently by several observers and reduced, as navigators say, to the corrected final result. To determine this point let us go back to Banks and his Journal.

The ship left Endeavour River on the 10th of August. On the 26th she got finally clear of the Australian coast, and on that day Banks settled down to put the previous notes in his Journal into the form of a complete essay on the result of her stay in the country. Under date August 26th, he writes as follows:

Having now, I believe fairly passed through between New Holland and New Guinea . . . it seems high time to take leave of New Holland, which I shall do by summing up the few observations I have been able to make on the country and people . . . . Quadrupeds we saw but few, and were able to catch but few of those we did see. The largest was called by the natives kangooroo; it is different from any European, and, indeed, any animal I have heard or read of, except the jerboa of Egypt, which is not larger than a rat, while this is as large as a middling lamb. The largest we shot weighed 84 lbs. It may, however, be easily known from all other animals by the singular property of running, or rather hopping, upon only its hinder legs, carrying its fore-feet close to its breast. In this manner it hops so fast that in the rocky bad ground where it is commonly found, it easily beat my greyhound, who, though he was fairly started at several, killed only one, and that quite a young

We guessed that the fires . . . by which we could constantly trace the

passage of Indians who went from us in Endeavour's river up into the country, were intended in some way or other for taking the animal called by them kangooroo, which we found to be so much afraid of fire that we could hardly force it with our dogs to go over places newly burnt.

Here for the first time Banks at last abandons all the vague circumlocutions of his earlier entries and calls his former "wild animal of the country" by its newly discovered name, the *kangooroo*. There would be no word more to say on the matter, were it not for the puzzle set out at the beginning of this article, namely, that the word in its present form has left no trace of its existence among any native Australian tribe.

One proposed solution of the puzzle is that the name disappeared after Banks left. Unlikely as this may at first sight appear to people in Europe, it is nevertheless an ascertained fact that when an aboriginal Australian dies, bearing the name of any common object (and such object-names are as common as are the parallel European surnames, Mr. Wood, Mr. Stone, Mr. Roach, Mr. Bull, &c.), the rest of his tribe taboo the word, and substitute another for the object; the word, in fact, dies with the man who bore it for his name. An amusing instance of this peculiarity is given by Messrs. Howitt and Fison in the following passage (p. 249) from their book on KAMILAROI AND KURNAI GROUP. The word *nobbler*, it should be explained. is one of the Australian white man's cant words for a drink. cruising about . . . with a crew of Kurnai . . . I heard two of my men discussing where we could camp, and one, on mentioning a place, said, speaking his own language, that there was a 'le-en (good) nobbler.' I said, 'There is no nobbler there.' then said in English, 'Oh! I meant water.' On inquiry I learned that a man named Yan (water) had died shortly before, and that not liking to use that word, they had to invent a new one." If therefore, after Cook's visit, some man called Kangaroo died, the whole tribe would expunge the word from its vocabulary.

The other solution, that Banks made a mistake, is the ordinary theory of the Australian bush, and it has been widely accepted. Several times it has figured in print, and it has entered into at least one Dictionary, that of Messrs. Funk and Wagnall of New York. The mistake has been suggested in two forms, the commonest being that the word kangooroo, given in answer to Banks's inquiry, meant "I don't understand." To this there are two replies: how is it that in the native names he did obtain for dozens of other natural objects his inquiry always was understood? For if it were not, and if kangooroo meant "I don't understand," then he would have got the word so often as a reply that he would very soon have discovered it to be no name at all. Moreover at least some proof is needed, some actual word or words of the aboriginal tongue the sound of which, being like the word kangooroo, could be twisted into the meaning "I don't understand." To find those words and to hear their true sound would test how near the explanation hits the mark; but they have not been found.

The other suggested form of the mistake is, that the word kangaroo meant, in the tribal language, "bigtoe," that Banks during his inquiry was holding the animal by its hind foot and got the name of the big-toe, instead of the name of the animal, the natives believing that the inquiry referred only to that part of the animal. It has even been asserted that the natives of the Endeavour River still use the word kangaroo for the big-toe. Such a theory does not do justice to

the scientific care and accuracy of a man like Banks. In the language of the mathematician it could be no term or factor in such an observer's personal equation. Indeed the theorist may learn from Banks himself that, with scientific instinct, he had foreseen such chance of inadvertent error and had consequently provided against it, only transcribing such native words as he and his companions were "morally certain not to be mistaken in." On this point he writes in that same essay of the 26th of August in his Journal:

Of their language I can say very little; our acquaintance with them was of so short a duration that none of us attempted to use a single word of it to them, consequently words could be learned in no other manner than by signs, inquiring of them what in their language signified such a thing, a method obnoxious as leading to many mistakes. For instance a man holds in his hand a stone and asks the name of it, the Indian [the early explorers called all native races Indians may return him for answer either the real name of a stone, or one of the properties of it, as hardness, roughness, smoothness, &c., or one of its uses, or the name peculiar to some particular species of stone, which name the inquirer immediately sets down as that of a stone. To avoid, however, as much as possible this inconvenience, myself and two or three others got from them as many words as we could, and having noted down those which we thought from circumstances we were not mistaken in, we compared our lists; those in which all agreed, or rather were contradicted by none, we thought ourselves morally certain not to be mistaken in.

From this it is quite evident that more than one person obtained the name of kangaroo for the animal before Banks and Cook entered it in their Journals, that they could not all of them on every occasion have been holding the animal by the big-toe, and that several accurate observers were unanimous before they finally adopted

the native name. The theory of a mistake falls to the ground. The explanation that the word afterwards dropped out of use by taboo is probable. But the conclusion that the natives of the Endeavour River did call the animal the kangaroo, and that Banks and Cook did truly so report it, is inevitable.

That Banks made no mistake seems thus assured on intrinsic evidence. But Mr. De Vis, of the Brisbane Museum, in his paper before the Geographical Society at Brisbane (1894), says that "in point of fact the word 'kangaroo' is the normal equivalent for kangaroo at the Endeavour River; and not only so, it is almost the typeform of a group of variations in use over a large part of Australia." It is curiously hard to procure satisfactory evidence on the first point, namely, that the word returned to use among the Cooktown natives. Mr. De Vis wrote to me that his statement was "made on the authority of a private letter"; but another correspondent from Cooktown, on the other hand, assured me that if the natives use the word, they have taken it from the English; and the natives, it is known, often do this sort of thing. I wrote to both the Cooktown newspapers, but without result. Mr. De Vis's second argument, as to the type-form, seems much stronger. A spoken language, unwritten, unprinted, must inevitably change, and change rapidly. A word current in 1770 would change rather than disappear, and the root consonants would remain. Now the letters "ng" together, followed by "r," occur in the proportion of one in thirteen among the nearly two hundred names for the animal tabulated by Curr in his book on the Australian Native Races.

There is also evidence of the early use of the word among aborigines far distant from the Endeavour River.

Surgeon Anderson, who accompanied Cook on his second voyage, writes: "However we must have a far more acquaintance with languages spoken here [Van Diemen's Land and in the more northern parts of New Holland, before we can pronounce that they are totally different; nay, we have good ground for the opposite opinion; for we found that the animal called kangaroo at Endeavour River was known under the same name here."1 And again, as late as 1835, T. B. Wilson gives evidence of its use in Western Australia: "They [natives of the Darling Range, in West Australia] distinctly pronounced kangaroo without having heard any of us utter that sound; they also called it waroo, but whether they distinguished kangaroo (so called by us, and also by them) from the smaller kind named wallabi, and by them waroo, we could not form any just conclusion."2

The subsequent first appearances of the word in print are not necessary for the solution of the problem, but they are of interest in the connection. The word was first printed in 1773 in the book brought out by the relatives of Banks's draughtsman, Sydney Parkinson, who had died on the homeward voyage of the Endeavour. On page 149 occur the words "Kangooroo, the leaping quadruped," and a description is given at page 145. The object of Parkinson's book was to anticipate the publication of the official account of Cook's Voyage by Dr. Hawkesworth, which appeared later in the same year. Hawkesworth wove his book from four strands,—Cook's Journal, and the diaries or journals of the two naturalists, Banks and Solander,

'Quoted by W. Eden in THE HISTORY OF NEW HOLLAND, p. 71 (Second Edition), 1787. to which he added a fourth, his own Johnsonian pomposity. Cook's Journal was not published till 1893, when it was edited by Captain Wharton, the Hydrographer to the Admiralty. Banks's Journal was published last year, admirably edited by the veteran Sir Joseph Hooker. Solander's Journal has never been printed.

The second occurrence of the name kangaroo in print occurs in Hawkesworth's book, vol. iii., p. 577. Under date July 14th, 1790, Hawkesworth records that "Mr. Gore who went out this day with his gun, had the good fortune to kill one of the animals," and then follows a long and accurate description of it, concluding with the words, "This animal is called by the natives kanguroo." With a few embroidered additions Hawkesworth's account is taken direct from the passages already quoted from Banks's Journal with statistics from Cook. In some cases the phrases are copied verbatim; but that which makes it certain that the original source was Banks's Journal is that Hawkesworth gives the weight of the animal as 38 lbs., while Cook and the other diarists all enter it as 28 lb. or 28 lb. gross. Hawkesworth also refers his readers to a cut of the animal, which cut was no doubt taken from the sketch by one of Mr. Banks's three draughtsmen.

The third appearance of the name in print is in the following year, in Oliver Goldsmith's posthumously published ANIMATED NATURE, where in the seventh book, in his chapter on "The Gerbua," he adds a detailed description of the animal "first discovered and described by Mr. Banks, who," he says, "calls it the kanguroo." Here we learn for the first time, what we might have certainly guessed, that the skin of the first beast shot by Mr. Gore on the 14th of July, 1770, was stuffed and brought home by Banks, who tells us

<sup>&</sup>quot;Narrative of a Voyage Round the World, &c., p. 212.

they ate the animal for dinner. ing on salt junk they would not of course waste any chance of such "excellent meat"; nor would Banks, as a naturalist, waste the most curious and novel specimen of his whole voyage; he saved the skin and with it, as is usual, the skull with its teeth in it for the purpose of accurate stuffing. Goldsmith's account, like Hawkesworth's, is chiefly derived from Banks's notes. Like Hawkesworth he takes Banks's figures, and puts the weight of the larger specimen at 84 lb., as Banks alone did; all the other diarists put it at 80 lb.

In both descriptions every detail not in the original Journal of Banks is evidently derived from the specimen available both to Hawkesworth and to Goldsmith, — the measurements, the shape of the tail and ears, and all such minutize, with the single exception of the remarks on the lower jaw, which, says Goldsmith, "as the ingenious discoverer supposes, is divided into two parts which open and shut like a pair of scissors, and cut grass, probably this animal's principal food." That single remark points to a description by Mr. Banks which is not to be found in print nor in manuscript, nor is there, so far as I can ascertain, any record of it. It is reasonable to assume that this description had been given in conversation.

Goldsmith was frequently, at that time almost constantly, in the company of Johnson. The London literary world was then very small, and its members very closely and familiarly associated. Boswell records an evening's conversation of the Doctor with Banks and Solander, though he does not give its matter. It was on the 26th of February, 1772, eight months after the Endeavour had returned. On the next day Johnson wrote to Sir Joshua Reynolds, enclosing a letter for Banks:—"I return thanks

to you and Dr. Solander for the pleasure which I received in yester-I could not day's conversation. recollect a motto for your Goat, but have given her one. You, Sir, may perhaps have an epic poem from some happier pen than, Sir, your most humble servant, Sam. Johnson." Now this same remarkable goat had been twice round the world. There is a letter extant from a gentleman who made the voyage in the Endeavour which says: "Before I conclude I must not omit how highly we have been indebted to a milch goat. was three years in the West Indies, and was once round the world before in the Dolphin and never went dry the whole time. We mean to reward her services in a good English pasture for life."1 That Banks repeated these details and intentions to Johnson is evident from the Doctor's motto:

Perpetua ambită bis terră præmia lactis Hæc habet altrici Capra secunda Jovis.

The incident shows the nature of the conversation. The enclosing of the letter in the first place to Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the request, "Be pleased to send to Mr. Banks, whose place of residence I do not know, this note, which I have sent open, that, if you please, you may read it," leaves no room to doubt that the great Sir Joshua himself introduced Johnson to Banks and Solander, and that the conversation took place at Sir Joshua's house with the two naturalists as fellow-guests. We can picture the scene. The old Doctor reverential, courteous, attentive, absorbed, seeking information at every point from these two bronzed and learned young men, the sum of whose ages about equalled his own; the great painter marking their

From the General Evening Post, quoted in Historical Records of New South Wales; vol. i., pt. 1, p. 491.

striking personal appearance, sending round the bottle, taking snuff, and shifting his trumpet from one to the other as each took up the thread of their remarkable story,—talking perhaps little of science, but recounting all the adventurous and picturesque tales of their unique experience on the little bark, down even to their pet goat, which,

Deserving both her master's care and love,

Ease and perpetual pasture now has found.

Is it credible to suppose that in such a tale the eager Banks would have omitted his most exceptional discovery of all,—the "wild animal of the country," his kangaroo? Is it likely that he would omit his sup-

position as to its habits of feeding, or any other detail? Is it likely that Dr. Johnson resisted the impulse to retail his new-found knowledge to his literary friends, or that Goldsmith was never among the number of his listeners, if, indeed, he were not present at that very dinner? Nothing seems more probable than that Goldsmith obtained the extra details of his description in some such convivial conversation.

But this speculation, however collaterally interesting, is not necessary for the etymology of the word. That, as I have shown, is sufficiently decided by the manuscript evidence, which, by most reasonable beings, will probably be held to have solved the Problem of the Kangaroo.

EDWARD E. MORRIS.

### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

# By Mrs. Fraser.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE Harcourt girls were those neighbours of the Marstons who had furnished Mrs. Barton with some useful They were information about Kitty. a little older than she was, and one of the sisters had overstepped the vague limit of very early youth some time Her name was Cissy, and she was musical, with a plain, clever face and a pleasant voice. Her younger sister, Madge, had grown up to consider herself a beauty by contrast with Cissy. She was small, with rather a fiercely bright complexion, light hair and eyes, and a painfully flippant manner. Of course they had been asked to amuse Mr. Surtees, and Madge undertook the task at once, while Kitty and Cissy tried to be nice to each other till lunch was announced.

"You have come just in time for the dances," said Madge to the weary Londoner, expecting him to look delighted and secure the pleasure of half a dozen waltzes at once.

"Oh, have I?" replied Harry, languidly, his eyes on Kitty. "I would have waited a little if I had known that."

"Don't say you never dance," exclaimed Madge; "another man is such a godsend in this part of the world."

Harry looked at her. "I don't say never," he remarked; and then, turning away, continued coolly, "it all depends,—who's there, don't you know?" He did not mind being a little insolent sometimes, when there would be nothing to pay for it.

"Is Mr. Jamieson coming to-day?"

the elder Miss Harcourt was asking of Kitty.

"No," said Kitty, with a little hesitation. "Why?"

"Oh, only that I like him," said Cissy in her high, cheery voice. "He is so jolly and kind always,—not a bit sniffy and conceited like the men who come down from town, as they call it. He sent me a lot of cuttings the other day, and I wanted to thank him." Miss Harcourt had a sharp tongue and knew when to use it,—a rare combination.

"I think he has gone to Torquay," said Kitty, feeling that she ought to be pleased with this praise of her friend and yet resenting it a little. He was not everybody's property to be discussed by strangers.

Harry was cross, and showed it, because at lunch he could not sit beside Kitty, and his remarks to Lady Marston and Madge were short and sour. He also tasted two dishes and laid his fork down at once, an insult which no hostess should ever forget.

After lunch the young people wandered into the conservatory, and while Cissy, who was really interested in flowers, dragged Madge away to look at something, Harry came close to Kitty and murmured in her ear: "Oh do come away somewhere, Kitty. I can't stand this kind of thing much longer."

"They are tiresome," assented Kitty; "say you have a headache, and go and lie down."

"I shall not even see you if I do that," he whispered; and then he got her to look into his eyes till she coloured to a deep pink, and wondered what on earth he meant. "Don't go, Kitty," he pleaded as she turned to move back to where the others were standing; "they never let me have a word with you, and you are the only person I care to talk to at all."

"Wait till I take you to the desert island," she replied, laughing, though her foolish little heart bounded with sudden delight at the sweet new homage. Those first draughts are so intoxicating!

"Take me there and stay," said Harry, looking very sentimental and trying to take her hand; "I shall never want to come away again, you know."

Kitty drew her hand away and began slowly to walk up the fragrant path. She was amazed to find that she had nothing to say. Harry, on the contrary, had discovered that he was really on the verge of falling in love again. He had thought that diversion over for ever, and promptly resolved to make the most of this little treat.

"Kitty, dear," he said, hurrying after the white frock between the ferns, "give me something to look forward to all day; come and meet me here this evening,—late,—I have a million things to tell you."

Before Kitty could answer, Roy cannoned against her from a side path full of palms, and they darted off together, leaving Harry in doubt as to whether his bold request would be granted or not.

Soon afterwards he was pounced on by Lady Marston and carried away behind the fat black horses, while Cissy and Madge Harcourt made a listless four, with Roy and Kitty, at lawn-tennis.

"I never will go there again," fumed Madge to her sister on the way home. "It is as if Lady Marston just asked one to make one miserable! Fancy whisking away the only man, all to

herself,—even though he is a conceited beast—and leaving us to play tennis with those horrid children all the afternoon!"

"It struck me as rather funny," said Cissy, who never expected much attention herself, and so could see the humorous points of a situation; "looks as if Mother Marston meant to start a little flirtation all on her own account, doesn't it?"

Harry was brought back, limp and silent, in the late afternoon, shaken with driving over country roads and uncomfortably certain that all the cups of tea he had been obliged to swallow, combined with the exhausting effect of three hours of Lady Marston's clanging chatter, would make wild work of his digestion. In great depression he entered the house and cast searching glances round in the hope of finding Kitty, who was nowhere to be seen. Near one of the windows the wreck of a tea-tray, and various crumby plates, showed where she and her friends had passed, but silence reigned in the deserted drawing-room.

"I hope you won't be overtired, Harry," said Lady Marston, passing him as he turned back into the hall, "will you have some more tea? No? Well, I shall go and lie down for an hour before dinner and I really should advise you to do the same. You look quite tired; I think I'll send you some ammoniated quinine."

"I'll take a brandy and soda if I may, Cousin Alicia," replied he, catching at any straw of comfort. "I think I'll go and find Todman."

"Just as you like," said she; "but really the other would be so much better for you, you know."

"I daresay you're right," assented Harry, diving into the dining-room as quickly as he could. Lady Marston passed upstairs shaking her head sadly over his weakness.

Harry got his brandy and soda from

the sympathetic butler, who gave it him strong, and as he left the diningroom he was met by Roy with a face full of grave importance

full of grave importance.

"Can I speak to you one minute, Mr. Surtees?" the boy asked. "Just come along here," and he linked his arm in Harry's and marched him away to a deep recess where a number of low chairs, a heavy curtain, and a window to the sunset, made a snug oasis in the length of the hall.

"What is it then?" said Harry, when he was seated and Roy had peered about to see that nobody was listening.

"It's Kitty," whispered Roy with tremendous gravity; "she says---"

"What does she say?" Harry sat

up and spoke quite excitedly.

"She says she's going to look at the big palm at a quarter to eleven. Of course I don't know what she means." Roy looked candid and sober as a Sunday seraph.

"Never mind," said Harry, "you're—you're a good boy, Roy. I've a great mind,"—and here he put his fingers in his waistcoat pocket and felt for half-a-sovereign that lay there.

"Yes!" said Roy, trying to conceal his elation, for he felt a tip coming.

"Never mind now! Run along and say it's all right, and,—don't say anything to anybody else, d'you see, my boy?" He had remembered how short of money he was, and reflected that too much of it was very bad for boys.

"No fear, I shan't say a word.— Mean old cuss!"

Harry went up to dress for dinner with the pleasant glow of success upon him. "Women are all alike, from fifteen to fifty," he thought. "Fancy her deliberately making an appointment! The little monkey! After all, I suppose it's natural,—first decent-looking chap she's ever spoken to, of course. Thank Heaven I thought of coming here!"

With which pious sentiment Harry began a long and elaborate toilet, at the end of which he certainly was very "decent-looking" indeed. A carriage had driven up to the front door while he was engaged on this important business, but as his whole soul was just then centred on his white tie, he had been unable even to speculate as to who the guest might be till, fully dressed, he opened his door and came out into the wide corridor. He stood still and sniffed suspiciously. He was very sensitive to perfumes, and there was that in the air which required classifying at once; as yet he had only known one person who left that trail of White Rose and Russia leather behind her. He closed his door and stepped on slowly, listening as he went. A sound of voices came from the next landing; a question,—that was Lady Marston, an answer-oh confusion, that was Lily Barton! Then two silk gowns went rustling down the stairs together, and Harry, returning to his room, sat down on the chair nearest the door and cursed wickedly till the second gong sounded.

#### CHAPTER X.

Cursing was no use, however, and he unwillingly crept downstairs. The alternative of staying in his room on pretence of sudden illness presented itself to his mind, but was instantly Be deprived of a dinner, dismissed. perhaps of a wife and a fortune, by Mrs. Barton,—now? No indeed; he was an independent being, and refused to remember that he had ever been more to her than any other man who knew her well enough to invite himself to dinner occasionally and to help her in the choice of wines. He never had been anything more; she probably poured out those endless confidences to everybody. He would stand it out, he said to himself; he had done nothing to be ashamed of; and then he had opened the drawingroom door, and Mrs. Barton's hazel
eyes had smiled on him in gentle
recognition; he had pressed her fingers
warmly from sheer force of habit, and
was standing close to her black
flounces, with despair in his heart,
and an obedient smile frozen on his
face. Kitty was watching him in
amazement, for he had hardly dared
to glance her way yet, and she was
conscious of looking very nice tonight, — not entirely in honour of
"Mrs. Bombazine."

Roy and she had already exchanged opinions about the lady in one mute glance. They were relieved to see how unassumingly she wore her weeds, and Kitty's heart almost smote her about the Crusader, when she noted the graceful figure in the charming black gown; but then she caught Mrs. Barton's eyes upon herself; they looked green and cold and questioning, horrid enough to excuse any number of practical jokes. After that the Crusader might do as he pleased!

And all because that ideal dressmaker, who was responsible for the gown, could not furnish her clients with sweet honest glances too! Lily could order frocks by the score; but she had made her expression herself, and it sometimes betrayed her, as home-made articles will do. She had not intended that Kitty (whom she instantly and rightly classed as a minx), should catch that searching The rest of Mrs. Barton's glance. demeanour was one of subdued sweetness, as if she were unwilling to sadden other people by her private In ten minutes from the misfortune. time when the party assembled, she had taken stock of the situation, and understood, as she thought, what had brought Harry to this dull place. From the deference with which he treated Kitty she was convinced that the child was an heiress; and from a caressing gaze, in which she caught him indulging while Kitty was laughing with her father, she argued, also rightly, that he was to-night, or would be to-morrow, very much in love with Miss Minx.

He looked up and found Mrs. Barton's indulgent, semi-maternal eyes upon him, and he became flurried, and took refuge in a glass of wine. It turned out to be sherry, which he loathed, and that did not improve his temper. He was sitting on Lady Marston's right, at a rather large round table; next to him, but some way off, was Kitty, on her father's left; Sir Francis had Mrs. Barton on the other side, and between her and Lady Marston was Roy; Sir Francis preferred to have both children dine with them when one came down, and Roy was only too delighted of course. He sometimes had bad moments, when Lady Marston ordered him to finish his meat or stopped the butler from giving him any wine; to-night, however, she was very much taken up with Harry, and Roy was making the most of his opportunities.

"Oh, Harry," said Mrs. Barton in a pause, "it was so frightfully hot in town yesterday; I was quite glad for your sake that you were gone. He looks better already, Lady Marston."

Lady Marston could not believe her ears, and the rest of the party looked much amazed. What relation was Mrs. Barton to Harry Surtees? He started a little, but recovered himself at once. Mrs. Barton went on. "You must not be surprised at my calling Mr. Surtees by his Christian name," she explained sweetly; "I have known him such a very long time."

"Ever since I was born, in fact," said Harry with deliberation. "You have been a very kind godmother, and

of course you have a right to call me anything you please." Then he glared at her, for that glass of sherry had made a man of him at once. If only Sir Francis would give him some champagne he would break away for ever.

She was not prepared for his boldness, and met it with a rather hysterical laugh. "Social godmother, oh yes, of course! As a social godson, I think you have been rather a success; don't you agree with me, Lady Marston?"

"Humph!" remarked Sir Francis audibly. Roy caught Kitty's eye and winked. "There's another one wasted," he remarked, referring to her reproach about fibs in the morning. He certainly was a dreadful cub.

"I don't quite understand," said Lady Marston, which was true. But she was a woman of one idea. Just now that idea was to get invitations to the right houses next season for herself and Kitty, and she came back to facts at once. "I should think you would make an admirable social godmother, as you call it," she said. "Kitty and I shall come and creep under your wing next year, shan't we, dear?" and she turned to her daughter with a confiding smile.

"Delighted, I'm sure," replied Lily Barton, while Harry tried not to laugh at the idea of her conducting their stout hostess to a smart house in the height of the season. She had quite enough to do to take care of herself, as he well knew. How many an invitation had he procured for her! But he was going to assert himself now. The champagne had gone round and he felt equal to anything. He leaned sideways towards Kitty and said in low tones: "Don't forget your promise, Kitty!"

"What promise?" said she, turning sharply.

"Oh,—to take me out sailing, you know,—er,—to-morrow!"

"If Papa's blow doesn't come off," she replied, then turning to her father, she went on: "Your gale is hanging fire, Daddy. I'm afraid you didn't order it in time."

"Why, it's raging now, my dear," said Sir Francis, with funny little lines appearing at the corners of his eyes; "don't you hear it?"

There was silence, as everyone listened for a few seconds. Then Roy and Kitty both laughed aloud. "There isn't a breath, sir," exclaimed the boy; "we were broiled on the court this afternoon, and Madge's fringe was all ends by the time she went away."

"Nevertheless," maintained Sir Francis, "that gale is raging now, and will blow for exactly two weeks from yesterday. I hope you understand me, Katherine."

A silence fell on the party, and Kitty almost had tears in her eyes. Papa was forbidding her to sail during the whole of Cousin Harry's visit.

"I may be getting a little deaf," remarked Lady Marston, who never understood her husband's wishes except when a higher duty compelled her to go against them; "they say neuralgia has that effect sometimes, but I really thought it was a very still, warm evening. Is there a wind, Todman?" she asked suddenly of the butler standing behind her chair. Harry winced at the breach of etiquette.

"No, my lady, it's a very close night," replied Todman, recalled from his professional condition of deaf mute by her question. "Shall I open another window, my lady?" he asked.

1

"No," she said, and then her eyes went back to Sir Francis, who was actually speaking. In general he was nearly as mute as the efficient Todman.

"There, Kitty, I don't want to be unkind, but there is one thing I will not have done. You are not going to sea in your bit of a boat, with Roy for a skipper and a cockney like Harry for cargo. Either you would knock him into the sea, or he would upset you for certain."

1

"I am sorry you think so badly of my seamanship," said Harry, magnanimously. "I have occasionally ridden the briny wave in a friend's yacht, and I don't remember that any inquest took place afterwards."

It really was nice of him, Kitty thought, to take Papa's unkind speech so amiably, and she gave him a little glance of gratitude which made him feel very good.

"That is all very well, Harry," insisted Sir Francis, who meant to have his way for once; "a yacht is a big thing, where one landsman more or less doesn't count, because there's a proper skipper, with a crew of his own, to take charge of them all. I'd let you go anywhere with Jamieson; he's a born seaman, and the Minx is a first-rate vessel. But Kitty's boat is meant for the river, and she's too small to carry passengers even there."

After this there was nothing more to be said. Mrs. Barton, who had wisely refrained from joining in the discussion, tried to warm up another, on big sleeves and the South African policy of the Government; but it did not take, and everyone was relieved when Lady Marston rose from the table.

"You may stay with us, Roy," said his father, as the boy was dutifully preparing to follow the women out of the room. The prospect of a tête-à-tête with Harry Surtees was too much for Sir Francis to-night. He disliked his cousin intensely, suspected him of unknown evil, and was certain that he had never hit anything in his life. A nice person to have for two weeks in the house! And then

that widow! Really Alicia was too bad.

"Now then, Roy," he said to the boy, "pass the wine to Mr. Surtees. No, not for you,—you may have a little port though; that never hurt anybody yet."

"It has quite gone out of fashion," said Harry, who no longer felt bound to be magnanimous, now that Kitty was not there to see it.

"So much the worse for the fashion," growled his host. "You stick to the old wines, Roy, when you grow up, and there'll be some chance of your turning out a decent English gentleman after all. There aren't many of that sort left." Then he lighted a big cigar.

"I think I'll join the ladies if you don't mind," said Harry. There was no particular use in sitting here to be scolded by Kitty's dreadful old father.

"Just as you please," said that person.

"I say, don't forget the palm tree," whispered Roy, suddenly seized with a fit of good manners, and opening the door for Mr. Surtees.

"No fear!" replied the other in the same tone.

"That," said Sir Francis, as Roy returned to his seat and began to devour nuts and raisins, "is the most useless and objectionable type of man there is in this world. Don't you ever try to imitate it, Roy."

Roy had his mouth full, but managed to reply in Harry's own words, "No fear!"

#### CHAPTER XI.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Barton was asking a number of polite questions, about houses no one of which had she the faintest idea of taking. She would not stay in Devonshire a day longer than was necessary to prevent Harry Surtees

from proposing to Kitty Marston. With a little care a fortnight should be quite enough to make him feel how necessary her friendship was to him, quite enough to show him how hopelessly bored he could be by tiresome provincials. she would discover that the climate was too relaxing for her, and that she would probably be better suited on the north coast. But Lady Marston did not know all this, and had really taken some trouble to find and inspect empty houses in the neighbourhood, and had a great deal to tell Mrs Barton on the subject.

When Harry came in from the dining-room, much sooner than he was expected, Lady Marston rose hurriedly from Mrs. Barton's side, saying that she had forgotten to write a necessary note,-she would come back directly-and so left the Kitty was sitting at the piano, humming the air of a song in an undertone, and picking out the accompaniment to it. looked as fresh and fair as the roses in the old silver bowl by her  $\mathbf{Her}$ hair shone gold in the soft lamp-light, and a string of small pearls round her white neck twinkled with every movement of her head. Harry's eyes rested on admiringly, though decency required that he should take the seat left vacant at Mrs. Ebford Barton's side.

"You might have told me you were coming here," he said at last, seeing that she was waiting for him to speak.

"You seemed to care so little where I went,—the last time we met — that it would hardly have been worth while to trouble you."

Mrs. Barton spoke low and was looking straight before her.

"That was horribly unkind of me, wasn't it?" said Harry. "I wonder

you condescended to recognise me to-night."

He supposed that she wanted to quarrel, and he was quite ready to humour her. It would not be the first time, by any means; she had made more than one scene in the long years that their acquaintance had Some women enjoyed that lasted. sort of thing; but he had borne quite enough. He was so tired of her exigent kindness that the time had come to lead her into saying something violent, which he could fasten upon as a reason for breaking off their so-called friendship. Men of poor Harry's kind excel in carrying through such delicate negotiations. The foolish, angry woman is induced to cut her own throat, as it were, while the blameless man, too highminded not to be shocked at such an exhibition, retires from the scene in offended majesty,—and does not call

"Why are you so disagreeable?" Mrs. Barton asked suddenly, turning and looking into Harry's face. "Have you begun to hate me because I am in trouble, after all these years?"

"Listen," said Harry eagerly, and forgetting her in a sudden impression of pleasure. Kitty had found her words at last, and sang in her fresh, untrained voice.

Shall the past be counted at all, my sweet,

When you sit by me with your hand in mine?

1

Have I lived at all till this day we meet?

See, I kneel new made at your little feet,

And I empty the lees of the dead years' wine

From my heart's deep cup, to your health, my sweet!

Mrs. Barton here murmured something about "the usual thing, those horrid English words," but Harry took no notice of her, and Kitty went on, unconscious of criticism.

There! It is empty, close to your hand, Will you dip it and fill from Love's foaming sea?

Shall we drain it together, and understand

The secret that swims in the mystic brand,

What I am to you, love, what you are to me!

See, the cup lies empty of all, in your hand!

"Really," thought Mrs. Barton, as she closed the eye-glass which had been levelled at Kitty (who was only singing to amuse herself, poor child, with very little thought of the meaning of the words), "there is nothing that girls won't say nowadays, if they can get it set to music." Then she looked at her companion and saw on his face a light which had never shone there for her. His eyes were moist, his lips parted, and as he leaned forward and gazed at Kitty, his whole expression was one of idiotically happy Mrs. Barton made up admiration. "So pretty," she her mind at once. murmured; "thank you so much, Will you take me Miss Marston. into the conservatory, Harry? It is just over there."

She rose without waiting for his answer, and he followed with a bad grace. As they passed out, Kitty's voice rose again in some old refrain, and Mrs. Barton shivered slightly.

"Are you cold?" asked Harry rather brutally. She had taken his arm.

"No, but I can't stand false notes. Why don't they teach girls to sing before they let them make exhibitions of themselves?"

Harry was silent. He knew nothing about music, but the song had stirred him strongly. He did not want to discuss it with Lily Barton.

"Come and sit down here," she

said, pointing to the seat under the big palm which Roy had named as Kitty's trysting-place.

She sank down and he seated himself unwillingly beside her, and began to look at something in an opposite direction.

"Do talk to me about yourself," said Lily, humbly; "why should you suddenly shut me out of your life? I miss you so dreadfully!"

"That's very good of you," said Harry, who was quite willing to put the inevitable quarrel off for a little if she would be reasonable; "but you see I have no particular experiences just now to talk about." He furtively glanced at his watch; it wanted twenty minutes to eleven. Confound it, why would she not go in, and let Kitty come out!

"Dreadfully," Lily went on, "I never felt so lonely in my life. What have I done to make you angry?"

"My dear lady," said Harry, trying hard to be patient this time, since it was getting so late, "do be reasonable. How could you possibly have made me angry, and what on earth is all this fuss about?"

He thought he heard someone coming. There certainly were steps at the other end of the greenhouse, and Kitty had stopped singing.

"You used to say, over and over again," Mrs. Barton spoke with an ominous catch in her breath, "that you had rather be with me on a desert island than with any other woman—oh even in Paris—with millions! Say it again, Harry," here she began to cry a little; "after all that I have suffered it will break my heart if you change now."

She really was crying, and steps were approaching. Harry felt that it was one of those situations where perjury becomes a duty. He took her hand and squeezed it while he said, as fast as the words would come: "My

dear Lily, please understand that I never change towards my friends! I feel to you just as I always have felt" (which was perhaps true), "and as for desert islands, why, of course, I would rather be alone with you, on Juan Fernandez, than with anybody else, oh—in Timbuctoo!" He was getting confused, and a rustling behind their screen of palms inspired him with the strongest desire to get her away.

"Are you sure, Harry?" she whispered, looking at him through her tears.

"Oh, utterly sure!" he answered, kissing her hand violently. "Now do go in, and I'll follow; somebody's coming and they really must not see us together so much. Heaven only knows what I've committed myself to," he wailed inwardly, as she moved away flushed and radiant. "Now let's see who is at the other end of this place."

The big palm was surrounded by several little ones and various other floral encumbrances, making a kind of shrubbery in the middle of the conservatory. As Harry moved round it cautiously, Roy crept from an opening in the green things to the spot where the conversation just recorded had taken place. His expression was one of extreme candour and gravity. "It's only me, Mr. Surtees," he said, as Harry came round to him in due course. "Kitty says—"and he stopped in sheepish hesitation.

"Well, make haste, what does Kitty say?" inquired Harry, looking at him very hard. He hoped the youngster had heard nothing. These cubs were always pitiless.

"She says," whispered Roy, "won't you please come to the schoolroom in half an hour."

"Why won't she come here?" asked Harry, suspecting a trap.

"Shall I tell you?" asked Roy.
"Promise you won't tell her if I do; she'd never forgive me."

"I won't tell," said Harry; "what on earth is the matter?"

"Well, it's just this," said Roy, with resolute candour; "she's got some idiotic dressing-up trick on, to frighten the housekeeper, and I said I wouldn't help her, and she wants you to! That's what it is!"

"Ah," said Harry, pulling his moustache. "Why won't you help her? I should think it was very much in your line." It was disappointing to find that he was only wanted for a stupid practical joke after all.

"I am not tall enough," explained Roy with humility. "You see I'd have to carry her on my shoulder along the balcony past old Goodwin's window,—her room is up there—and Kitty wants to make faces at her, or something; Goody's always scolding us about things, and Kitty means to pay her out to-night; but Kitty's a good weight, I can tell you, and I had rather somebody else carried her than me. You look so strong she thought you could do it easily. You'd make her look about eight feet high."

"I don't mind carrying Kitty," said Harry, "only she must protect me from Mrs. Goody's wrath if we are found out."

"We won't give you away," said Roy; "Goody is sure to think it's me. Come along quietly to the schoolroom as soon as they have all gone to bed. You are a trump!"

And away scudded Macchiavelli in an Eton collar, happier than words can say. One practical joke was going to "do" three people "brown," Mr. Surtees, Mrs. Barton, and Kitty! Harry returned to the drawing-room and was soon able to slip away to his own apartment.

Now it chanced that there had been another person in the greenhouse who had less right than either Roy or Harry to show himself there, and who consequently kept carefully out of

sight. He was a shabby-looking individual of extraordinary powers; in two directions indeed he was quite a genius, these special talents being burglary and evasion of the police. several months he had been on the track of some very fine diamonds which Mrs. Ebford Barton was fond of wearing. It was known in the profession that when not wearing them she either carried them in a shabby black bag, "not to attract attention," as she said, or put them bodily under her pillow wrapped up in a silk handkerchief. All these particulars were known, as I have said, but as yet Mrs. Barton kept her diamonds, and fancied that her methods were a secret to the world.

Ryestock was an easy house to break into, and Mr. Charles Walker felt that a kind providence was certainly watching over him, when he learned that Mrs. Barton's diamonds were going to pay a visit there. friendly glass with a stable-boy had given him the plan of the house. guest-rooms opened on "that kind of upstairs verandey thing runnin' round the west wing of the 'ouse," and Mr. Walker was only waiting for the darkness, to climb a water-pipe, conveniently ringed for his feet, which would land him just outside Mrs. Barton's window, at the moment when she might be expected to take the parcel out of her pocket and lay it under her pillow. The rest would be child's play. The lights were being put out in the lower rooms, - now for it! Walker, who had only come into the conservatory from a professional desire to take notes generally, slipped out into the garden at the farther end, and was lost to view.

Harry had not felt so young for many years, as when, in stocking-feet, he crept from his own room, down one flight of stairs and through a pitch-black corridor to the schoolroom door. Everything was very still, but there was a light shining through the keyhole. Cautiously he tried the handle; the door was locked, but an unearthly whisper came through the opening, Wait!

He did wait, changing from one foot to the other for fear of catching cold in his shoeless condition. He got impatient, wondered what he could exact from naughty Kitty in payment for this discomfort, perhaps a kiss,—the first ever bestowed by her sweet lips on sinful man—then the door opened, there was a little scuffle in the room, and the light was blown out.

He was not left quite in darkness, however, for a fearful apparition, a few feet away, made him start sensibly, and though he believed it masked the dearest little girl in the world, he felt a curious reluctance to approach anything so extremely well done. The regulation death's head looked very awful, blazing with blue light on the surrounding darkness, and a long white robe was just visible beneath it, marked, as it seemed, with blood.

"Make haste and pick me up, or the phosphorus will burn out!" said a gentle whisper from behind the horror.

Harry approached, holding out his arms, and pale Death jumped nimbly on a chair, and picked up the blood-stained garment. Harry stooped a little and found himself rapturously embracing a bundle of skirts with something inside them, while a solid person of some kind sat comfortably down on his shoulder. The white draperies were let down around him, and he began to stagger towards the door.

"Easy," whispered the goddess on his shoulder; "don't you bash my head in, man! Turn to the right!"

Poor Harry, walking uncertainly in

swathes of cotton, with something near ten stone on his right shoulder, began to think it was pleasanter to look at pretty girls than to carry them. He was half stifled, and his burden, fearful of falling, kept clutching his head with one hand as she swayed about. What would his hair look like when he put her down? And, — how odd that he had not noticed the strong odour of leather and bulls' eyes in her vicinity before? Dear little Tomboy, she should pay him for this!

"Here, now go slowly!" whispered the Mischief on his shoulder, and he felt stone flags under his feet and the open air blowing up under the folds of the ghost's drapery.

"Will you give me a kiss afterwards, Kitty?" said Mr. Surtees.

"Twenty, only hold me tight," gasped the supposed Kitty, and actually stood up in his arms. He could feel her gesticulating wildly, the drapery was flying hither and thither, and just as he was wondering how soon he would have to drop her, there was a fearful shriek from some one quite near, Death bounded from his shoulder and flew past him, saying, "Run for your life," and disappeared in the shadow.

There was nothing for it but to obey, and he ran faster than he had run since he was a boy, back to the schoolroom, to claim Miss Tomboy's thanks. But a light seemed to be coming out of a bedroom; there were

steps on the stairs, and common prudence commanded him to return to his own room, which he did rapidly.

He entered, locked the door, and then almost jumped through it backwards, for, dangling its feet from the edge of the bed sat the Crusader with its death-mask gone and Roy's jovial countenance smiling in its place.

"Did it well, didn't we, Cousin Harry? Want those twenty kisses? If not I'll be going, I think; but I'll leave you the togs, there's going to be a row. Hear Mrs. Bombazine's hysterics?"

Harry was speechless, but began to move towards a corner where a cane was standing handy. A long scream came from a room not far off.

"None of that, please," said Master Roy, slipping off the bed and dropping his white disguise and his sister's skirt on the floor together. "If you touch me I'll tell Mrs. Barton all about it. She's doing the screaming 'cause it was her window we went to,—see?"

"You little devil," said Harry, between his teeth. "I'm going to thrash the life out of you, do you hear?"

Roy dodged the cane, dived behind an armchair, and got out of the door in a few seconds, Harry hitting wildly at him and bringing the stick down on the furniture instead. The boy disappeared, and Harry for the second time locked the door and sank into a chair. The "little devil" had made a very complete thing of it!

(To be continued.)

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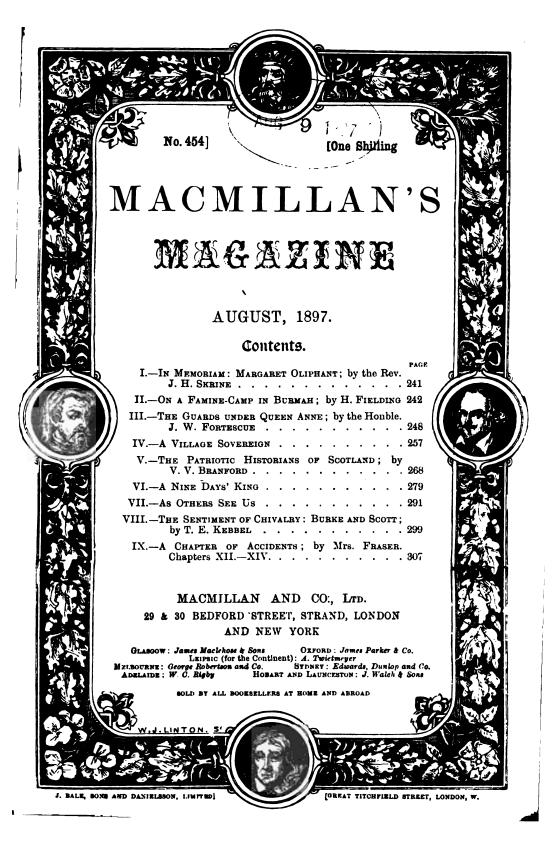
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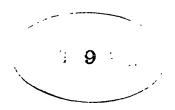
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## MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1897.

#### IN MEMORIAM

MARGARET OLIPHANT, DIED JUNE 25TH, 1897.

"Those who know the meaning of life, being dead."—A Beleaguered City.

I.

SEER, who beyond the untrodden bourne
Where meet the Viewless and the Seen,
In dreams that voyage and return
With doubtful news, hast pilgrim been;
Romancer of the lands that lie
More unexplored than faëry;

#### II.

Now hast thou donned the pilgrim weed
Thyself, to cross the bourne, and go,
Ah, not in dream but very deed,
Where throng their soundless feet who know,
Behind the cloud, beyond the strife,
"The true significance of life."

#### III.

All now thou know'st and nought canst tell;
Thine eyes are oped, thy lips are sealed;
Thou passest but from spell to spell.
Oh in thy dreamland unrevealed,
Where now thou farest forth to see,
Dear dreamer, be it well with thee!

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE.

#### ON A FAMINE-CAMP IN BURMAH.

THE country stretches in low undulations as far as the eye can reach. It is perfectly brown and bare; not a blade of grass is to be seen, nor any green thing save where down in the hollows are a few groves of palms. The fields, mere barren wastes with here and there a little straw-coloured stubble in them, are divided from each other by thorn hedges to all appearance dead; and on the summits of the ridges, where the soil is too arid for cultivation, a few low, leafless thorn bushes are scattered thinly over the bare soil. Winding through the tract is a great white road, covered inches deep in dust, and the carts that pass over it raise clouds behind them that hang in the air and mark its course from far away. The country is seamed with ravines, rocky and steep, but of no great depth, and with no sign of water in them. There are also here and there broad stretches of sand between banks twenty or twenty-five feet high. These are the beds of what once were streams; but there is no water there either, only heavy, dense, blinding dust.

The villages are clustered in little hollows. They are built of bamboo and thatch, and are surrounded by a thorn fence to keep cattle in and thieves out. The larger ones have a few pagodas with clear-cut delicate spires raised to the sky. There are trees too about the villages, but they are all leafless now; even the palms look weary and athirst, and their lower fronds are brown and withered. The earth is split into cracks and fissures, and on the face of the whole country is a mute supplication for

rain. The horizon is obscured by a dense haze, a quivering haze of heat and dust that makes the eyes water to look at it. Fifty miles away down in the south is a great mountain, but you cannot see it for this haze. For six months there has been no rain; for nine months before that but very little. The sky is as grey as steel, lurid and heavy.

To the right of the road there is a long scar across the hills, showing brown in the hollows, with the earth thrown into embankments, and yellowwhite upon the ridges where there is no earth, only grit and soft sandstone. It is the earthwork of the new railway. the extension of a branch finished some years ago, and not expected perhaps to prove a very remunerative affair. It has been undertaken to provide work and pay for the people who live in the barren tract and upon whom has fallen the great famine. All along the embankment, for three miles and more, are the huts of the They are but slight erections, built of bamboos, roofed with thatch, and walled with mats; as they are moved with their inhabitants they cannot be made more substantial. As each section of the work is completed the gangs move on to the next, carrying their houses with them. Here and there are pitched small tents showing very white against the ground. In these the overseers live, Eurasians for the most part, though the pure Englishman and the pure native are not wanting. How hot it becomes in these tents by two of an afternoon no one can tell, for in none of them is a thermometer; but probably it is

over 110.° On a higher hill further on are the mat and thatch houses of the assistant engineer in charge, and of the civil officer upon the camp. They have tents also, but they have found the heat so unbearable that they have built these huts for themselves. Thatch is a good preventive against the sun, and the breeze enters more easily through bamboo trelliswork. Near by are the hospital, the telegraph-office and the police-station, all built in much the same style. They are useful and no doubt necessary, although in this great camp of eight thousand people there are but two sick in the hospital, and there has been but one instance of crime during the four months that it has been standing. Could you gather together eight thousand destitute people of any other nation but Burmans for four months with but one case of crime, do you think? It is not the least marvellous, the least touching, thing about this famine that the sufferers have kept their hands so free from crime.

Every morning at six o'clock the people turn out to work, and, with a rest during the extremest heat of the day, they work on till dark. They are of all sorts here, men and women, boys and girls, children and babies; but the women are far more numerous than the men, and the girls more numerous than the elder women. you go down the work it seems to you that the majority of the workers are This strikes you as so curious that you stop at one gang, laboriously hewing at the sandstone rock, and enquire of the ganger. "How is it." you ask, "that you have so many women and girls? Where are the men?" Then the ganger answers you that the men have been able to gain work elsewhere. "Many have gone to Lower Burma to reap the rice crops and work as labourers. Some

are gone to the islands in the river to gather peas. Some are gone to boil cutch in the forests far away in the west. A man can get work in many places, a woman cannot." Therefore the men have sought fortune elsewhere, and the women have come into the famine-camps.

But why again are there so many girls, girls between, say, fourteen and twenty-two? The number is surely out of all proportion. The answer to this is somewhat similar. The older women are married, nearly all of them, and they will have a household to attend to in the village and a few cattle perhaps, and these cattle must be jealously tended against next ploughing-time. Those whose husbands are able to give them a little money, earnings in Lower Burmah or elsewhere, do not come; those who have land to borrow on do not come. A famine-camp is not a holiday affair, and none come but those who must. Therefore it is widows, wives of men who are very poor, large families of children who come. The father goes away; the mother must stay to see after her home and her cattle: the children come to the work.

This camp is the gathering-place of all the waifs and strays of the district. For in a famine who suffers first? It is not the farmers, nor the little traders, nor the handicraftsmen, nor even the labourers; these all suffer of course, but not first nor worst. It is those who live upon the superfluities of their fellow men, whose subsistence is by ministering to their pleasures, who in times of dearth are the foremost ruined. The camp is full of such. Theatrical performers are here in troops. In good years they would be roaming about the country, playing here and playing there, rejoicing the hearts of the young people with their jests, and the old people with their But now in this famine tragedies.

who can afford to pay them? The thought of each man is how to get food to-morrow for his wife, his children, himself. And so the players have wandered about wearily, their little savings growing daily less, until they have at length found themselves upon a famine-camp. The prince is now digging all day in the sun, the princess is carrying earth, the maids of honour are bearing water, their happy, careless lives all come to an end for the time. And there are proprietors of marionette-shows, who have stored their famous dolls, the kings and the queens, the tigers and the wild elephants, in some friend's house and come here to await better There are fortune-tellers who have laid aside their books and charms and are delving here a harder fortune out of the rock than ever they foretold for themselves. There are acrobats and tumblers; and among the women how many there are of those whose trade is love! There is no end to them in the camp. For love and penury go not together, and the lads who loved them last year are this year finding it hard enough to make a living for themselves. The girls' gay dresses are sold, their little ornaments gone; their only powder now is the white dust that the wind blows upon their faces, and they work all day in the sun, going to and fro with the baskets of earth, till they are weary to death. It is the nemesis of those who live by pleasure that, when hard times come, they are the first to suffer; like froth upon the wave, they are the first to be stranded on the shores of destitution.

I suppose that out of these eight thousand people on the camp, not one half have ever laboured at such work before. Some of the men may have been ploughmen, labourers, or cartmen, but not diggers. None of the women probably have ever dug or carried earth before. In Burmese villages women do not do this. They draw water and they weave; they plant the rice-plants and they glean and tie up the crops; but they do not dig. When the camp was first started very few of the gangs could do their task. Some could not do half, and yet it is not a heavy one. It is so allotted that it shall be a fair test of a labourer's destitution, that he should be willing to do it in order to win a bare subsist-It is intended to prevent any but those who are pushed to it by necessity from coming; that is all.

On the first few days there was but one cry as you went along the work, that their hands were blistered. Men came and showed them to you. complaining that such work should be demanded of them; their hands could not do it. But in a few days that all righted itself, and after a week or two the tasks were completed early. labourers are formed into gangs, sixty, eighty, a hundred in each gang, with a ganger. Usually from one village, or a group of neighbouring villages, they all know each other, are related most probably, and can bear with each other's shortcomings. Thus a woman with two or three children, joining a gang of her own people, finds her new life made easier for her; if they were strangers it would not be so easy, but her fellow-villagers bear with her and help her. She cannot do her share of the task, how can she, poor thing? There is baby to suckle, the fat naked brown baby who sprawls about in a tiny shelter the mother has made for it out of a ragged mat and a stick. There are the two elder children, say four years old and five, not old enough to work, but who like to lie on their stomachs and peep down, some fifteen feet or so into the excavation; they have to be rescued every now and then from this perilous amusement, and promptly punished. And the woman cannot work very hard, for she is not yet strong.

The people look healthy, for the site of the camp is high and dry, and all the sanitary arrangements and the supply of water are good. We are afraid of small-pox here and of cholera; they have broken out in the towns and villages south of us, and if they came to us on the camps what should we do? The people would scatter terror-stricken to the four winds and many would die; the rest would grow reckless in their fear, and crime would be rife in the land. The supply of water is therefore one of our chief anxieties. It is brought to the camp in carts from wells dug wherever water is to be found, and they are doctored from time to time with permanganate of potash. These wells have been roofed over, and there is in charge of each a man whose duty it is to draw the water and to prevent others from doing so. If anyone wants water at the well the caretaker will draw and give it to him; but he may not dip his bucket therein. The water, when brought to the camp, is poured out of the casks into jars which are kept in little houses placed along the work. rack is built to hold five or six of these jars, and it is roofed in. here too, as at the wells, the people may not help themselves out of the jars with their own cups. Over each water-house is a woman in charge, chosen by the gang, and she will serve out the water as the man does at the wells; good-looking lasses they mostly are, like our barmaids in England, but as no charge is made for the water the reasons do not seem Perhaps, however, even to agree. water tastes better from the hand of a pretty girl.

There is a market too in the camp, where the staples of life are sold. Little stalls are built, and the rice and grain sellers are encouraged to come and establish themselves here. There is not much for sale, rice and beans, dried fish and oil and a few vegetables; a famine-wage does not admit of luxuries. For the principle of a famine-camp is this. It is a place where everyone, man, woman, or child, may obtain work and enough to live on, so that no one need starve. It is not meant for anyone who can find labour elsewhere in the ordinary occupations of life; it is not a place where money can be earned; it is not a place for idlers. The cost of famineworks is very great, and the taxpayers must be saved as much as possible; moreover it would be bad economy to draw labour to these works, which are not usually very productive, at the cost of other in-So the rule on a faminedustries. camp is this,—a fair task must be performed, and for this a wage which would buy sufficient food to keep the labourers in health is given. is calculated according to a sliding scale, and in addition there is one halfpenny a day; to children in arms and old people unable to work a gratuitous dole is given.

It will not therefore be a matter for surprise that many of the people are very ragged. As you go along the work you see very many, girls especially and children, whose garments are gone beyond repair. It is true that children beneath the age of six do not wear any dress at all. stretch their naked brown limbs in the sun contentedly enough, and their clothes cost them neither money nor And the men are usually anxiety. fairly respectable. But the women, -it is of the very tears of things to see the shifts many are put to. You see old women with ragged skirts patched in a thousand places, held together no one can tell how, and as you pass they glance at you pitifully as if asking you not to notice them. There are girls too, young girls just arriving at womanhood, with round little shoulders peeping through the rents of their jackets, who turn their backs on you. All women are much the same, I think; there is nothing that hurts them so much as to be badly clothed. But we have now received some of the Mansion House Fund, and before long the most ragged will rejoice in new garments.

If you go into the hospital upon the hill you will find, as I have said, but two sick. One man has hurt himself with a crowbar, and one has fever; neither is very ill. neighbouring shed for the women you will be told that there are also two patients. They are not sick, but they have become mothers upon the camp. The children do not seem to mind it; they look red and idiotic as all babies do, and they get luxuries here, which they would never get if they had been born in their mothers' homes, bought out of that same Mansion House Fund. You may hear pitiful stories sometimes, if you stop to talk to the people, which bring home to you, I think, more keenly the misery of this great famine than any view you could obtain by looking at the subject as a whole.

One day we divided a gang into households, that we might see whether whole households had come or only parts. We told the people to break up into groups, each group to be one household. There was a great calling and running to collect the children, and then the gang broke itself up. Curious little groups they made: a man and a wife and four children, the latest at the breast; a mother and daughter; two sisters; father and son and nephew; a young couple just married, the young husband having preferred to come with his wife to the

famine-camp to going alone to seek fortune elsewhere. And one group was all children; there were four of them, the eldest a boy of twelve, the next a girl of ten, and two boys of eight and seven. They seemed very forlorn there standing all alone looking wonderingly at us, not knowing what it all meant, the little girl half hiding behind her brother.

"Have you no elder people?" I asked. "Is there no one with you at all? Have you no relations on the the camp?"

The boy shook his head. "No one," he said.

"But your parents," I asked; "where is your father?" He was dead. "And your mother."

The boy shook his head again. "I do not know. She went away long ago; I do not know where she is gone."

"Then who do you live with in your village?"

"We live with the grandfather," they answered.

Then an elder woman came forward to explain. They lived with their grandfather and got on in ordinary seasons well enough, for the old man had land and the children were able to herd cattle and work in other ways. Then came the famine. land yielded no crop; the old man fell ill, and became crippled with rheuma-And so the children starved for a little, living on their neighbours, and when some of the villagers came to work at the camp they came too; there was nothing else for them to The old man lived on charity; probably he would die soon. When I asked if anyone looked after the children the woman laughed. do not want looking after. They can manage. The boy is twelve; he is a clever little fellow. Oh, they will get on."

Sadder still was the story of an old

woman, old and lean and very poor, who sat by herself upon a stone heap. She had had a husband, but he had left her years ago when her beauty waned. She had had children too, boys and girls, but the girls were dead and the boys had gone away one by one; she had heard they were dead too. am myself all my household," she said; "there is no one of my people but myself. All are in the earth." And she shook her poor old head with a gesture of despair. "Soon shall I too be dead, and it will be better,"—her voice was shrill and her eyes sharp and unhappy as she spoke-"for I am tired, very tired, working at this railway."

Generally they will talk to you frankly enough of their misfortunes, of their past, of their hopes for the future. It is not often you meet with a rebuff. One I remember, when I said to a woman that I thought her child was very thin, that she should bring it to the hospital, and get some better food for it.

"She is thin, yes," said the woman sharply; "some children are thin. This was born so; it has always been just as it is now; it will always be so."

I think she felt my remark as some sort of reflection upon her care of it; but such replies are not common.

We found that in many cases only half a household had come to the work; the young people would come, and the old stay at home. And if the village were not too far off, when work was over on Saturday evening, one would go home, walking twenty miles perhaps through the hot night, to take the little savings of the week, twopence, perhaps, or threepence (it is not much you can save out of a famine-wage), to the old folk at home. They would have to walk back again on Sunday night to be ready for Monday's work; but it did not seem too much to them, if they might catch a glimpse now and then of their parents and the village where they were brought up; for they dearly love their homes and those who live there, these people of the great river.

And so goes on the famine. Burmah and India there are nearly three millions of people destitute on When will it end? famine-camps. Who shall say? They tell you, those who think that they are learned in such matters, that this will be a good year, that the rains will come early, and stay late, and be plentiful. But it is all guessing; no one can tell. We should be having the early storms even now; but there is no sign of The sky is grey as steel and the earth is buried in dust. shameless sun glares day by day at the parched earth, and never hides his face. It grows hotter than ever, and the end is not yet.

H. FIELDING.

MYINGYAN, April 22nd, 1897.

#### THE GUARDS UNDER QUEEN ANNE.

"HER MAJESTY having been pleased to order that the Standards and Colours taken in that famous battle, and lodged in the Tower, should be put up in Westminster Hall, a detachment of Her Majesty's Horse-Guards and a troop of Horse-Grenadiers, and a battalion drawn out of both regiments of Foot-Guards, marched the third of January, 1705, early in the morning to receive them. From thence they proceeded in the following manner: First the troop of Horse-Grenadiers, then the detachment of Horse-Guards, four and thirty of the gentlemen each carrying a standard taken from the enemy. battalion of Foot-Guards closed the march, the pikemen, to the number of one hundred and twenty-eight, carrying each one of the enemy's colours advanced. In this manner they marched through the City, the Strand, and the Pall Mall and passed before her Majesty's palace at St. James's, then through St. James's Mews into the Park, where Her Majesty was pleased to see them pass by, forty guns in the Park being twice fired at the same time. Thence they proceeded through the Horse-Guards, King Street and the New Palace-yard to Westminster Hall, when the said Standards and Colours were put up to remain there as trophies of that signal victory."-LEDIARD'S LIFE OF MARLBOROUGH, vol. i. ch. ix.

To remain there, but alas, they are there no longer. Taffeta and staves have crumbled into dust, and nothing remains to remind us that Westminster Hall was once draped with the trophies of Blenheim. Dynasties come and go, military pageants pass and repass along the familiar route, disperse and are forgotten; Queen Anne is dead,—this, by the way, is the one fact that all Englishmen know about her—the three troops of Horse-Guards have been transformed into two regiments of Life-Guards, and the one living link that binds unchanged this procession of Queen Anne to those of Queen Victoria is the battalion drawn from the two regiments of Foot-Guards.

The two regiments are, of course, the First, or Grenadier Guards and the Coldstream, for in 1705 England and Scotland were not yet Great Britain and the Scots Guards not vet added to the famous brigade. The reason why a composite battalion was formed of the two, was that half of the First Guards were in Flanders. resting after the fatigue of the famous march to the Danube and the two bloody actions on its banks, while half of the Coldstream, with yet a few more of the First, were vigorously defending Gibraltar against the first of many sieges.

The Guardsman of Marlborough's day has been graphically displayed to us of late, so far as his outward adornment is concerned; and we are familiar with the good cloth coat well-lined, the good thick kersey breeches, the good strong stockings and shoes, and the good strong hat, well-laced, that were prescribed by contemporary regulations. But of the men themselves we know singularly little, and it is excessively difficult to increase our knowledge. One thing seems to be true of the Guards, as of the rest

of the army of Queen Anne, namely that the men were, many of them, of extremely bad character; but this was the fault less of the military authorities than of the House of Com-The disgraceful treatment of the army by the House after the Peace of Ryswick had made the service unpopular, and the natural consequence was extraordinary difficulty in obtaining recruits. The Guards, maintaining then as now a higher standard of stature than other regiments, found of course the greater obstacles in the way of filling their ranks; while, as London offered peculiar facilities for the escape of deserters, they were exposed to more than their share of the evils of fraudulent enlistment.

Very early in the war of the Spanish Succession an Act was passed empowering the Queen to pardon capital offenders on condition that they enlisted in the army, which measure was followed by another for the discharge of insolvent debtors from prison who should serve in the ranks or procure others to serve for them. The scramble among recruiting officers for these sheep-stealers and bankrupts was almost ludicrous, the Line very selfishly urging that the Guards had no right to them, till at length it was necessary to keep a roster of regiments, in order that every corps might benefit by this windfall of desirable recruits in turn. The supply of the jails being found unequal to the demand. there was passed after 1704 an annual Recruiting Act for the impressment of all able-bodied men who had no visible means of subsistence; which poured another stream of rather doubtful material into the ranks.

Unfortunately the evil did not end here. The thieves of London discovered that the guard-house of the Savoy was an extremely desirable base for their particular operations.

They could steal out, effect their burglary comfortably, convey the spoil to a confederate, and be transformed into sentries pacing diligently up and down in red coat and laced hat, before victim or thief-taker could suspect them of the crime. Unfortunately also there were abuses of long standing, not only in the English but in every other army, whereby officers took men for recruits, who appeared in uniform only on muster-days, did no duty, and suffered their pay to pass silently into their captain's pocket. It happened that at that time there was on the list of the officers of the Guards that Colonel Chartres, generally distinguished by the epithet of infamous, whose misdeeds are chronicled in THE NEWGATE CALEN-DAR, and whose face is preserved on the canvas of Hogarth. This gentleman, seeing the profit that was to be made out of the transaction, welcomed thieves gladly to the ranks of the Guards, heedless of the reputation of the regiment and the security of his neighbours, being perfectly ready to give them countenance and protection in return for the few pence a day which they allowed him to appropriate.

When, however, the number of notorious robbers in the ranks swelled to between thirty and forty, detection became inevitable, and there was a scandalous exposure of the whole The gallant Colonel, however, had already bethought him of a new means for replenishing his purse. The British soldier, as is well known, is exempt, within certain limits, from action for recovery of debt, in order that the citizen may be discouraged from trusting him too far. Certain debtors from London, doubtless struck by the convenience of this arrangement, negotiated with Colonel Chartres for admission into the ranks on the same footing as the thieves, namely as faggots, or nominal soldiers whose names appeared on the muster-rolls, but who did no duty. Too generous to take the whole of the plunder, Chartres seems to have allowed the provost-marshal to act as middleman, and to receive some small sum as fee from the impecunious debtor as the price of enlistment. Then the Colonel himself consented to approve the fraud for a matter of five pounds, and the thing was done.

But Chartres was far too artistic a criminal to qualify his faggots by so old and clumsy a method as mere entry of their names on the musterrolls. Every man of them went on guard once, so that his name might appear in the guard-books, and, more subtle still, was put in prison once in order that he might figure in the list of prisoners. Having thus done sufficient duty to quiet the scruples and elude the enquiries of the Commissaries of the musters, the merry debtors resumed their ordinary dress and pursued their usual avocations, snapping their fingers in the face of their unhappy creditors, and congratulating themselves that immunity from arrest could be bought by such simple means and at so moderate a cost. But they did not know Colonel Chartres. That astute officer naturally encouraged this new description of recruit, at first, by freely granting them protection when they were seized by their creditors; but soon he The men were became exacting. absolutely in his power, as he very well knew, and he made them feel it. The unhappy debtors discovered that the Colonel required a fee, and a good fee, for every service. He was always ready to shelter them provided that they paid him £50, but without some such inducement he would hand them over to the sheriffs' officers with Nor was this the painful alacrity. worst that could befall them. If the threat of a debtor's prison was in-

sufficient to persuade them, Chartres had another string to his bow: "Very well, my man," he would say, "then you sail for Spain with the next batch of drafts." Englishmen are not as a rule well acquainted with the history of our first Peninsular war, and have little idea of the misery endured by men in the transport vessels, the privation that they suffered through hard marches, insufficient food and clothing, and the hostility and cruelty of the peasants towards them both in Stories of the Portugal and Spain. general mismanagement and of the immense mortality of the troops through sickness had, however, reached England, and, with the one exception of the West Indies, service in Spain was more dreaded than any other. So Colonel Chartres had his victims on the hip, and failing to extort more money from them in London, sold them, according to the prevailing practice, to the nearest recruitingofficer at £2 a head, and thanked God he was rid of a rogue.

How long these nefarious practices were continued is uncertain, but at length both debtors and creditors, wearied out by the burden laid on them, began to complain, and finally petitioned the House of Commons for redress. The House, always ready to meddle with military matters, and for once fully justified in interference, took the matter up warmly, and made the discovery that out of eleven hundred men in one battalion about two hundred and fifty were faggots. drew up a full report of the whole scandal and prayed the Queen to punish Colonel Chartres, but apparently without effect, since we find him still holding an important military command during the Scotch rebellion of 1715.

While such abuses were countenanced by a Colonel, and while the ranks were filled for the most part by debtors and criminals, it would be surprising if the battalions of the Guards at home had not presented an astonishing array of scoundrels. must be remembered also that, apart from the accommodation in the Tower, there was nothing in the shape of barracks excepting the guard-house in the Savoy, and that the men were scattered broadcast among the alehouses of St. James's or the Strand, making the enforcement of discipline extremely difficult. Desertion and fraudulent enlistment were of course rampant, and it was no uncommon thing in the reign of Queen Anne for a deserter to be shot in Hyde Park. Other punishments, far more terrible than death by shooting, were mercilessly inflicted to a degree that is but little realised at the present day. give one extreme case, which is remarkable both from the nature of the crime and the appalling character of the penalty. A man in the Foot-Guards was found guilty of killing an officer's horse "for lucre of the hide." He was sentenced to receive three lashes from every man of six hundred of his comrades, the punishment to be repeated seven times over. arithmetic shows that he was thus condemned to twelve thousand six hundred lashes, in seven instalments of eighteen hundred apiece. He duly received the first instalment, after which, his life being despaired of, Her Majesty was graciously pleased to remit the remaining six.1

For the rest it would seem that in the matter of drill, or, as it was called, of exercise, the Guards were as smart at this as at any other period. But there was one duty in which they lamentably failed, namely as sentries in St. James's Park. Why this should have been so is not very clear. It is evident that the guard-duties

<sup>1</sup> See the Secretary at War's COMMON LETTER-BOOK, January 25th, 1712.

were heavy at all times, and not the lighter when the muster-rolls were filled up in great measure with the names of faggots. On at least one occasion there were not men enough to provide the guard at Kensington Palace, and it was necessary to call in pensioners from Chelsea Hospital. It may be, therefore, that the men made the duty in St. James's Park an opportunity for repose; but in any case it was observed that their activity was never of long duration, and that no dependence could be placed on them, insomuch that it was necessary to appoint a servant "wearing the Queen's coat" to watch them. Even this measure, however, appears to have been a failure. All through the reign of King George the First we find complaints that persons of quality and distinction were unable to resort to the Park for the benefit of the air without disturbance from idlers, beggars, or rude boys; a nuisance which no multiplication of sentries could avail to put down.

But when we turned from the Guards at home to the Guards abroad, the peccadillos of the St. James's Park and of the guard-house in the Savoy are quickly blotted out. The First alone of the Guards enjoyed the good fortune of serving under Marlborough from beginning to end of his great campaigns. They acted as his personal bodyguard throughout, receiving in return the privilege of the post of danger in a general action. Though there are few of us who do not know the name of Blenheim, there are very many who have never heard of the bloody action of the Schellenberg, wherein Marlborough first gave the Bourbon party a taste of his quality and made good his footing on the Danube.

The British on that day began their work at five o'clock in the morning, coming into action after a harassing march of fifteen miles at six o'clock in the evening, against an enemy skilfully posted in a strongly entrenched position. The attack was led by two parties of the Grenadiers of the First Guards, one of fifty men under Lord Mordaunt, a son of the famous Peterborough, and one of thirty-two men under Colonel They advanced under a murderous fire, not attempting to discharge a shot until within eighty yards of the entrenchments, and Sixtywere swept down by dozens. one of the eighty-two were left on the field; but Mordaunt and Munden, still unhurt, though the former had three bullets through his clothes, and the latter no fewer than five through his hat, kept cheering the survivors The rest of the battalion, with several other British regiments, came up in support, and then ensued as bloody a conflict as ever our soldiers took part in. Strive as they might, the red-coats, baffled by the difficulties of the ground, and riddled through and through by the storm of grapeshot and musketry, could not force the entrenchment; and at length after a furious contest they wavered and fell back, and the enemy, who were in superior force at that particular point, poured out of their lines to finish the defeat by a charge with the bayonet. It was a critical moment, but the Guards by general admission saved the day. Standing as firm as rocks they gave an example and a rallying-point to the rest. The First Royals, who were next to them, gallantly turned and stood by them, the Twenty-third as gallantly stood by the Royals, and thus led by three representative regiments, English, Scotch, and Welsh, the remainder speedily rallied, and after a desperate struggle the counterattack was repulsed.

Then the assault was renewed; but with little better success, for the

enemy withdrew troops from all parts of their line to meet the attack of the British, and fought with great firmness and spirit. This, however, was all that Marlborough wanted. The remainder of his force came up, marched calmly over the unguarded portion of the entrenchments, and falling on the enemy's flank and rear practically annihilated them as a fighting force. The whole affair lasted about an hour and a half, and in that time fifteen hundred, out of about five thousand British who were engaged, were killed and wounded. The Guards, First, and Twenty-third, each lost over two hundred men, and the Guards lost twelve officers out of seventeen. of the officers killed had nine wounds; another, who was picked up alive but died shortly after, had no fewer than eleven. Marvellous to relate, Mordaunt and Munden both came out of the action without a scratch, though their clothing, as has already been shown, suffered extremely. wonder if by chance there are still preserved, in some obscure corner of the kingdom, the tattered fragments of Colonel Munden's hat.

The supreme test of a regiment is by general admission to be found in its ability to endure severe punishment in action, not once, but repeatedly and at short intervals. Tried by this ordeal the Guards show, not for the last time, a remarkable record. At the close of the battle of Schellenberg on the 22nd of June, they were left with five officers unhurt. To them were added a few more who arrived just too late for the engagement, and within six weeks the battalion was again in action at Blenheim, where it lost its colonel killed and seven more officers wounded, Lord Mordaunt among them, probably a hardly smaller proportion than at Schellenberg. The First and Twentythird Regiments by a curious fatality were, like the Guards, subjected to the same trial at the two battles, and endured it with equal fortitude. Yet the First Guards outdid even this achievement in 1815, when their third battalion lost two hundred and sixty men on the 16th of June at Quatre Bras, and three hundred and thirty more on the 18th at Waterloo.

Ramillies was an action in which the British infantry had little share; but the campaign of Oudenarde brings us to one of the most remarkable memorials of the whole war, namely, the journal of Private John Deane of the First Guards. It will be remembered that in the spring of 1708 an attempted invasion of Scotland by the French caused a great number of troops to be withdrawn from Flanders to North Britain. these were the First Guards; and Deane's experiences on board a transport-vessel are among the most valuable of his contributions to our military history. His battalion, it appears, was embarked at Ostend on the 18th of March, 1708, and, after lying windbound for two days, anchored at Tynemouth on the 21st. During the whole of this time the troops had only the bare decks to lie on, "which hardship," as he observes, "caused abundance of our men to bid adieu to the world." In the delay which followed, owing to the indecision of the French, the battalion was kept continually aboard until the 21st of April, during which time, as our private quaintly says, "We had continual destruction in the fore-top, the pox above board, the plague between decks, hell in the forecastle and the devil at the helm, so that we may easily judge what course we . . Being arrived at steered.

¹ The losses of the British generally in 1704 were so heavy that at the close of the campaign Marlborough was obliged to organise the fourteen battalions into seven.

our desired haven we bid adieu to the wooden world. Being translated from Purgatory to Paradise, and from pinchgut to whole allowance, we began to look like ourselves in our old station, when taking a glass or two of brandy caused us to forget the old grievance, though it was, if rightly understood, a fatigue for the devil."

It was with such sentiments that the Guards, now represented by several companies from the Coldstream as well as from the First, entered upon the campaign of Oudenarde, with its extraordinary marches, its brilliant battle, and the famous, though forgotten, siege of Lille. The constant manœuvres of the French for the relief of the city, coupled with their unwillingness to risk a second general action, gave great offence in the British army. "We were continually fatigued and bugbeared out of our lives," writes the indignant Private Deane, "by men who had as much will to fight as to be hanged." Then the siege itself was a murderous affair, which destroyed the very flower of the army, and in particular the English Grenadiers, who had scarcely six sound men left in a company. Meanwhile idle chatterers in London insisted that they could manage the operations much better than Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, and that the army was not worth its salt. "No doubt," comments the sarcastic Deane, "if cursing and swearing and blasphemy and debauchery would do, these coffee-house warriors would take Heaven itself by storm, but I do heartily wish they were to take the place of many a brave officer and soldier that hath been and may be lost on this occasion."

All things, however, come to an end, even such sieges as that of Lille, when conducted by such men as Marlborough; and Deane was comforted by the privilege of accompanying the

great Duke to relieve Brussels, which the Elector of Bavaria, in the assurance that the Allies were fully occupied elsewhere, had had the impertinence to besiege. The two battalions of Guards were part of the column with which Marlborough, by a single bold march of eight leagues, broke through the French lines on the Scheldt, and were the only troops who pushed on with him towards Brussels. But they did not go far, for no sooner did the enemy hear of his approach than, as Deane says, "the poor devils went off hastily leaving their cannon and mortars behind them." What a proud moment for the two battalions of Guards, to be marching alone with Corporal John against a far superior force, and to find it take to its heels at the mere report of their approach!

At this point unfortunately we part with Private Deane, who after a "very long, tiresome, troublesome, mischievous and strange, yet very successful campaign," went safely into winter quarters in 1708 and disappears from history. He can hardly be accepted as a typical private, for his education and his sentiments alike stamp him as a superior man. Possibly he was a gentleman volunteer, who hoped to rise, as Fielding's Lieutenant Adderley rose, through the ranks to a commission. Possibly he was only unfortunate, and took refuge with the Colours, as gentlemen did even in Queen Anne's day, in the hope of royal favour; for it is on record that the Queen, discovering a poor Scotch baronet of ancient family in the ranks of the Scots Guards, gave orders that he should receive the next vacancy among the lieutenants. Be that as it may, we hear no more of him. His name is not in the roll of the officers of his regiment; and the inference therefore is that he was killed in the following year, perhaps buried alive in the subterranean galleries

of Tournay, perhaps buried dead on the bloody field of Malplaquet.

Of Malplaquet we have a glimpse from the hand of another guardsman, in the shape of a letter which Steele, himself a soldier, thought worthy of publication in The TATLER. The writer was Sergeant Hall of the Coldstream Guards and his correspondent Sergeant Cabe of the same regiment, whom he addresses simply as "Comrade."

"Our battalion [he wrote], suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with many more. He was killed dead before he entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded-we lost ten sergeants; six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Merrick and my son Smith; the rest are not of your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in the head myself, but am in hopes, an't please God, to recover. I continue in the field and lie in my Colonel's quarters. . . . I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. . . . My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and three pence which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery and both of you all happiness, rest your assured friend and comrade, John Hall. We had but an indifferent breakfast, but the Mounseers never had such a dinner in their lives. Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to enquire what is become of his wife Pegg, and when you write to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

It is a pity that Sergeant Hall did not give some account of the battle, for the "prints" provide very unsatisfactory information. But probably few actions have been fought in the whole history of war, of which the combatants, at any rate of Marlborough's army, could have given a

less coherent story. For in its main features it was bush-fighting of the fiercest and most desperate kind, without quarter given or taken on either side. Red-coated British, bluecoated Prussians, and white-coated Austrians were intermixed, struggling desperately forward from tree to tree, tripping over felled trunks, bursting through tangled foliage, panting through quagmires, loading and firing and cursing in a thick cloud of foul sulphurous smoke, guided only by the flashes of the enemy's musketry. It was from such a scene, ended by the final assault of the British on the French entrenchments in the open, that Sergeant Hall had emerged, alive indeed, but badly wounded in the head, to find all four of his captains, half of his brother sergeants, and little less than half of his men wounded or killed.

We hear much of the spread of education and of its infinite blessings in these days, but we doubt if any existing serjeant of the Coldstream Guards could write a better or a more thoughtful letter than this of John Hall. The language of to-day, thanks to the influence of the "prints," would certainly not be nearly as simple and straightforward. Let us note, moreover, how little he speaks of his wound. He has a very bad shot in the head, but refusing to go to hospital he continues in the field and does his duty; while his Colonel, as we are glad to see, appreciating the worth of such a man, takes him into his own quar-Perhaps Mrs. Hall was there to nurse him; if not, some soldier's wife or widow, --- for two or three were allowed with each company—looked to the bandaging of the wounded head. the Serjeant's thoughts are with Mrs. Stevenson, whose husband was evidently one of the first men in the battalion to fall. Poor Richard Stevenson! As Hall says, how he must

have pinched himself to save seven shillings and threepence out of his eightpence a day, with twopence stopped for clothing, and at least fourpence more for rations. How often he must have denied himself little comforts after a hard march, and stayed by himself when his comrades rushed off to the sutler's tent for beer. Perhaps Mrs. Christian Ross, who enlisted as a dragoon to find her husband, and, after the discovery of her sex, turned sutleress, may have guessed why he was not a customer and have given him now and again a drink for nothing. Who can tell? But now Private Richard Stevenson, stripped naked probably before he was cold by the human vultures that follow an army in the field, has been huddled up with a great many more into his grave, and Serjeant Hall can only send his love to the widow and promise to forward the money entrusted to him for her.

The six serjeants known to Serjeant Cabe, and therefore presumably of the Coldstream Regiment, remain to us mere names, but are welcome to us even so, for it is very rare to find in the innumerable works on Marlborough's wars the name of a man below the rank of a commissioned officer. Countless gallant actions must have been done by the rank and file on countless occasions, yet but one has been recorded, which, by the way, was the work of a guardsman, named Littler. One of the victims of Malplaquet, we observe, is Serjeant Hall's son-in-law, and Hall himself had therefore suffered a loss which would make him feel the more for Mrs. Stevenson. Corporal Hartwell, on the other hand, has come out unhurt, and is more anxious about his wife than about It would seem that he must himself. have left a little money with her when he went to the war, and would like to know to what purpose it has been

expended. Was Pegg diligently bending over the wash-tub while her Corporal was fighting at Malplaquet, we wonder, or had she taken advantage of his absence to marry someone Finally, we cannot fail to be interested in the situation of Mrs. Was the child a boy and a fine boy, whose tiny stature was regularly traced by notches on his father's halberd, until the time came for him to be turned into a little fifer, all scarlet and green and white lace? Did he march to Finchley under the keen eye of Mr. Hogarth, or was he knocked over at Dettingen? But we must not stray further into conjecture. would only ask the reader to note the difference of the atmosphere surrounding the official records which filled our opening pages from that which moves around the simple, manly documents of Private Deane and Serjeant Hall. Despite the influx of bankrupts, burglars, and idlers into the ranks, despite the evil example of such a colonel as Chartres, happily a unique specimen, could the tone of regiments which possessed two such men as these, and such a group as that indicated by Hall,

have been generally blackguardly and low? We do not think that it could, and we have little doubt but that there was a leaven, and a strong leaven of such soldiers in every regiment that fought with Marlborough. The great Captain, with all his faults, gave no countenance to intemperance and licentiousness either of action or language. It was not his army but King William's that swore terribly in Flanders, for cursing and swearing were seldom heard in his camp. "The poor soldiers," says his first biographer, who served under him, "many of them the refuse and dregs of the nation, became at the close of one or two campaigns tractable, civil, sensible and clean, and had an air and spirit above the vulgar;" and Fielding's picture of old Lieutenant Adderley confirms this statement in every particular. Where the influence of one man worked so powerfully on the whole of such an army, who would feel it more deeply and accept it more thoroughly than the troops that were privileged to be always next his person, the battalions of Her Majesty's Guards?

J. W. FORTESCUE.

#### A VILLAGE SOVEREIGN.

HER inches were hardly proportionate to her years, and these measured three. She balanced the deficiency by breadth, and toddled about on the fattest of short legs. She was not pretty after the angelic pattern, and was all the more engaging.

It would be difficult for her biographer to say which were the more adorable; her smile, that raced like a pink radiance from the soft little chin to the crystal blue eyes, or the two perpendicular lines of thought and fearful anxiety that sometimes sprang between the mobile brows, and generally furnished the occasion for stamping her foot at some refractory subject, or were brought into play by an earnest insistence on having the unanswerable answered without delay.

As most of her hours were spent out of doors, and hats were antipathetic to her, it followed that few of her subjects enjoyed sight of the carefully combed and curled little poll that left her mother's hands every morning. Instead, they had the more disturbing, if less elegant, picture of fine brown silk rolling and shaking, like the floss of a King Charles, in the dearest confusion imaginable round and about the bright little face. The invasion of curls just permitted the pretty upward play of brown eyelashes against the protruding arch of brow, so that the big blue eyes looked out from a forest of winter shade. She had the divinest of mouths, an arched rosy bud, formed as a child's mouth rarely is, sweet and perfectly shaped, with an imperious claim upon kisses. Not to

wish to kiss her, was to prove yourself inhuman. She was never dirty, though not exactly a precisian in the matter of raiment. It would not be safe to trust her with an orange, if it were intended she should sit upon the chairs of civilisation, an emblem of spotless childhood; but she could be relied upon any day to pass a neighbourhood where mud-pies were being manufactured and not succumb to the burning temptation to bemire herself.

Such was Norry, the uncrowned queen of a remote little town on the edge of a glorious Irish lake. Like the Oriental philanthropist, she loved her fellow-men. Her existence was based on the first law of Christianity, with such a surprising result that her fellows of all classes, creeds, sexes, and ages, worshipped her.

She was not of the order of female infant that is content to stay in-doors and play with dolls. Nor were out-door games the chief delight of her life. What she liked was the making and sustaining of universal acquaintances.

She woke with the dawn preoccupied with the fortunes of Tommy This and Molly That, and chattered about them while she graciously submitted to the encroachments of soaps, water, bath-towel and brush; and she was still discoursing of them in passionate interludes while Marcella fed her upon bread and milk and porridge in the kitchen.

She it was who welcomed all newcomers into the town—tramps, travellers, and visitors. Her formula was as rigid and unchanging as royal etiquette. She drew no line between beggars and noblemen, but simply said to the trousered male: "Man, what's your name?" If there were any geniality in the reply (and there usually was), she as invariably added: "The blessings of Dod on you. Kiss me!" Upon her lips, however, the command took the form of tish. The person in petticoats she addressed as "'oman," ond if the 'oman happened to be accompanied by a baby, it was an exciting moment for Norry.

Babies, puppies, and kittens constituted the most interesting portion of humanity in her eyes. They were all doaty, as she called them. insisted on kissing every baby that crossed her path, even on occasional visits to the thronged city where her grandmother lived, to the dismay and discomfort of her handsome young aunts. Whatever she had in her hand she needs must bestow upon the long-frocked creature, not infrequently to repent her of her generosity five minutes later, and demand restitution of the gift.

When she had, so to speak, conferred the freedom of the town upon the stranger, Norry instantly toddled off with eager intent to acquaint the world that Johnny Murphy or Biddy Magrath had been welcomed to her lominions.

The episode of Norry and the Marquis is a tale in which the town takes much pride. The idlers round the bar still tell it to one another with unabated glee; and Norry's kindness to the big man is one of the reasons why the town has lately begun to look with less open disfavour upon that haughty aristocrat. For the lord of the soil is not a genial person. He is distant, high-handed, and ungenerous. He takes no inconsiderable income from an impoverished land with never so much as a thank you, a humane in-

quiry into the prosperity of his tenants, or a single evidence of thought for their welfare; and he spends it to the last farthing, along with his good manners and smiles, in England. There we hear of him as a delightful type of the Irish gentleman, off-handed, witty, and a capital host; in Norry's town (which ought to be his) he is known as a morose, close-fisted, and overbearing Saxon. So much may a man differ in his attitude toward one race and another.

A wave of universal joy passed over the town the day Kitty Farrell publicly rebuked him for his lack of manners among his own people. Kitty keeps the newspaper-shop, and an Irish daily paper being one of the few things the Marquis could not import from England, it followed that he ran up a small account with Kitty during his last sojourn before Norry was born. Driving through the town on his way to the station. the lord of the soil stopped his carriage and called out from the window to Kitty to know amount due.

"Half-a-crown, me lord," said Kitty, dropping an elegant curtsey that quite carried off the inelegance of bare feet and tattered skirts.

"There, girl," cried the Marquis, flinging a silver piece on the ground.

Kitty did not move so much as an eyelash in direction of the fallen coin, but as the carriage began to roll on again, my lord lying back as proud as an invader, she ran after it, shrieking at the top of her voice: "Me lord, me lord, I telled ye ye owe me half-a-crown."

"It's on the ground," the Marquis retorted frowning. "I threw it out of the window."

"Oh, me lord, I have nothing to do with your throwings. Maybe 'tis your divarsion; 'tis no affair of mine anyway. What I want is me money paid into me own hand, as between Christian and Christian. Your driver is welcome to the other bit of silver, if he likes, but I must be paid in me own fashion."

It was chanted in the sing-song brogue all over the town that evening, how grand a sight it was to see the Marquis take a half-crown out of his pocket, and submissively place it on Kitty's extended palm.

But a smaller flower of her sex was to subdue the haughty Marquis in quite another way. He had not visited his Irish estates since the appearance of Norry on the scene, and in consequence could not be aware that, in comparison with this pinafored autocrat, he was a personage of no influence or prestige whatever. On the other hand, Norry had never heard of the lord of the soil, and was under the impression that the beautiful park formed, like everything else around her, a suitable environment and background for her own individuality.

While her mother dawdled over the breakfast-table, believing Norry still engaged upon her bread and milk in the kitchen with Marcella, the child was toddling up the main street, hatless, the brown floss on her head blown about in every direction. After her straggled a band of admiring children to whom she discoursed lispingly in her ardent, imperious, and wholly delightful fashion. obeyed her because they loved her, but they would have had to obey her in any case. Disobedience and were things she neither comprehended nor tolerated. went towards the park, and at the top of the street commanded her guard of honour to await her return; not because she yearned to breathe a while in the fresh morning air the privacy of incognito, for she was unacquainted with shyness as she was with fear; but she said she wanted to see Jacky Molloy's puppy, and Jacky was an invalid living in a cottage close to the park avenue.

Her intention was suddenly diverted as she turned the corner by the sight of an imposing stranger in a shooting-The park gate had swung jacket. behind him, and he was advancing rapidly in her direction. Norry put up a pink finger and laid it against her lovely mouth. With her this signified grave perplexity, and the gesture was rendered still more quaint by the lines of intense mental effort that so deliciously corrugated her forehead, and vested her in a fascinating aspect of worry. Even at so young an age are the cares of sovereignty apparent, and a regal mind is none the less uneasy because the emblem of royalty happens not to be visible. Here was a stranger entering Norry's dominions with an air of command, while she herself was not acquainted with him. She did not puzzle out the situation upon lines quite so clear perhaps, but she eyed the imposing stranger questioningly, and promptly made up her mind. It is possible she had a preference for ragged humanity, but she was quite above such meanness as drawing the line in the matter of tailoring. After all the lonely, unhappy stranger could not help being well dressed, she may have supposed, and it was really no reason why he should not be greeted as well as her favourite tramps and idlers. So she walked unhesitatingly up to him, and barred his way with one of her imperious gestures.

The stranger cast a casual glance upon her. She was not effectively pretty, and you had to look twice until you knew her, to realise how adorable she was. He was moving on in his cold ungenial mood,—for children as mere children did not

appeal to him, above all the children of his Irish tenants—when her lisped demand and frown of ecstatic seriousness arrested him. "Man, what's your name?"

The stranger stared at the little creature, at first in something like dismay; then the frown and the imperative glance that revealed a nature not to be trifled with, amused him, and finally captivated him. He thought it the oddest thing in the world, and smiled almost pleasantly as he answered, "Grandby."

"Dood-morrow, Dandby; I am dad to see you, and the blessings of Dod on you, Dandby."

There was a whiff of royal favour in the greeting on her side, a sense of duty accomplished and a generous feeling that this different kind of man had as much claim upon her goodwill as Murphy the tramp. The Marquis of Grandby, on his side, was convulsed with the comicality of it; for he was not so saturnine that he had no sense of humour. You see, he was born on Irish soil, by which we explain any virtue there might be in him, while the vices we good-naturedly lay to the account of his Saxon training. Anvhow, if he did get out of bed that morning on the wrong side, her Majesty Queen Norry soon set him He showed his entertainment in the situation by baring his teeth under a heavy grey moustache; then he drew himself up, lifted his hat, and thanked her with a gravity no less superb than her own.

Norry, I have said, had no salient marks of beauty; there was nothing about her either of princess or fairy, and she wore no more picturesque raiment than a little red woollen frock and a plain pinafore. But she stirred the heart of the Marquis to an unwonted softness. He was about to ask her name when she continued in her broken eagerness of voice:

"Have you tum to stay with us, Dandby?"

Norry included the whole town in her definition of family, and the man living at the other end of the street was only a man occupying another room, and apt at any moment to drop into the family circle.

"May I not know your name too, little madam?"

"Norry," she said impatiently, as if in reply to an irrelevant question.

"And Mamma's name?" asked the Marquis.

"Mother's name is O'Neill. She lives down there; we all live down there," she jerked, chopping up in her excitement her lisping syllables upon the click of tiny teeth. "Wouldn't you like to see Jacky Molloy's puppy,—a doaty little dog? The Sergeant gave it to him."

"Let us go and look at Jacky Molloy's puppy, by all means," said the amused Marquis. "But first, Norry, I think you ought to give me a kiss."

Norry held up her rosebud mouth without a smile upon her perplexed and shadowed countenance. This was part of her duty, to kiss mankind, and the moment she felt to be a very serious one. The Marquis lifted her in his arms, and marvelled at himself as he did so. When he had kissed her, an irresistible impulse seized him. He did not set her down again on her fat short legs, but just dropped her on his broad shoulder. Norry shrieked with delight. was virtue triumphantly rewarded! She had done a good turn by an acquaintance worth making,—a man who could hoist a little girl so easily and jolt her at a swinging pace through the air.

She indicated the direction of Jacky's house with a dimpled hand, and concluded her information with the assurance that she was glad she had met him. At the cottage-door the Marquis rapped, and said to the white-capped woman whom he summoned: "Norry and I have come to see Jacky's puppy." The woman at once curtseyed in a flutter of recognition and surprise. "I met this little lady near my gates, and she was kind enough to make acquaintance with me. She proposed to take me here to see a puppy in the light of a favour, and I see she is accustomed to have her way," he explained.

"Sure 'tis our own Miss Norry, blessings on her," cried Mrs. Molloy, gazing tenderly after the child who had already made her way into the inner room, where Jacky lay in bed nursing his puppy. "Sure 'tis herself we love, me lord; she's like sunshine on a wet day."

"Tum in here, Dandby, tum!" Norry shouted, imperiously. "Watch me pull the puppy's tail."

Mrs. Molloy's face wrinkled in a frightened smile. It was nothing less than awful to her to hear the great man addressed as *Grandby*.

The Marquis submissively went inside, and satisfied Norry by kissing Jacky Molloy and taking the puppy into his arms. It was one thing to kiss Norry, but he really felt that, had any choice been left to him, he would have preferred not to kiss poor white-cheeked Jacky. He had no sentiment for children, but having accepted Norry's protection, he knew when it was becoming to yield.

Now Norry could not stay long in one place, and when she entered a house she felt it an obligation to visit every living member thereof, so while the Marquis, for mere form's sake, was putting a few casual questions to Jacky and his mother, she raced into the kitchen to greet the tabby.

Mrs. Molloy took the opportunity to follow her, and whispered quickly to her: "You mustn't call that gentleman Grandby, Miss Norry. 'Tis he as is himself the Markiss.'

Norry caught the word, and, still strangling the tabby in her arms, returned to Jacky's room. "Dandby," she burst out, in her passionate way, "Mrs. Molloy she says you isn't Dandby but the Marskiss. Are you the Marskiss or Dandby?"

"Some big people call me a Marskiss, Norry, it is true; but you must please call me Dandby,—unless you fall out with me."

"Norry never falls out with anybody," Jacky cried with enthusiastic emphasis.

"I'll tum a-morrow and see you adain, Jacky," said Norry, taking his championship as her due. "Now I'm doing up the town to see lots of people, —my aunt Mary, and the Doctor, and Father Luke, and Biddy Malone's goat. Dood-bye, Jacky; I'll tum a-morrow, Mrs. Molloy. Tum, Dandby! He isn't the Marskiss, Mrs. Molloy."

The Marquis slipped a silver coin under Jacky's pillow, and went out in obedience to his superior's order.

Outside Norry spied her guard of honour straggling down toward her. She bethought herself that her duty to the stranger was accomplished, and that she had her friends to look after. He, she concluded, might be trusted to find his way about the place. Releasing his hand, she gave him a bright explanatory nod, and shouted out: "I'm tumin', Kitty and Tommy, pre'ntly. Wait for me, wait for me," and waddled on at a running pace extremely diverting to watch.

The lonely stranger, thus abandoned to his own devices, found occupation for the day; but he remembered to question his agent about Norry. The subsidiary parents were naturally mentioned only to drop into insignificance. Norry's parents might belong to her, and as such receive some slight attention; but no living soul dreamed of

believing that Norry belonged to them. They were excellent people it was generally affirmed,—he a gentleman in every sense of the word, she a very charming young lady - but their fame rested mainly on the fact that they belonged to Norry. When they travelled up to town and left the child behind them, all the idlers and tramps of the place were constituted her nurses,-Marcella not being regarded as sufficiently ubiquitous to have an eye upon majesty of so vagabond a disposition. When she voyaged out of sight, a group of ruffians, engaged in supporting the town-walls between the pauses of refreshing exhausted nature, would forsake bar and gossip, and dawdle in her wake with their hands in their pockets, whistling as they went along. Like so many big mastiffs, each one felt upon his honour to protect her.

She had a word for all; not the meanest of her subjects went unrewarded. She felt as a princess feels, without any vanity, that she was the centre of universal attraction, and that the person who attempted to quarrel with her was bound by this very fact, as by an inevitable natural law, to get the worst of it. perhaps was the unconscious meaning of her splendid generosity to her playmates, whatever their sex or class might be. If she insisted on their obedience,-and this, I am afraid, she did in no half-hearted way-at least she never told tales of them, or procured them punishment or blame, and always gave more than she received. The result was that there was not one rebel in her train, and I solemnly believe not one was jealous of her. Hers was a very equable and magnanimous disposition; and her reign was pacific, when, such was her power, it might have led to civil war.

The Marquis left the town next morning. From his carriage he caught

sight of Norry clutching a slice of bread and jam at which she took bites in the intervals of voluble chatter with the parish priest, who had stopped to talk to her. The jam had made big red blotches on her pinafore, and her face and fingers were in a lamentable state. Nevertheless, this second vision of her revealed her as more bewitching to the Marquis than the first. There was no wind, so her curls were in a more orderly confusion, and as she was less excited, her lisping chatter flowed on with a quainter fluency. The Marquis pulled the check-string, and the carriage stopped in front of Norry and Father Sullivan. "Good-bye, Norry," he called out.

"Dood-bye, Dandby," Norry cried, remembering his name without any hesitation. "Tum a-morrow adain; I'se sorry you're doing away."

Father Sullivan wheeled round in profound amazement and quickly uncovered. The Marquis gave him a curt nod, and before he could recover his wits and make proffer of an elegant greeting, the carriage was rolling down to the broad open road.

"Mrs. Molloy called him the Marskiss," Norry said contemptuously, with as much bitterness as her genial little heart was capable of harbouring toward a fellow-creature. The word Marskiss being an unknown quantity in her ears, she conceived it as a term of obloquy, and resented its application to the amiable stranger who appeared so properly grateful for her kindness and condescension. if he had been called a Sergeant it would be quite another thing. would have been the highest compliment, for, was not the Sergeant of her own town one of her very dearest friends, - Pat Maguire, a splendid specimen of the Irish Constabulary, who was ready any day to risk his life for her?

The story of Norry and the Mar-

quis was round the town before the morning papers from Dublin were distributed. It was told in every shop, at every bar, and recounted in various ways to that bird of passage, the bagman; it was droned over fires in the bewitching sing-song brogue of the country, mellowed and adorned with the people's imaginative art, as it passed from mouth to mouth. Larry Reilly had his version from Father Sullivan; the Doctor had a more detailed and highly-coloured account from the Marquis's agent, who in turn received it direct from the noble lord himself. The agent, as fine a fellow as ever crossed a bog and rolled the Irish r, was the only popular person in the Grandby establishment, and the Marquis lost nothing in his version of the tale. Then there was Mrs. Molloy's account; and here the unpopular person, by his attitude of bland submission to the autocrat of the village and his positively human behaviour, quite captivated the rustic heart. He wasn't, you see, such a blackhearted villain after all, or at least Norry had charmed the fiend out of him; shouldn't wonder if after this he reduced the rents twenty-five per cent. all round. The Marquis did not reduce the rents, or accomplish any other act of virtue that we have heard of; but he returned to Ireland after a shorter interval than was yet known of since his marriage with a hard-faced and disagreeable Saxon.

Meanwhile Norry lived her life of al fresco sovereignty. Her mother had taken her up to the city once in what Norry described to us afterwards as "the bogey puff-puff," and there she had won hearts and broken them in about equal proportion.

She had a disconcerting habit of stopping every policeman she met, under the impression he must be related to her friend the Sergeant,

with a quaint: "Dood-morrow, Sergeant; the blessings of Dod on ye, Sergeant." She would insist on darting away from aunt or mother in a crowded street, to kiss the latest baby, or pat a stray dog, or strive gallantly in her enthusiasm to strangle a terrified cat; she wanted to stop and make acquaintances with the horses as well, and greeted every stranger that crossed her path with a reassuring smile, when she was forcibly restrained from asking his or her name. Once there was a fearful accident, outside her grandmother's A mastiff was lying on the path irritable from heat and thirst. In any other mood, I am sure so large an animal would be gifted with sufficient sagacity to recognise a friend; but he panted and glowered in a sullen and angry temper, and when Norry stooped down to place two fat arms round "the doaty dog," the illhumoured brute bit her arm furiously. That was a bad moment for her aunts. The child's arm bled, but Norry herself never cried; she was afraid the dog would be scolded if it were known how much she suffered. the garden, without waiting to go inside, an aunt knelt down and sucked the arm till the bleeding stopped; and within ten minutes the magnificent dog was shot. An hour afterwards Norry was running about as bright and well as ever, though anxious eyes dwelt upon her for some days.

Her aunts wisely felt that a dead country town, with no traffic to speak of and a prevailing sense of brother-hood, formed a more suitable and picturesque background for such a disturbing individuality as Norry's, and were not sorry to see her safely esconced behind the railway carriage window shaking her little fat fist at them, with the smiling assurance that she would "Tum a-morrow adain in the bogey puff-puff to see them."

It was not long after her return that we noticed her bright colour beginning to fade, and shadowy blue circles forming under her eyes. Soon it was whispered, as a universal calamity, that Norry was not well. She lay at home on the sofa and cried a good deal, or made her mother hold her in her lap beside the fire. Poor Norry was not an angel, as I have said, and she was a very fretful and exacting little invalid. Her occupation, like Othello's, was gone, and she could not reconcile herself to the dulness of the sick-room. Only the touch of her mother's hand comforted her; that withdrawn, she at once fell upon wild sobbing.

No such fuss would have been made over the Marquis himself, or even the parish priest. Life-long enemies encountered on their way to inquire for her two or three times a day. People not on speaking terms with her parents sent to ask every morning how she had passed the Marcella had to call in the night. services of a slip of a girl to open the door to the tramps and idlers from the nearest villages who came for news of her. Every morning and evening a bulletin was issued verbally and ran from house to house, from cottage to cottage. On her way to the telegraph office, Marcella was waylaid by a crowd of rough and tattered youths. "Troth an' she's very bad indeed," the maid replied "We don't like to think tearfully. of it at all, at all."

"Glory be to God, girl, but 'tisn't thrue. Sure what 'ud we do at all, at all, without her? "Tis lost the town 'ud be if anything happened her."

"She's just the drawingest child the Almighty ever sent on earth," one fellow exclaimed, ramming the corner of his sleeve into his eyes.

That night the Marquis's carriage drove through the town, but no one

had eyes or thought for it. The agent was summoned late to the Hall, for the Marquis meant to start by the earliest train for his son's estates in a neighbouring county.

Business done, gossip was a natural relaxation, and the Marquis had not forgotten his friend Norry, and asked if she still ruled the town. The agent told the dismal tale, and the great man looked really distressed. "What, my little friend! Great Heavens, it's not possible! I'll go off at once and inquire for her."

The Marquis and the agent walked together as far as the O'Neill's pretty Here the agent lifted his hat and departed, and the Marquis rapped The tremendous peal rang through the whole house, and the parents of the sick child upstairs started angrily. The Marquis, as befits a big man, spoke in a big voice; there was no need to go out of the room to ask who had made such an intolerable noise. The message ascended in the deliverer's own voice up the stairs and into the half-opened door of the room where sick Norry lay in her mother's arms, while the father stood measuring out some nauseous medicine.

"Tell Mrs. O'Neill that the Marquis of Grandby has called to inquire for her little daughter. If possible, he would be grateful for the privilege of seeing his little friend."

Young O'Neill gave the spoon and glass into his wife's hand, and went downstairs. The Marquis greeted him quite cordially. "Ah, Mr. O'Neill—so sorry — can't be true — temporary child's complaint, of course—assure you, quite looked forward to seeing my delightful little friend, Norry—monstrous, 'pon my word, to think of her as sick."

Tears were in the poor father's eyes, and he sobbed out something or other in which My lord was just audible.

Young parents with an only child ill, perhaps dying, and that child at the age of three already regarded as a public personage! Is it to be expected that they should keep their heads or talk coherently, when even all the outside world was plunged in grief because of their private woe?

The Marquis slipped his arm into the stricken fellow's, and soothingly murmured: "Come, come, Mr. O'Neill, courage! Let's go up and see her. We must have the best of advice; little girls like her can't be snuffed out like candles."

At the door the Marquis was the first to cross the threshold unbidden. Young O'Neill slipped into his own room to work off a fit of increasing emotion. Norry was gathered against her mother's breast, white and querulous. She moaned ever since she had been forced to swallow her nasty medicine.

"Do you know this friend who has come to see you, Norry?" asked the mother, with a tragic upward glance of greeting for the Marquis.

Norry opened her eyes, and stayed her peevish whimper. She did not recognise him after eight months, and she was too oppressed by the atmosphere of the sick-room to smile. Looking down upon the wan and piteous little visage with the curls brushed back from the protuberant arch of brow and the blue eyes dulled and large and dark, the Marquis himself had some ado to recognise the vivid face with its sunny glance and rosy lips that some months ago had drawn the heart of him as never child had drawn it before. "Norry, don't you remember your friend Grandby, whom you took to see Jacky Molloy's puppy?" he asked, dropping into her father's chair, and taking the white baby hand in his.

Norry stared at him in an effort of memory. To the healthy eye there is a world of difference between daylight and candlelight, and small wonder so little about the stranger struck a reminiscent chord. She frowned crossly and turned to her mother for explanation.

"You remember the gentleman Mrs. Molloy called the Marskiss, Norry?" whispered her mother. And suddenly Norry remembered. Her sick small face wrinkled and quivered in one of the old bright smiles as faint as the echo of a melody. "Oh, yes, Dandby, I remember; and stupid Mrs. Molloy says ever since that he's the Marskiss."

The mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for that sweet smile. To her it seemed a promise of recovery, a presage of health and merriment, and the dear vagabond days restored. She kissed her child, and held her close to her sobbing breast.

"She'll get well, Mrs. O'Neill; she must. By heavens, we can't let her go! I'll send a messenger off this very instant for Sir Martin Bunbury."

The Marquis stooped and kissed the child, and strode away to post one of the Hall servants up to town by the last train for the great doctor. broke his appointment with his son, and stayed on, calling every day at the O'Neills. He was quite a humanised figure for his tenants by this. He was bound to them by a common tie, for he, too, acknowledged their queen and hung upon her whims. Because she spoke of the lake and wished she had a boat, he telegraphed for the loveliest boat that money could She soon grew to know him as well as Father Sullivan, or the Curate, or the Doctor. But she was faithful to old friends, and preferred Murphy the Tramp and Pat Malone the big Sergeant.

The great man from over seas, summoned at the Marquis's expense, was at first dubious, then convinced that nothing could save the child. His

words ran across the town, and knots of rustics and shop-boys gathered to shake their heads and bemoan their fate. The clouds had burst and sent rivers of muddy liquid along the street, and drove a grey pall over the earth sheer to the sombre horizon. It was a picture of dense immeasurable gloom; Norry's own town in tears, large hissing tears, tearing at the roots of her friendly trees and splashing into her magnificent lake, till it swelled beneath the sense of universal sorrow.

The Marquis was seen coming down the street from the park avenue, and it was decided to question him after his visit like an ordinary fellow-mortal. His hat was tilted over his eyes, and there was an air of sadness about him that stirred the spectators to a belief in some latent virtue in him. He was a hard landlord, true, but then Norry liked him, and he had grown fond of the child. Surely he might be pardoned not having reduced their rents.

His knock now was not so selfassertive as on the first visit. young father was downstairs, with his head on the table shaken by terrible Sir Martin Bunbury had delivered his appalling opinion. Marquis silently closed the door and stole upstairs. Outside the sick-room there was no sound. He peeped in, and saw it empty. Much amazed, he wandered down again, and met Marcella crossing the hall with a cup in her hand; the back of the other she "Where's the held against her eyes. child?" asked the astounded Marquis.

"She's down here, sir. She wanted a change, and the mistress carried her to the drawing-room." As she spoke she opened the door, and the Marquis marched in. Mrs. O'Neill sat near the fire with a bundle of flannels in her arms, and out of this two tired blue eyes gazed at him.

"Dood-morrow, Dandby," said Norry, with a touch of the old spirit. The mother pressed her lips against the brown floss curls and smiled wanly at her landlord. "A-morrow," Norry went on, lifting her head wilfully and striking out a thin arm in her eagerness, "I'll be better, and I'll take you to the lake, Dandby, with my boat; won't I, mother?"

"Yes, darling," said the courageous young mother.

"And papa'll tum, too,—won't he, Dandby?"

"If it is fine, Norry, but you know papa and I couldn't go out if it rained. We'd catch cold," said the Marquis stroking her hand.

She wrinkled her little marble face in a ghost of her sweet pink smile. It had the old light but not the colour, and she spoke with some of her quaint ardour and broken lisp. "Little children don't mind the wain, do they, mother? Me and Tommy O'Brien used to wun out in the wain to grow big. But 'tisn't the same wif big people, I s'pose."

She had not spoken so much for a long while, and her mother hardly knew whether to hope or be afraid. "Norry mustn't tire herself if she wants to get well," she ventured to suggest.

"Oh, mother, Norry isn't tired a bit. I fink she is better. Mother, do play the piano for Norry."

"What shall mother play?"

"Play Polly Perkins; you know, mother, the fing the Sergeant sings. Do you know Polly Perkins, Dandby?"

"If you like to gratify her, Mrs. O'Neill, I'll take her," said the Marquis reddening.

With a desperate glance Mrs. O'Neill deposited the whimsical baby in his arms, and after she had complied with her despot's command for a tish, half staggered over to the piano, blinded by her tears, to play the wretched vulgar tune just imported from the London music-halls.

Never was Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay played in an atmosphere more tragic. The degraded jingle rose in the astonished silence nothing less discordant and inappropriate than if it had been played in a church. For Norry alone it was not out of place. She remembered her friend the Sergeant, and made a gallant effort to sing his parody. In a thin hurried voice she quavered, with painful earnestness:

Polly Perkins had no sense, She bought a fiddle for eighteenpence; And all the tunes that she could play Was Ta-ra-boom-de-ay.

She closed her eyes with the violence of her effort to finish the verse, and nestled her little brown head against the Marquis's arm.

Marcella came in with something for her to take, but the mother and Lord Grandby held up an arresting hand. There was a drowsy look upon the child's face that promised slumber. She muttered something vaguely, and the Marquis bent down to catch the words, feeling that he could never forgive the Sergeant if it proved to be Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. "He isn't a Marskiss at all," she said. In spite of the heavy feelings of the moment, Lord Grandby involuntarily smiled.

He sat on there in the darkened little drawing-room, holding Norry asleep in his arms, while her parents and Marcella hung over him, sometimes kneeling on either side of him to inspect her and measure their chances of hope. Not for worlds dared he stir so burdened. The scene recalled a nursery episode at the beginning of his own married life. Somehow he had taken it less to heart in those days. A child then, even his own, had not seemed to him so precious a charge; it was the heir

of his estates he thought of, not of the matchless sunniness of childhood. Now it seemed to him that the opening and closing of baby lids held all the mystery, the gravity, the import of the universe. And when at last the blue eyes opened, and unfevered sleep had given a faint tinge to the wan cheeks, he instinctively held out his hand to the father, and cried cheerily: "There, Mr. O'Neill, she's better already! You'll find she has passed the crisis in that light sleep."

The Marquis proved a prophet. Sir Martin Bunbury stopped on his way to the station and this time announced the grand news that Nature had accomplished one of her mysteries. By some unaccountable freak the child had turned the critical point, and there was nothing now to do but to feed her up and keep her amused.

Imagine how she was fed, and how remorselessly amused! She might have emptied the single confectioner's shop daily, and daily have consumed the entire contents of the glass jars at Mrs. Reilly's gratis. Toys poured in upon her in the oddest confusion, and the town throve and sparkled and glowed upon the news that the "drawingest" child on earth was getting well.

As for the Marquis of Grandby, he was regarded in the light of a public benefactor. Had he not been the means of restoring their sovereign to them, and was he not one of her devoted servants? Who could dare challenge his perfections now? Bother the rents! He might raise them any day if he liked, and be sure he wouldn't be shot. Bless you, there he goes along the street, the besthearted gentleman in Ireland. Three cheers, boys, for the Marquis of Grandby!

## THE PATRIOTIC HISTORIANS OF SCOTLAND.

In the History of his own Times John Knox has erected a tombstone to one of the last of the great pre-Reformation Bishops in Scotland. epitaph is short and simple. There was the name, John Leslie, and the designation, Abbot of Londorse and Bishop of Ross; while the Bishop's life and career were briefly dismissed with the words Preastis gett, a terse Scotticism which records the profession of Leslie's father and the character of his mother. Knox deemed the murder of Rizzio an act worthy of all praise; the measures taken by the Queen and her counsellors, for the punishment of what was in their eyes a villainous crime, seemed to him a mere invention of the Devil to trouble the just and maintain impiety. Now the Bishop of Ross, and also the Bishop of Brechin, were conspicuous among the counsellors of the Queen. So Knox considered the opportunity a favourable one to recall to the former the peculiar circumstances of his birth, and to affirm of the latter that he was "blind of one eye in the body, but of both in his soul." The whole passage is among the most popular and frequent citations from the writings of the great Reformer. There are possibly casual readers of history whose sole knowledge and remembrance of John Leslie is that he was Bishop of Ross and the natural son of a priest. Imagine Knox himself to have been handed down to Catholic readers in Queen Mary's phrase, "A man who made women weep but never shed tears himself"; the violation of artistic presentment would be but a degree more flagrant. But after all

in Leslie's case the bestowal of a bad name has not been altogether tantamount to hanging; for only the other day his statue was erected in Edinburgh, at the instance of a few ladies who wished to commemorate his chivalric services to his Queen.

John Leslie may be called the George Buchanan of the Catholics in the sixteenth century; that is to say, he was the scholar and theologian upon whose learning the Catholics chiefly relied, on the few occasions when other arguments than brickbats were employed by the If Leslie two rival religious parties. is less known than Buchanan, it is partly, doubtless, because he is a lesser man, partly also because popular histories are almost invariably written from the Protestant point of view. Moreover, Leslie was by nature a genius in that subtle art of political higgling which is called diplomacy. In the sixteenth century diplomacy was coming more generally into vogue among the courts of Western Europe. It had become altogether unfashionable and contrary to royal etiquette for one monarch to call another a potbellied old wife, or to despatch a cartload of toys in reply to an ultimatum, which were the elegant forms that correspondence had assumed between certain French and English kings in an earlier and a ruder age. In this new game of courtiers the high diplomatic talents of Leslie could not have failed to carve out for him a brilliant career, either in Scotland or in France (where so many of his fellowcountrymen made their fortune), had he chosen to play for his own hand.

But the instincts of patriotism and chivalry were stronger in him than those of self-interest. He ever made it the first call on his versatile powers to defend against her enemies and to rescue from her persecutors a woman. the most beautiful and unfortunate woman of her time, Mary, Queen of Scots. During the time of her disasters in Scotland and her captivity in England, he gave to the Queen a more whole-hearted devotion than any other Leslie was her most consistent champion while she lived, as Prince Lobanoff has been her most persistent champion since she died. Historians may hope to be agreed on Queen Mary's character when the mathematician has succeeded in squaring the circle. Meantime the readings are as varied as the testimony of witnesses in a modern divorce-court. one extreme is Charles Kingsley giving her "the face of an angel, the tongue of a serpent, and a heart of adamant"; and at the other there is Prince Lobanoff's ideal portrait of a fearless lady of spotless honour, divine goodness, incomparable beauty, a portrait for the painting of which in seven volumes he ransacked every library in Europe. That the Northern Cleopatra (as Hill Burton calls her) was capable of inspiring men with loftier motives than passion for her person, Leslie and Lobanoff are two incontrovertible proofs. Fame has trumpeted the devotion of Leslie less than that of more glittering champions of the Queen; but that may be accounted for by the fact that Leslie's relationship with her affords no whisper of that scandal which was as dear to the old historian as to the new journalist. The element of romance was not, however, wanting from his career; for the service of his royal mistress involved him in ruinous fines. imprisonment, and exile, and more than once put his life in danger. After the execution of the Queen he somewhat repaired his shattered health and fortune by the tenure of a French bishopric; the remnants of his wealth he left to help the education of Scotsmen in France. Scholar, courtier, and, in a sense, chevalier, Leslie is a sort of Admirable Crichton in a cassock. He died in 1596 at the age of seventy.

The good Bishop of Ross has yet another claim to be remembered. He occupies a high place in the long line of Scottish chroniclers who, by reason of the more or less excusable partiality and pride with which they tell the tale of their country, have been called the Patriotic Historians. The history which Leslie wrote was published at Rome in 1578, though it was from the presses of Paris and Amsterdam that most of the books by Scotsmen were then issued. It was the time when, as Sir William Hamilton has said, no continental university was complete without a Scotch professor. The Scottish scholar of those days was not unlike Montaigne, who having been brought up to use Latin as the ordinary vehicle of expression, afterwards learned his native language as an accomplishment. For instance, there was one John Craig, a Calvinistic divine, who, when John Knox was getting too old and infirm for the full charge of Saint Giles's Church in Edinburgh, was called in as colleague and successor to the great Reformer, though the congregation had the utmost difficulty in making up the second stipend. The Reverend John Craig had previously held a charge in the Edinburgh Cowgate whither he came from Geneva, and for a time he was obliged to preach to his Cowgate congregation in Latin, until he acquired sufficient fluency in his native One of the last of the wandering Scots scholars was Archibald Bower, who, in the early part of the

eighteenth century, edited a periodical publication in London on such a slight acquaintance with the English language that during the first few numbers he had to write his articles in Italian and have them translated for The culture of many the printer. Scottish authors in the sixteenth century was so exclusively Latin in form, that in the case of the most eminent of them all, whom some critics account the most elegant and accomplished writer Scotland has produced. it is not known for certain whether his native language was Lowland Scots or Gaelic. Like the works of Buchanan. Leslie's History was addressed to the cultured readers of Europe and was of course printed in the living Latin which they all spoke and wrote. Having made its mark on the continent as a standard work, the book was, in accordance with custom. printed in the Scots vernacular, and published for popular reading at home.

Leslie had lived in London, where he followed the fortunes of his fallen Queen, and concerned himself in the conspiracies and plots for her release from an English prison. One may therefore assume that he had the choice of writing his History in English, in Scots, or in Latin,—to say nothing of French, which was in those days a kind of foster-mother tongue to educated Scotsmen. He did indeed write some part of it in English for the special use of Queen Mary, who, like the modern school-boy, was wont to make verses in Latin, but was no great adept at prose. But then as now there were Scottish purists who held and argued that English was but a debased dialect of Scots. As a fact, there was a very slight intrinsic divergence in the sixteenth century between the language written in London and that written in Edinburgh, vastly less, for example, than

the difference between the phraseology of the modern Scottish novelists and the idiom of Matthew Arnold. the northern patriots, like their successors to-day, were wont to exaggerate what variation there was. Among them Hume of Godscroft is still remembered. He wrote a book on the proposed union of the English and Scottish crowns, and composed it, we are told by Bishop Nicholson, in a clear Latin style peculiarly his own. But for the book that still keeps his name alive Hume chose his native tongue. In the preface to his history of the homes of Douglas and Angus he makes this modest declaration: "I acknowledge my fault (if it is a fault) that I ever accounted it a mean study and of no great commendation to learn to write or to speak English, and have loved better to bestow my pains and time on foreign languages esteeming English but a dialect of our own and that (perhaps) more corrupt."

There were special reasons why the Patriotic Historians of the sixteenth century, such as Leslie, should not follow the example of Wyntoun and write their historical works in the vernacular. Of the histories of Scotland composed in the medieval monasteries, only two survive; the Scori-CHRONICON of Fordun (continued by Bower) in Latin, and the ORIGINAL CHRONICLE of Wyntoun in Scots, both written about the end of the fourteenth century. In nine books, comexclusively in octosyllabic rhyming couplets, Wyntoun details the history of Scotland up to his own time, and also the history of all that was worth recording in the world before the foundation of the Scottish Kingdom by Gathelus, a prince of ancient Troy, and son-in-law of the Egyptian Pharaoh who was drowned in the Red Sea. For the adoption of the vulgar tongue by a learned monk

some apology was, to be sure, needed, and the author of the Original CHRONICLE excuses himself on the ground of his writing for every man's understanding. But between the fourteenth century and the sixteenth changes had occurred which induced the Patriotic Historians of Scotland to appeal, not so much to the general intelligence of their own country, as to the ruling minds of the European republic of letters. As in the present century did Germany after Jena and France after Sedan, so Scotland after Flodden sought to compensate herself for the loss of prestige in war and politics by an intenser development of culture. But in Scotland during the sixteenth century the endeavour was made not so much through an organised effort of the national spirit, as through a clutching at the skirts of fame by individuals who placed their country's reputation in the forefront. Such were the Patriotic Historians.

The rise and fall of this school of writers is a chapter in Scottish literature well-nigh forgotten, even by Scots-Among the causes contributing to this neglect, three are worth signalising. These are the replacement of the old Parish Schools by the Board Schools, the anglicising of the Scottish Universities, and the celebration of January 26th, when Scotsmen annually honour the memory of Burns by forgetting every other Scottish A favourite theory derives writer. the beginning of the Patriotic School of Historians from the unknown medieval monk who, in order to outdo the English, who only claimed descent from the ancient Romans (as narrated in the fable of Brutus), derived the Scots from the still more ancient Trojans. A more likely explanation connects the Scottish claim to remote antiquity with the genealogical proclivities of the Celtic bards and sennachies. Originally priests, lawgivers, and scholars, the bards found themselves surviving into Christian times as a degraded order divested of their highest functions by the holy clerks of the Church, and for the most part degenerating in a sort of domestic antiquarian and private poetlaureate to the chiefs of the Irish septs and Scottish clans. He celebrated in verse the deeds of the chief and his ancestors; it was also his business to attend to the family pedigree, to see that there were no gaps in it, and to take care that it was of respectable length.

Celtic boasts of pedigree has received many a ludicrous illustration, as when a historic Highland Laird alarmed a peaceful banquet of George the Fourth at Holyrood by striking his dirk deep into the dinner-table and thundering out, "By Gott, tell her Majesty the King that where the Macdonalt sits, there is the head of the taple," which was his reply to a flattering message whispered into his ear, bidding him go up and sit near Royalty at the head of the table. Primarily, however, it grew out of instincts based on economic necessity. Among peoples like the Celts descended from pastoral tribes, a man's share in the common property (in other words, the difference between livelihood and starvation), may in ultimate issue rest upon the establishment of a congenital connection with the patriarchal family. In the early Middle Ages the Highland clans were much broken and disrupted by Norse and other invaders. The old pedigrees needed some readjustment to adapt them to changed conditions. The poetic bards, who were also family genealogists, would find ample scope for the exercise of their creative faculties in tracing the lineal connection between, for instance, a territorial noble and the hereditary Celtic chieftain who had perhaps been slain and succeeded by a roving Scandinavian fisherman or a Frisian boer, the grandfather of the said territorial nobleman. Those useful and obliging institutions, the Colleges of Heralds came into being later on; and the poor bards, deprived of their remunerative functions, were hard pressed for a livelihood, for after the Reformation traditional poetry and ballad-mongery was a ruined trade. At length, under the reign of Anglo-Scottish law and disorder, the bards were proscribed and ranked in legal classification with thieves and beggars. But the practice of digging for their ancestors among the fossiliferous strata of mythological deposits was ever kept up by the Scottish nobility and particularly by those whom Scott calls the Gentlemen of the North. Sir Thomas Urguhart, famous for his translation of Rabelais and his rather scandalous biography of the Admirable Crichton, introduced into the latter work his own genealogical tree. great precision and accuracy Sir Thomas traces his family pedigree in the male line from Adam to himself. and on the female side from Eve to his mother, "regulating as he goes the great events in the world's history by the deaths and births of the Urquharts, to which important events he, with a proper sense of the respectability and dignity of his progenitors, makes them subordinate."

Thus it may be held that the claim of the Scots to greater antiquity than neighbouring nations is but an expression of the larger admixture of Celtic blood and Celtic customs. The good folk of the Scottish Hebrides, in whom still survive much of the primitive Celt, are to-day universally of opinion that they speak the language used by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Whatever its origin and sig-Eden. nificance, the claim was repeated and reinforced with so much persistence by the Patriotic Historians that it came at length to gain general credence, not of course, in England, but on the Continent. "Anyone," writes Hill Burton, "who has pottered about among old Continental works of reference will have noticed how large and respectable a place Scotland, with all her counties, towns, institutions, and celebrities, holds in them." One fortunate result is that continental works of reference, particularly of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, contain historical, biographical, and topographical information that would otherwise have been altogether lost. Of not a few Scotsmen who made their mark among contemporaries, all that is known is from allusions in foreign writers. Among European historians, antiquarians, and encyclopædists Scottish history was at this time generally admitted to go further back than that of any other Western European nation, and Scotland itself came to be known as The Ancient Kingdom. A humorous French geographer did indeed propose to substitute, as a more natural appellation. Le Royaume de Vents, the kingdom where the wind never ceases to blow; but it does not appear that this title ever came into general use.

The exaggerated respect of Continental authorities for Scottish historical affairs was in part a personal compliment to the Scots scholars, whose number and fervour made a considerable figure in Continental universities. It must have been difficult, for instance, for Italian writers to refuse reliance upon the words of a Scotsman relating to his own country, when that identical Scotsman happened to be one of the first living authorities upon the antiquities and history of Italy. This was actually the case of Thomas Dempster, a wandering Scots scholar who had a strangely dramatic career. At one time or another, during the early years of the seventeenth century, Dempster held posts successively at no

fewer than eight universities in France and Italy. While acting as Sub-Principal in a Parisian college he had an adventure more martial than academic. A student who had disobeyed the Sub-Principal's injunction against duelling, was punished by Dempster himself in that primitive corporal style which is traditionally restricted to the nursery. He had the delinquent horsed on the back of a fellow-student and whipped him on the seat of honour most severely before a full class. The friends and relatives of the mortified student endeavoured to avenge the insult on the person of the Sub-Principal himself. To carry out this purpose they besieged the college, but were beaten back by the doughty Scotsman at the head of his loyal students, and some of them taken prisoners. The affair, however, cost him his post, and the only compensation he received was the compliment of a critic who declared him to be a man illustrious equally in mind and body. After tramping across France, Dempster won a professorship in the University of Nimes, in competition against all comers, Virgil being the subject of examination. He was afterwards Professor of Belles Lettres at Bologna, where his academical career was brought to an untimely end by the elopement of his wife with one, or more, students. She is described as a woman of remarkable beauty, and had several times brought her husband into trouble. On one occasion she appeared in the streets of Paris in a gown cut so scandalously low as to offend the mob, who nearly hustled her and her husband to death.

Dempster's prodigious memory and learning gained him the title of the Speaking Library. His place in the roll of Patriotic Historians is signalised by a remarkable book which he called a Literary History of Scotland. It is in the form of a biographical dictionary, the author's selection of celebrities

proceeding on the simple and patriotic principle that all the famous men of antiquity were Scotsmen. the A's in his dictionary he includes Abel and Adam, and in the B's Bede and Boethius. Macrobius was inserted apparently on the ground that the Macs were the moralists even in Greek and Roman times. This is a sort of patriotism that is barely saved from being mere fooling by the eminence of the author. It is as though, let us say, Renan in his VIE DE JESU had claimed Joseph of Arimathea for a fellow Breton.

It was the more moderate among the Patriotic Historians, such as Major, Boece, Buchanan, and Leslie, who really established the continental reputation of their native country. Major was a man whose greatness lay only in his name, according to the jocular remark of the satirical Buchanan, who apparently was as weak against the temptation of a pun as a modern librettist of comic opera. remark has been treated seriously by some biographers, who reproach Buchanan with ingratitude to an old teacher and benefactor; when a poor student at Saint Andrew's Buchanan seems to have received charity as well as instruction from Major. As a fact Major (or Mair as it is more properly written in Scots) was of sufficient European eminence to be called to a chair in the University of Paris. He there published in 1522 his History of Great Britain, the History of England being thrown in for the sake of unity (these eld historians were nothing if not comprehensive) and as a foil to the more ancient and glorious record of the Northern Kingdom. was reckoned by contemporary critics a most erudite and authentic work; and indeed it is still interesting from the unusual fulness of its information about old customs, the state and value of provisions, and other common matters usually considered beneath the dignity of historians absorbed in the dry rubbish of politics. Major's book, however, was soon displaced from its pride of standard authority by the immortal work of Boece, published four years later.

Professor of Philosophy in Paris, Hector Boece was regarded with covetous eyes by Bishop Elphinstone in search of a Principal for the new university he had just established in Aberdeen, of which city Boece (variously spelled Boyes, Boiss, Boyis, and Boice) was, like so many other Scots who distinguished themselves abroad, a native. The Aberdonians have ever been characterised by many admirable virtues, but among them has never been numbered financial generosity. According to the legend, only one Jew was ever able to secure a footing in Aberdeen, and in time even he was starved out. pecuniary advantage that the new university was able to offer its first Principal was a salary of forty merks (which is £2 4s. 6d. of our money) and a meagre canonry in a poor That in these circumcathedral. stances Boece forsook the heart of France for the extremity of Scotland says more for the purity of his patriotism than all his historical flights. It was in Aberdeen that he wrote his History of Scotland. It was published in Paris, which was at the beginning of the sixteenth century the headquarters of printing and publishing, thanks in part to the royal patronage of Francis the First, who by special statute raised printing from the mechanical to the head of the fine arts, and in part to the achievements of the Estiennes, that famous family of printers and publishers who, though books were so cheap in Paris that a copy of Virgil could be bought for three halfpence, yet spent sometimes thousands of pounds over the production of a single volume, and, like the first Constable of Edinburgh, were rewarded with commercial bankruptcy. One of this line of royal printers, Robert Estienne, was so keen for the honour of his press, that he induced his wife, his children, and his servants to learn Latin and turn proof-readers, in order that no book might be sent out from his press with a single misprint.

In Boece's history the story of Pharaoh's son-in-law and the other mythical episodes and fabulous traditions of the Ancient Kingdom were dressed up with so much piquant plausibility, and told in a style of such commanding dignity, that even the sceptical Erasmus was deceived and became a believer in the hoary antiquity of Scotland. From this fictitious narrative Shakespeare obtained the materials for MACBETH. Boece's book took the whole reading world by storm, and held its place as a standard authority for a couple of centuries. Not a little of his biology (the book is a natural as well as a civil history of the country) is still part of the vulgar lore of rustic Lord Hailes regretfully Scotland. remarked that the Scotch had been reformed from popery, but not from Boece. Though Boece's history could not exactly be said to have made the author's fortune, yet it brought him substantial reward as well as reputa-James the Fifth remunerated his patriotic services with a pension of fifty pounds Scots and ecclesiastical preferment. Hard though it is to believe, the cultivation of history was once upon a time more remunerative than fiction. Boece, it is true, combined in a single book the profits of both; but Doctor Robertson gained by his history of Charles the Fifth alone the sum of £4,500, which is said to have been the largest sum ever paid for a single work up to that time.

The History of Scotland, to which Buchanan gave the declining years of his life, belongs to the same century as those of Major, Boece, and Leslie, but appeared fifty years later than Boece's. Buchanan agrees with his predecessors in presenting the traditional view of a free and independent nation rooted in the immemorial past; but the book is otherwise very different in character from the older narratives. As the most finished and elegant Latin writer of his age and one of the most thoughtful, Buchanan had the ear of Europe, and it was not likely he would risk his reputation in an attempt to rival Boece as a mere chronicler. Moreover, Buchanan was something more than a Patriotic Historian. He stood up indeed to battle for the prescriptive rights of his country against English claims and encroachments; but equally cherished by him were the rights of the Scottish people, the common folk, as against the privileges of Scottish royalty and aristocracy. It thus behoved him to use the historical material to hand as an instrument for forwarding the progress of democracy. In particular he used all his powers of style and argument to show how the story of the long line of old Scots kings between the first and second Fergus had tended in the righteous direction of democratic development. This part of Buchanan's history was especially striking and effective because the oldest chroniclers had said so little about these ancient kings. They had exercised therein a wise discretion, seeing that one of them had invented the dynasty, and by the simple process of making Fergus the First the second of his name, had placed it where its authenticity was least likely to be questioned, at the beginning of the ancient monarchy. No one, however, seems to have challenged the details with which Buchanan filled in the

picture, or even inquired from what source he derived them. The author himself, a born satirist, was possibly the only person that appreciated the joke. He even went so far as to complain of the trouble it had given him to purge the History of Scotland from Perhaps he secretly English lies. looked upon his work as a sort of cross between a treatise on political philosophy and a historical romance. The Scottish Government became alarmed at the interpretation put on the fictitious deeds of these visionary kings, and took the book so seriously as to place it on the Index Expurgatorius. Every person possessed of copies was ordered by the Scots Parliament to surrender them within forty days, in order that they might be purged of their offences against Buchanan himself escaped truth. censure, or possibly punishment, as he died within a month of the book's publication. Most of his works were issued from the presses of Holland, but the History was printed and published in Edinburgh, -it took nearly a twelvemonth to set up the Innumerable editions have appeared, both of the original Latin and of English translations.

The historians of the Patriotic School, who wrote in the seventeenth century, were usually content with treating detached periods instead of going back to the beginning of time and the foundations of Scotland. But though thus specialising, they were generally true to the traditions of their predecessors in making Scotland the centre of a comprehensive survey of the affairs of Western Europe, not forgetting that part of Great Britain called England, as one of them condescendingly put it. Most of these specialists were wandering Scots scholars, sometimes attached to one foreign university and sometimes to another, but always keen for the

prestige of their native country, and sometimes, like the Admirable Crichton (who if he had lived might have written a history from the patriotic point of view), offering to do battle for her honour in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, or Slavonian, in either prose or verse, at the discretion of the disputant. craving of these peripatetic Scots for their native country was only equalled by the celerity with which, once at home, they set out again on their travels. Buchanan, for instance, found it impossible to settle down in Scotland till he was nearly sixty years of age. Quite the reverse of typical was John Rutherford, a Calvinistic theologian, who refused an invitation to the chair of divinity in the University of Utrecht because, in his own words, he "had rather be in Scotland beside angry Jesus Christ than in any Eden or Garden of the Earth."

The Patriotic School of historical writers still survives, in essentials. Professor Patrick Geddes has pointed out that the most recent example to flourish in the eyes of the world was John Stuart Blackie. But the darling theory of the School,—the legendary origin of the Ancient Kingdom-received its death blow in the early part of the eighteenth century. Father Innes, a Jacobite priest of the Scots College in Paris, published in 1729 a CRITICAL ESSAY ON THE EARLY IN-HABITANTS OF SCOTLAND. This treatise, the product of vast erudition and an insatiable spirit of critical enquiry, made it impossible for any writer thereafter to cite Boece as an infallible authority. Archbishop Usher and other English chronologists, who had ventured to doubt the alleged antiquity of the Scottish monarchy, had been shouted down by the patriotic antiquarians of the North. Father Innes, however seems to have been the first

thoroughly investigate Boece's authorities for the existence of the forty supernumerary monarchs between the first and second Fergus. Now there were two ancient annalists whom Boece constantly invoked in corroboration of his facts, by name Veremund and Campbell. made it his business to search out the originals of these authorities. Through the libraries of the Continent and of Scotland he laboriously pursued the traces of Veremund and Campbell. His flittings to and fro between France and Scotland made the Government spies take him for a Jacobite conspirator; but he was only groping after Veremund and Campbell. the end the pursuit proved as bootless as the quest of the lost chord. The conclusion was forced on Innes that Veremund and Campbell were two beings as mythical as the forty supernumerary kings for whom they stood sponsors. Boece being thus incontestably proved a tainted authority, he was pitched overboard bag and baggage, and the rest of the Patriotic Historians of the sixteenth century were condemned to disrepute. this verdict succeeding historians have endorsed the opinion of Innes and applauded his discernment.

Nevertheless, there are those who still pin their faith to the old traditions, not of course in their literally expressed forms, but as the embodiment of hidden truths. They argue that tradition must be truer than history, since tradition is dictated by the voice of time, while history is written by the palsied fingers of man. Adopt this view, and it behoves you to make certain whether the story of the mythical monarchs and the other fables are a piece of deliberate forgery, or whether they are the shadow of a true tradition, maladroitly materialised by clumsy chroniclers. Those who incline to the latter supposition are ready to support it with an ingenious hypothesis.

Everyone who has read Green's HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE remembers the Synod of Whitby. There, in 671 A.D., were met, to do final contest, the representatives of the two rival Christian Churches which had effected the conversion of Saxon England, the one with its headquarters at Canterbury, working from the south and the east; the other with its headquarters in the Scoto-Irish Iona, working from the north and the west. It lay with Oswi, King of Northumbria, to decide whether England was to be an ecclesiastical province of the Roman Church or of the Celtic Church, whether the English people were to take their religious guidance from the Catholic Bishop of Rome or from the Columbian Abbot of Iona. To the Celtic representatives Oswi put this question, "Did Christ give the keys of Heaven to Saint Columba?" Truth compelled them to answer, "No." Then said Oswi: "I know that Christ gave the keys to Saint Peter, therefore I decide in favour of the Bishop of Rome, the successor of Saint Peter; for if I were to decide in favour of Saint Columba, knowing that he has not the keys, how could I make sure of being admitted, when I arrive at the gates of Heaven?" Thereupon the priests of the Celtic Church withdrew from the kingdom, themselves and their claims of ecclesiastical supremacy.

The contest so summarily ended at the Synod of Whitby was typical of the spiritual campaigns carried on by the rival churches in Western and Central Europe. On one side the pagan peoples of these regions were being converted and swept into the net of Christianity by the monks and missionaries of the Celtic Church, and on the other by those of Rome. When the frontiers of the two opposing systems of Christianity met and faced each other, the issue was everywhere followed by the same result as in England. The Celtic apostles, with their fervid spirituality but feeble organisation. yielded and receded before the irresistible tide of the Roman hierarchy. By the eleventh century the Pope was supreme over Christianity from the Adriatic to the Atlantic, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic. The Roman Catholic form of Christianity and moral culture had supplanted the Celtic even in Ireland and Scotland. The axes of rude Norse and English adventurers had utterly rooted out the famous Irish schools of Armagh and Durrow, which had been, in all but name, the great universities of Europe long before any one had dreamed of planting seats of learning in Bologna, in Paris, or in Oxford. The rich blossoming of Celtic culture remained in the minds of the medieval scholars of Europe only as a romantic tradition. Its sole tangible relics were a few manuscript books wrought with such matchless art that the medieval illuminators, in despair of rivalry, imputed them to supernatural beings.

What relationship can be established between the early Celtic culture of the dark ages and the later medieval prestige of Scotland? name Scots was for a long time used to denote both those two branches of the Celtic race, the younger branch that migrated and gave its name to Scotland, and the elder that remained in Ireland. That is to say, the word Scot was employed in the same comprehensive way in regard to the inhabitants as we still use the term Gaelic in regard to language, both the Scottish and Irish dialects of Celtic being known as Gaelic. In an age innocent of nice distinctions two sets of circumstances combined to the appropriation by Scotland of the

name and fame of the Scots. first was the political extinction of Ireland; the second was the aggrandisement of Scotland after Bannockburn. Her own internal dissensions the oppression of England and practically obliterated Ireland from the list of nations. The reigning Pope made a gift of the island to Henry the Second of England, with the easy graciousness of a Lady Bountiful distributing soup-tickets. What Cavour said of Italy in the nineteenth century might have been said of Ireland in the thirteenth; the nation was a mere geographical expression. Bannockburn saved Scotland from a similar fate, and it did more; it gave her a place in the comity of nations, and made her the invaluable ally of France against England. The political alliance that grew up then between the French and Scottish kingdoms was in time converted into a spiritual marriage of the two nations. This more intimate international union was brought about by various social interchanges, of which the survivals are still so numerous, and even more advowedly by the great number of Scotsmen who as students or teachers flourished in the schools and universities of France: the most renowned seats of learning in the republic of Latin Christianity before the Hundred Years' War reduced France to a desert. individual achievements of these Scottish schoolmen would naturally gain an additional lustre on the Continent from the traditional reputation attaching to the name Scot, a dim survival of the glorious days of

the Scoto-Irish Church. The wandering Scots scholar was doubtless equal to the burden of carrying without protest the fame of his Irish brethren as well as his own. The Scot abroad, whether he wielded sword or pen, was so little remarkable for modesty that Scottish vanity became almost proverbial.

There is one more link in the chain of argument. With the capture of Constantinople by the Turks and its transformation into an Eastern city, the last native remnants of the Roman Empire ceased to have any right to the title of a living nation. Here was an opportunity for the shrewd Scots scholar to insinuate edgewise a claim of classical heirship; for was not Scotland at the end of the fifteenth century the only surviving independent nation of those which had kept alive classical learning and culture, when, after the fall of Rome, the provinces of Italy, France, and Spain were overwhelmed in the deluge of Northern barbarism? Thus there is a point of view from which it is possible to plead that in a sense. not a temporal but a spiritual sense, Scotland had on classical grounds some appearance of justification for the title of the Ancient Kingdom. And finally, when the pretension was blunderingly transferred from the sphere of culture to that of politics, the writers of the Renaissance, with exaggerated veneration for their classical tradition and their respect for contemporary Scottish scholars, seem to have tacitly acquiesced in the pretension.

V. V. Branford.

## A NINE DAYS' KING.

THE seventh of July, 1647, is a memorable date in the history of Naples. It was on the morning of this day that a vulgar quarrel between some fruit-sellers from rascally Pozzuoli, the sbirri, and the people of the town itself, grew into a tumult which, gathering force and fury with success, became a storm that raised a simple fisherman to kingly power and shook the very foundations of Spanish rule in Italy. About this time Mazarin was at war with Spain in Flanders and Burgundy, and a diversion being necessary he determined upon attacking his enemies in their foreign posses-Accordingly the French took sions. and, having effected a Piombino permanent lodgment there, remained watching their opportunity to strike again. Spain knew well where the blow could be delivered; she knew that her neighbour had not forgotten the days when Naples had heard the sound of French trumpets, had seen the golden lillies wave above her walls. and had bowed before a Charles of Anjou or a Charles of France.

The city was in a troubled state, money being needed to pay Spanish soldiery, and Spanish governors being resolved on obtaining it at any risk. The revenue, which already came in through taxes of various kinds, connivance at gaming-houses and like places did not meet the pressing requirements of the hour; so Arcos, the new Viceroy, after careful consideration, hit upon the profoundly original expedient of still further taxing his subjects. As a result, not only wine and flour, but also fruit rose in price.

To lay imposts on a people, even a

conquered one, is an undertaking which usually demands some little adroitness, lest the governed should suspect that the delicate distinction between shearing and fleecing had not been sufficiently observed. the Neapolitans themselves on this occasion began to harbour some such doubts. But as yet they only murmured a little louder than their wont. and endeavoured to evade the recent enactments as much as possible, smuggling home the contraband commodities under various disguises, and when discovered paying heavy fines or going to prison. Pretty, black-eyed Bernadina Aniello, for instance, was detected cheating the mighty Spanish king of his few grani on the bag of flour she carried in her arms, swathed round so as to resemble a child in swaddling clothes; and people said that her husband, one Tomaso Aniello, sold nearly all he possessed in the world to pay the forfeit she had incurred, that he might have her back with him the sooner to their cottage in the great market-place. But of all the taxes the one upon fruit was the most obnoxious to the people, because it struck everywhere. Other things they might dispense with: meat, for instance, they seldom saw; bread could be made go a long way; but fruit, fruit which grew around in such profusion, little guarded on account of its plenty, peeping over every garden wall, blooming on every terrace, meeting the eye wherever an orange grove could rise or a vine-shoot find hold for its tendrils,—it was hard to pay a tax on No wonder then that discontent was rife, and that one calm night

the Custom-House was sent flying into the air, no one knowing how the powder had been introduced or by whose hand the train had been fired. The warning was, however, despised; another Custom-House was built; no remission was made in the hateful taxes, no lenity shown in the manner of levying them; and immediate danger not being apprehended, the portly Arcos slept secure behind the pikes of his German guard and the matchlocks of his Spanish foot.

The feast of Our Lady of Carmel occurs in the middle of July. period was one when spectacular exhibitions had a strong attraction for the popular eye, and when a holiday would be thought to pass heavily enough without excitement of some On this particular festival the Neapolitans used to be regaled with a sham fight fought out in their marketplace; the assault and capture of a great wooden fortress defended by one troop of boys and attacked by another, styled Alarbes, who were trained many days previously by merry-tongued Masaniello, as the husband of Bernadina was familiarly called. As usual, he and his band were engaged practising in the market-place for the great event on the morning of this bright July day, 1647. A slight disturbance had arisen there, the dangerous folk from Pozzuoli being the originators. These people were utterly unlike the merry nimble lazzaroni who spend their days basking in the sunlight and their nights beneath the shelter of some friendly portico, happy because they exist, neither knowing why nor caring wherefore. The men of Pozzuoli dwelt away from the city, and from the time of Toledo, the first Spanish Viceroy, bore an evil name. Between them and the authorities it was natural little love should exist, and that little was fast disappearing now during the argument of a very

vexed question which Pozzuoli had raised; who was to pay the fruit-tax, the lying Neapolitan hucksters whose profits were enormous, or they themselves, the honest tillers of the soil? Bitterly and hotly the townsfolk retorted that the payment should not fall on them, who never made profit on anything in these bad times, who were already half ruined, and so on, with the true professional whine. Then a clamour rose, fed by sullen reiteration on one side and shrill declamation on the other. The study of political economy was being pursued with a vengeance. A few men of property, who happened to be early abroad, seeing the danger of such a dispute, sought out Andrea Naclerio, Deputy of the People. They found him about to sail for Posilippo, because it was Sunday, and the beautiful gardens in the vicinity drew from the city on such occasions every one who could afford a boat for the bay or a mule for a trot along the splendid Chiaja.

Naclerio returned instantly, disembarking at the Tanners' Gate; but when he reached the market-place the disturbance was becoming wilder, the Pozzuoli men heaping savage abuse on the tradespeople and the police, while the tax-collectors yelled for immediate payment. He strove to quiet half-roused passions of the multitude by offering at last to pay the contested tax out of his own pocket, but either unheeding, or not hearing him, the collectors and sbirri, in all the ruffled dignity of office, took a fatal step; bringing out the great scales, they began to weigh the fruit by force. This maddened the people of Pozzuoli, who, dashing down their merchandise cried, "Take what ye can get; we come here no more!" Melons, figs, oranges, all rolled down upon the pavement, a welcome windfall to the hungry Alarbes, who, desisting from

their task of rehearsal, scrambled between the legs of the crowd for the luscious booty. Thereupon the disappointed tax-gatherers attacked them, while the people took their part, using the fruit as weapons, and being reinforced by a large contingent from the Lavinaro, a dirty and populous quarter of the town. On this new arrival the crowd merged into a mob: Naclerio was dragged away by some friends; while amid tumultuous rejoicing, the papers, account-books, and furniture belonging to the Custom-House were burned. News of the commotion had by this time reached the palace, and Arcos despatched two noblemen for the purpose of enquiring into it. The method adopted by those gentlemen was simplicity itself; riding quietly into the market-place they promised the abolition of all taxes. The people listened, silent with wonder; and the noble envoys would have probably succeeded in their pacific efforts if Masaniello, who had hitherto been playing the part of mediator, had not now come forward, and, elbowing his way into the centre of the wavering crowd, began to harangue it.

Since his wife's imprisonment there had come a change in the fisherman's demeanour. He had grown reserved, even at times irritable, and was known to be at deadly feud with the servants of the madcap Duke of Maddaloni, because, as tradition avers, having quarrelled with them over the sale of some fish, they had beaten him. People also whispered that he counted among his acquaintances Giulio Genuino, a turbulent man who had experienced the extremes of fortune. Once high in honour with the great Ossuna, Arcos's predecessor, he had lived to wear a captive's chain at Oran, and now, returned to Naples, alike unbroken by toils and unchastened by sorrow, was hiding fresh plots beneath the cowl of an ecclesiastic.

Masaniello, on concluding speech, advised the rioters to seek the palace itself and there learn the truth of those concessions. mations greeted the proposal; the cavaliers were separated, a crowd following each, surging around the saddle-skirts, grasping at the reins eager, filthy hands, peering upward into the riders' faces with wolfish eyes that as yet expressed more than the tongue had framed to speech, and deafening them by their horrid din. The rascality of Naples was making holiday. No wonder Don Tiberio Carafa, one of the ambassadors, promised anything, everything, while round him pressed that frenzied sea of humanity, rolling on in resistless course towards San Lorenzo, the residence of the superior magistrate, screaming for the privileges of Charles the Fifth, not knowing or caring what they were, but echoing the shout of Genuino, who, now in his element and secure behind his disguise, prompted every cry which went up from the masses. What wonder that Carafa died, raving mad in a monk's cell at Castelnuovo, after the horrors of that hour?

Meanwhile, the other nobleman was being impelled by his motley escort in the direction of the palace, Masaniello running before, waving a tattered banner, and cheering for the King of Spain. Arcos had taken no precautions; even the guard in the court-vard had not been increased, it being probable that he did not wish to further exasperate the people by an untimely display of force, or that he despised the demonstration. Possibly, too, the gentlemen who were lounging on one of the balconies only smiled at first, seeing the figure Ettore, Prince of Satriano, presented as he approached, carefully guiding his restive steed lest he should come down under the rushing feet of his ill-smelling attendants. However, they soon perceived that the affair threatened to become serious, for every moment the advancing multitude increased and with each addition came fiercer tumult. Don Carlo Caracciolo, one of these signori, left the balcony and descending to the palace gates, kept the foremost ranks at bay while he learned particulars from Satriano and sent a report to the Viceroy. After some further parley it was understood that Arcos was really in favour of abolishing the taxes on both wine and fruit. Then came a demand for the remission of the tax on flour, Masaniello's voice in all probability rising loudest. Caracciolo objected: he had a growing sense that the more the deputation obtained the more exacting it would become; but the time for expostulation was past.

The crowd, now closely packed, yielded to its momentum, moved slowly up against the gate-piers. choked the entrance for a moment, and the next pushed through and flooded the enclosure. Caracciolo fell back with those around him, and, as he re-entered the palace, sent word to the Viceroy that he would find safer quarters in the neighbouring fortress of Castelnuovo. The people followed with laughter and jeers, tramping up the broad white stairs at whose head they encountered the first obstacle that had as yet been opposed to them, the German body-guard, who, crossing their halberds, held the door of the first saloon, while those within secured it, a similar precaution being taken with the other doors of the suite. Meanwhile, Arcos himself spoke from one of the balconies, telling the rioters beneath that their claims would be considered, their grievances redressed, and the taxes lessened. Those whom he thus attempted to soothe did not understand him; they were in a whirl of excitement, and soon, through

sheer instinct, began to throw stones. The mob inside had now overpowered the guard, broken their pikes, and were thundering at the door of the first saloon. It was high time to think of retreat; the courtiers fled on every side, and Naclerio, who had also come to the palace, hid himself in the apartments of the vice-queen. a crash, drowned by a yell of triumph, the shivered door fell in. Arcos repented too late of not having followed Caracciolo's advice, for now he realised that lavish speech and brittle promises were vain. The confused trampling of coming feet, the frequent fall of shattered glass or splintered woodwork borne to his ears between frantic shrieks, told him, more plainly than even the white-lipped fear of his flying attendants, that the cup had overflowed at last, and that Naples was in rebellion.

There was not a moment to lose. Ordering the doors to be locked behind him, Arcos hastened by a small spiral stairway into the square. The palace was abandoned, but to a fate! Its floors what beneath the tread, its walls re-echoed the oaths of the victorious mob. The people were pleased enough with their success to be wanton; they were sufficiently angered by the resistance they had encountered to wreak vengeance upon everything within reach. It was a veritable joy to smirch the faces of those beautiful women on the walls; to dig the pikehead into the canvas where their loveliness lived; to shatter with one brave blow the marble on balustrade or balcony; to hack and hew everything which had ministered to the comfort of their oppressors; and then to fling all this ruin down upon the stones below, where already lay the parasol that had shaded the governor of the great Collateral Council with the torn papers of its secretary.

Arcos had barely left the palace when he discovered that the drawbridge of Castelnuovo had, through some mistaken order, been raised. Return was impossible, for the rioters, having found out his mode of escape, were searching the neighbourhood; his only chance of safety now lay in seeking shelter at a convent belonging to the Minimi a little distance off. To reach it, however, he had to cross the square, and while doing so, a group of his pursuers recognised and seized him. A knight of St. Jago passing by tore him from their clutches, and put him into his own carriage; but the traces were cut, the coachman dragged from his seat, and Arcos recaptured. Again he was rescued, this time by a chance party of noblemen, who beat off his assailants and placing him in their midst, half dead with fright, forced a passage through the mob. Guessing their destination, the rabble rushed to the convent gates, but the nobles were upon them before they could effectually block the approach. The heavy bolts were drawn back; one instant of tempestuous fury met by desperate courage, and the Viceroy was saved. Caracciolo thrust him forward, and amid a hail of stones he reeled in among the trembling monks, while his baffled pursuers, now strongly reinforced, flung themselves upon the gate, shrieking for his blood, and making the stout bars quiver despite the beams with which those inside hastily secured them.

It was a terrible moment, but help was now at hand. Above all this infernal tumult rose a voice which all Naples revered, and through the seething masses slowly came a man whom the most furious there dared not shoulder aside, Ascanio Filomarino, the Cardinal Archbishop. He had been about to leave the city, but hearing of the disturbance had

insisted on returning, although warned not to do so; and his appearance in the square at this critical moment probably averted a terrible scene of bloodshed. Through Filomarino the Viceroy communicated again with his loving subjects and once more glibly promised the abolition of all taxes. The Archbishop immediately sent messengers to distant parts of the town for the purpose of proclaiming the good news; at his suggestion the Custom-Houses and the tax-booths were pulled down; while he himself, as he relates, on his way back to the Gate of the Holy Ghost, published everywhere the Governor's concessions. It was a time when all things were possible; and incredible as it may seem, the riot might have been appeased by those simple means more suited to the domain of opera bouffe than the sphere of practical politics. if there were not other forces to be reckoned with beside the fickle, aimless multitude surging hither and thither in the great square. Would plotting Genuino forego his dreams of revenge because a kind-hearted priest came between a mob and its victim? Would Aniello, the obscure fisherman, who had just tasted the sweetness of power and seen men obey him, forget the insult to his wife or the blows of Carafa's servants? Hatred is not so easily appeased; gratified vanity and awakened ambition are not so lightly renounced. Accordingly, the good Archbishop had scarcely disappeared when rioting began afresh. appointed cupidity was at work; the people felt cheated, surprised into forbearance against their wills, and were eager to indemnify themselves for their late indulgence to the pursy little man whom they had by the throat a few minutes before.

Neither the Prince of Montesarchio nor Don Prospero Tuttavilla could obtain a hearing from the populace. And the people's voices too were soon drowned by the rattle of musketry and the cries of wounded men; a Spanish guard, which belonged to the palace, having been attacked by the people the soldiers were firing with deadly effect.

Meanwhile Arcos was puffing laboriously up the steep acclivity leading to St. Elmo, where he knew he could find safety at last; and the various garrisons of the city, realising that their numbers were too small for effective action, were retiring to a park which adjoined the palace and Castelnuovo, whose stout walls already sheltered the vice-queen, the ladies of her suite, and many wealthy families.

The insurrection had now spread throughout all Naples. The dwellings of those who had grown rich by farming the taxes were marked out for destruction, the terrified owners flying, without a thought of resistance, to the beach, where they offered the boatmen gold to take them off to Posilippo, anywhere away from the rage of those upon whose misery they had battened so long.

Thus approached the close of this eventful day; on one side unreasoning terror, on the other intoxicating success. But worse was to come. the deepening shadows of evening the most abandoned criminals in Naples crept forth from their hiding-places; creatures around whose gaunt limbs hung in tatters the rags which still marked their sex and who shrunk as yet from even the fitful glare of the passing torches, forth they came half dazed to their Saturnalia, a hideous troop, the embodied sins and shames of a great city. Later in the night these, with many more, rushed to the prisons, broke open several, and yelled in the startled ears of Murder, Lust and Rapine the welcome news that they might come forth and work their will by the light of burning roof-trees. High above all this horror the churchbells tolled piteously, while the sacred edifices themselves were lit up. Theatines and Jesuits, leaving their convents, moved in processional order through the streets, chanting aloud The lustiest voice that but in vain. ever woke the Miserere or intoned the Dies Iræ had no power to quell the delirium of unbridled hordes with years of neglect and tyranny to avenge. By degrees, however, the chaos resolved itself into at least the appearance of organised action. Following the advice of Genuino, an attack was made upon the swordcutlers' shops throughout the city, the people thus obtaining weapons, powder, and five pieces of cannon, all their operations being directed by Masaniello.

Soon again the gray light of morn ing fell upon the troubled town, upon the dark squadrons drawn up in the park, and upon the blanched cheeks of the watchers behind the embrasures of Castelnuovo. The roll of the rataplan mingled with the matin-bell, for the citizens were being now arrayed in military order, not having forgotten their training under former rulers.

Strangers now began to pour into the town from various quarters. Young farm-servants with downy cheeks and wondering eyes jostling the swarthy banditti of the mountains; they had all come on the same errand and were all armed in some fashion.

Arcos, who had meanwhile gone from St. Elmo to Castelnuovo, not yet abandoning the hope that something might be done by diplomacy, had again opened negotiations with the rebels. He selected the Prince of Montesarchio for his envoy, caring little whether that nobleman lost his life in the attempt, for the Viceroy, despite the loyal services they had

just rendered him, longed as eagerly as any rioter around Masaniello to see the power of the native nobility weakened and their prestige lowered,—a desire which was gratified during the progress of the insurrection and the war following.

The mission of Montesarchio was fruitless; even the oath he took in the church of the Carmelites had no effect. Still the Viceroy persevered, feeling sure he would gain his point if only a popular nobleman could be found to act as envoy. This, however, was no easy thing, for the Neapolitan gentry like the Caraccioli, the Mintoli, the Pignatelli and the rest, had no claim either to the confidence or respect of their fellow-citizens, being simply on a small scale what their medieval prototypes had been throughout Italy, the systematic oppressors of the weak and the defenceless. length a churchman suggested the name of Diomed Carafa, Duke of Maddaloni, and after much deliberation, failing a more presentable personage, Arcos determined to employ him.

The chances in favour of the new envoy, whose past career had not revealed any special aptitude for diplomatic service, were eagerly discussed. It was remembered now, for the first time probably, as something to his credit, that he had not sinned very deeply against the people; while on the other hand his reckless prodigality, his frequent duels, the headlong impetuosity of his character, and the splendid accessories of the vivid, many-sided life he led, charmed the popular imagination, investing with a halo of romance a personality which would have been striking enough without even the added glamour of rank and fortune. Moreover, though related to the former Viceroy, Medina, he had often openly broken the Spanish laws, troops being sent against him sometimes and quartered on his vast estates, which proved a mine of wealth to the government, seeing that within a few years he had been fined one hundred thousand ducats. Even at the very time when his help was sought by Arcos, he was occupying a prisoner's cell in Castelnuovo on account of some unusually Such was the Duke violent deed. Diomed, leader of many a revel and hero of many a brawl, who now entered the market-place of Naples in the novel character of peace-maker, a part he had been induced to assume on condition that he and his brother, Giuseppe, who shared his captivity, should be pardoned.

Naples was at this moment virtually ruled by three men, Masaniello, Genuino, and one Domenico Perrone, formerly captain of sbirri, now bandit, and yet destined to play a sinister part in the bloody drama. Of these the fisherman was undoubtedly the most single-minded, and in another age it is probable that the circumstances which raised him to power would have developed only his nobler qualities; as it is, the measures he concerted during the first days of the revolt show him to have been possessed of rare administrative abilities; nor was it till the close of his career, when terror had transformed his nature, that he proved himself the insensate tyrant of the people for whom he had done and suffered so much.

Maddaloni's embassy failed like the others. The citizens would have "no deceitful promises," but vociferously demanded the privileges of Charles the Fifth, which gave them, through their deputies, a right of veto on all matters concerning the town.

After a short parley, Carafa hastily retired, leaving the rebels to renew their work of destruction, which was now being systematically carried out. With the aid of his colleagues Masa-

niello drew up a list of houses belonging to those who had recently become rich, and when night again came its darkness was dispelled by the blaze from many a villa. Confusion reigned in the town. Again the churches were illuminated; again the religious orders passed through the streets, endeavouring to stem the flood of licence; and once more their efforts were vain, for nothing could quench the fury that, having smouldered so long in crushed and brutalised hearts, leaped up at last, resistless and consuming, finding its expression in the terrible cry of the crowds as they watched the burning roofs: "That is our blood! May those so perish in hell who have sucked it out of us!"

The morning brought fresh troops of adventurers, flushed by sack and pillage, from the country outside, and with them came Maddaloni bearing a fresh olive-branch. This time it took the shape of a paper granting the pardon of past offences and guaranteeing abolition of all taxes levied since the days of Charles the Fifth. The experiment proved disastrous. The people perceiving the evasion, interrupted the envoy while reading: they sought no pardon; they demanded the privileges; they would be content with nothing else; this was mere mockery! Fired by the howls of inspired by the the crowd and memory of his wrong, Masaniello suddenly sprang upon Maddaloni, and tore him by his long ringlets from his horse, while the mob screamed with delight, for it was a glorious thing to see this redoubtable seigneur down in the dust at a fisherman's feet. Duke Diomed's escort returned without him.

The people now resumed their pillage, until they were recalled to hear what Giuseppe Carafa, the next messenger from Arcos, should lay before them. They heard him, Masaniello presiding, but would make no terms, and sending him back, hurried off to new plunder. Over forty palaces were consumed that day.

Sorely against his will the Viceroy was at length obliged to employ Cardinal Filomarino, who was little likely, he knew, to become a party to any subterfuge. Indeed it is a significant fact that between the clergy of Naples and its temporal rulers there was scant cordiality.

Armed with the charter of Charles the Fifth, which contained the muchvaunted privileges, Filomarino repaired next day to the market-place. was courteously received, but when he began to read and explain those privileges so pertinaciously demanded, he found that his audience was either impatient or indifferent; and even while he spoke orders were given by Masaniello himself in direct opposition to the pacific measures he was advo-The rioters were in no mood for conciliation; they were flushed with recent success, too, having taken prisoners a few divisions of Spanish soldiery whom Arcos had called to his aid. Moreover, they were well armed now and provided against surprise, the principal streets being commanded by cannon, while from the lofty steeple of San Lorenzo their flag floated side by side with that of the King of Spain. Naturally, their mental attitude had undergone considerable modifications.

The night of this day closed in like the preceding ones, amid triumph and destruction, the fisherman becoming infuriated by the news that Diomed Carafa, who had been detained prisoner under the guardianship of Perrone, had succeeded in escaping. This he did through the good offices of the bravo, having been acquainted with honest Domenico in his several characters of police-officer and outlaw. Anger was not the only passion excited in

Masaniello's breast when the parties of men sent out by him to retake the Duke returned empty-handed, for he knew this roisterer would never forget or forgive the insult he had received.

Filomarino, who had meanwhile returned to the convent of the Carmelites, did not relax his efforts, and at length, after earnest entreaties and wearying negotiations, a compromise was effected, practically on the lines laid down by Masaniello.

All this labour was rendered vain by the impetuosity of Maddaloni, who, thirsting for revenge, did what any other gentleman of his time would have done; he commissioned Perrone to take the fisherman's life. The attempt was to be made in the Carmelites' convent itself while the banditti were to create a disturbance outside by attacking the people. By a strange coincidence, the moment selected for striking the fatal blow was when Masaniello should stoop to sign the agreement entered into between the fortress and the town. The plot however miscarried: Perrone lost his life miserably; and after a furious struggle both within and without the convent, the banditti were routed with terrible carnage. As if to intensify the general horror. a cry was raised that the wells of Poggio Reale had been poisoned; but the growing panic which this statement caused was promptly checked by Filomarino's drinking, in the presence of the people, a little of the suspected water. A new turn was here given to the popular indignation by the discovery on Perrone's person of a letter implicating not only Diomed Carafa but his brother Giuseppe. A fruitless search, made immediately through the city, was on the point of being abandoned, when Masaniello himself learned from a dying bandit that Giuseppe was just then awaiting the issue of the at-

tempted assassination at the convent of Santa Maria la Nuova. four hundred armed and infuriated men instantly directed their steps. Warned of his danger, the nobleman fled, disguised as a friar, having hurriedly penned a note to Arcos for help; but the missive being intercepted, only served to guide the mob upon his track the more readily, knowing as they did every winding of the dark narrow lanes in the vicinity of the convent. Finding himself closely pursued, he staggered, breathless and fainting, up-stairs into the room of a common woman, promising her treasures untold if she would hide him for a while Possibly he remembered having heard in some forgotten time how a great Earl of Flanders thus escaped his enemies by appealing to a woman's pity; but the creature whose cupidity or compassion he endeavoured to excite did not resemble the good housewife of Bruges. Leaning from her window, she beckoned to the pursuers beneath to come up. Carafa met them desperately, offering two thousand pistoles for his life. Scorning the bribe they dragged him away, and severing his head from his body, presented the hideous trophy to Masaniello, who, hurling filthy insults at it, beat the pallid features with a stick! This is bad enough; but it was surpassed by the demoniac fury exhibited towards the corpse by a man whom Carafa had once made kiss his We shudder while we read, but who can fathom the depths of hopeless suffering, of impotent rage, that had long since overwhelmed the souls of those frantic wretches who now vented their spite upon the headless carcass in whose shadow they had so often crouched? The downward career of the fisherman had begun. For him there was no more peace, no more security; he had offered insults to the living and the dead Carafa that could never be condoned. The attack made upon him in the convent of the Carmelites was already bearing bitter fruit. Fear makes the worst of tyrants; and as it was with Commodus, so also was it with Masaniello.

Great precautions were taken to guard against a new surprise. During the night every householder was obliged to keep a lamp burning before his door, and no person, except priests bearing the last rites of their Church to the dying, were allowed to appear in the streets during the two hours after midnight; even the ecclesiastics were forced to lay aside their long gowns, lest such a dress should afford disguise for a bandit. But there was another danger yet more difficult to avert, which harassed thenceforward the fisherman's waking hours, for he knew that his enemies were familiar with a deadlier weapon than the assassin's dagger. Accordingly, through fear of being poisoned, he almost starved himself, eating only just sufficient to sustain the life he clung to so passionately.

Of little comfort to Masaniello was the brocaded dress in which Domenico Garguilo pourtrayed him, guiding his white steed at the head of an applauding multitude; the same costume possibly that he wore in the presence of the Spanish governor, when on the fifth day of the insurrection Filomarino's heroic efforts were was crowned by success, and it graciously notified to the faithful people of Naples that not only would their old privileges be confirmed, but new ones added, together with remission of all punishment due for the crimes committed during the late out-The place of meeting between Masaniello and Arcos was in the palace which had been reoccupied after the first burst of popular fury had passed away. It was in the saloon of Alva, amid the sheen of burnished arms and the rustle of silken draperies, that they came face Nothing had been left undone to impress the fisherman with the majesty of Spain, and everywhere upon the walls his eye encountered some fresh apotheosis of Spanish enterprise or of Spanish valour. Masaniello knelt; Arcos assisted him to rise, spoke kindly, and threw over his shoulders a gold chain, but all the while the formidable military display outside the palace, and the skilful arrangements within, were producing their designed effect. If it be true that Demosthenes faltered before Philip, what can' be expected from a simple fisherman who thus recognised for the first time the magnitude of all he had done and dared? A meaner mind might have borrowed courage from its very hate, a greater from the consciousness of its own worth; but this man was only a toiler of the sea, suddenly elevated to a pinnacle of fortune which his wildest dreams could not have scaled. His spirit was not sufficiently phlegmatic nor sufficiently self-contained to review the past or support the present with equanimity; and thus it happened that, while the shouts of the populace outside echoed in his ears, Masaniello, captain-general of the most faithful people, fell fainting at the feet of Arcos.

The interview was followed a few days later by an imposing ceremony, during which the concessions granted were fully explained, the whole concluding with a *Te Deum* intoned most fittingly by Filomarino. As Masaniello returned on foot through the companies of the people, who were to remain under arms for the next three months until the royal assent should be formally given from Madrid, he was everywhere saluted by lowered standards, while the bells rang out

the joyous news that peace had returned to Naples.

But what of her liberator, her champion? For him peace would nevermore stoop to enter the humble little cottage in the market-place. The Man of the People had had his hour, and the end was fast approach-His abnormal mode of life was rapidly undermining both strength and intellect; to his excited imagination a dagger lurked under every cloak, a poisoned draught in every We see the poor terrified soul, harassed by mortal dread, urged onward down its darkening path towards the only exit possible from a world where to live in fear is to live We read how the sumptuous furniture, the rich hangings of gold brocade, the costly pictures, the jewelled vases, the magnificent plate belonging to Maddaloni, were dragged from their hiding-place in the convent of Santa Maria della Stella, and piled up, a glittering heap, in the market-place, while troops of armed men scoured the adjacent country in search of the owner; for the living Carafa was the spectre which haunted Masaniello amidst the courtesans, the flatterers, and the feasters whom his new wealth gathered readily round him. to reach this terrible foe, he vented his rage on all that had been his, the villa at Posilippo, the mansion at Santa Maria della Stella, even the servants and the poor trembling musicians,nothing escaped. But as the reputation of a great man strikes his traducers from the tomb, so the silent, tireless hate of Maddaloni struck Masaniello from afar. The interception of a letter in cypher from the Duke, the more sinister because unintelligible, goaded the fisherman to fresh acts of madness. Now he will dine in his enemy's desolate palace, now, changing his mind, in a neighbouring convent, the heads of

Carafa and his father, hacked out of their portraits, looking down suavely on the repast from the pikes which transfix them. Anon, clad in a richly laced suit belonging to the Duke, a diamond buckle gleaming in his hatband, he gallops, a pistol in each hand, to the Viceroy's gondola, whence he bathes and is dried with fine Dutch linen; or, seated on the little stage he had caused to be erected before his house, he gravely receives the petitions presented him by his trembling clients, while the people in the neighbourhood are busy removing their effects in anticipation of the clearance to be made for the grand palace their champion intends to build.

It is at once a grotesque and a terrible picture; and as it rises before us we recognise the inevitableness of the catastrophe it foreshadows. Yet the death he feared so much he recklessly inflicted on others. To be condemned by Masaniello it was only necessary to be accused by one of the mob; until even his immediate followers began to dread their leader's outbursts, no one knowing when his own turn might come and his head go to swell the number of grinning skulls which stood in a ghastly row above the market-place. Other grave reasons there were also for dissatisfaction with the existing order of things. Those who sold food felt that they could not make an honest profit on their merchandise so long as the administration of their liberator continued. true that he had freed them from their taxes; but what gain was that if he forced them to sell their oil and corn at a fixed, and of course at an The Captainabsurdly low price? General of the most faithful people had clearly but a dim idea of political economy.

Meanwhile, his mortal enemies were not idle, and assassins were again hired to rid the Viceroy of the King's most faithful servant, with the connivance of Genuino, the treacherous seditionmonger, who was yet to end his dishonoured days a fugitive from the scorn of his countrymen. The day of the Feast of Mount Carmel was fixed for the murder. On that fatal morning the fisherman entered the church called Del Carmine, where Filomarino had just celebrated mass. With hasty and uncertain steps he ascended the pulpit, whence he addressed the dispersing congregation in a rambling speech. He complained of the inconstancy of the people, enumerated his services, foretold what would befall them if they deserted him, spoke of his sins, and advised others to confess theirs before the holy Virgin. was interrupted, however, by an old woman, the traditional mouthpiece of popular common sense, who told him that the Mother of God would not listen to such nonsense; and finally some monks dragged him away to a cell, where he soon fell into a profound slumber, the first probably for many From this sleep he was rudely aroused. The conspirators, having witnessed the scene in the church, determined now to strike the blow, now, when there were no guards in their way, and the crowd had recoiled in vulgar horror from the "madman"; but the good monks, guessing their intention, endeavoured to conceal the locality of Masaniello's room. The sleeper was aroused by the clamour. Mistaking the voices for those of his own friends, he rushed out into the passage at the same moment as the assassins pressed into it. They fired as he advanced, and he fell instantly riddled with balls. One of them then hacked the head from the body, and all hastened off, bearing the bloody thing aloft and cheering for the King of Spain. Some boys, possibly a contingent of those very Alarbes he had been training little more than a week ago, took up the corpse between them and buried it outside the city walls.

At first, the populace received the news of their hero's fall with sullen apathy, and it was not until the next day (when bread suddenly rose in price) that they woke to the full extent of their loss. Then, in a burst of grief, they exhumed the body, replaced the head, and laid their darling, richly attired, upon a satin-draped bier. Popularity has been well defined as "the breath of a mob," which "smells of its source and is gone ere the sun can set upon But the people will always sorrow over a broken idol, even though they may have acquiesced in its destruction. Let their hero be a Clodius or a Cæsar, once dead they remember only his bounty or his triumphs. Thus it was with Masaniello. Four thousand ecclesiastics. by order of Filomarino, led a train of forty thousand mourners; a grand and impressive sight as it slowly passed from the church of the Carmine through the city amid murmured prayers and chanted litanies, whose responses mingled with the solemn tolling of bells and the clash of presented arms.

Night had fallen ere the long procession returned to the church, and there, at the threshold of the sacred edifice, they laid him to rest, that charitable hearts, passing to and fro across the grave, might perchance put up a petition for his soul to our Lady of Carmel. In after years, when he had become a memory, it was proudly remembered how Naples had never so honoured a ruler before, and that from haughty Toledo to splendid Ossuna, no prince or viceroy of them all could boast so impressive a funeraltrain as Masaniello, the fisherman of Amalfi.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.1

THE art of travelling is dead or dying; tourists we have, but no travellers. The facile railroad hustles the stranger from one end of Europe to the other; and the stranger is seldom content with his journey, unless he carry home with him a stout and profitable volume of notes. ancient traveller was leisurely, deliberate, and observant. He could not, if he would, be tossed from one end of a country to the other by a dusty express. Forced to loiter, he was also forced to see; and since the hideous machinery of polyglot hotels and officious interpreters was not invented, he had no resource but to learn so much of the language as should discover to him the mind and habits of the people. Moreover, as he was set upon a rare enterprise, he was rather a discoverer than a mere idler anxious to change his sky. The material before him was fresh and unspoiled; he might treat it in a style that was not jaded by custom nor perverted by the guide-book. times, after the manner of Herodotus and Sir John Mandeville, he would bring back fairy tales fitted rather for our entertainment than our belief; but more frequently he was an accidental witness to history, who may

11. THE ENGLAND OF TO-DAY; from the Portuguese of Oliveira Martins. As OTHERS SEE Us; edited by Joseph Jacobs. London,

still be consulted as an undesigned authority. When he travelled, as he commonly did, for travel's sake, he was the true voyager, and he left behind him an indestructible record of fancy and insight.

But to-day, when the railroad has destroyed mystery, and even the bagman may explore the uttermost parts of the earth, travel is the pastime and business of the amateur. too often the amateur is content to generalise at first sight, and to proclaim a whole nation lame because he espies a wooden leg on the quay. Or he will substitute a political treatise for a faulty impression, forgetting that to comprehend a new society something more is necessary than a text-book and a sojourn in a hotel. Or, still more fatuous, he will bend an unknown country to the exigencies of a literary method, and attempt to psychologise Thus for M. Bourget the inanimate. America and England become (so to say) the hero and heroine of a cosmopolitan romance. He twists such of their habits and customs as he is permitted to detect with the same patent neglect of truth and reason wherewith he is wont to torture the plain motives of a man about town. He is prepared to evolve a tragedy from the shape of a table, or to deduce a new morality from the fashion of a coat. But his is not legitimate travelling, and since his method is always superior to his observation, it is evident that he might have composed his "impressions" at home.

The perfect traveller, on the other hand, is disturbed by no pre-occupation. He has as eager a contempt for

<sup>1896.
2.</sup> Across the Channel; from the French of Gabriel Mourey. Same series; London, 1896.
3. A Quoi Tient La Supériorité des

<sup>8.</sup> A QUOI TIENT LA SUPÉRIORITÉ DES ANGLO-SAXONS; par Edmond Demolins. Paris, 1897.

<sup>4.</sup> Notes sur Londres; par Madame Alphonse Daudet. Paris, 1897.

hasty generalisations as for flimsy His light baggage contains theories. a clean, unprejudiced eye and a swift No tiresome handbook plumps his pocket with its bulk, or clogs his spirit with its false infor-He sees for himself alone, mation. but he does not mistake the casual sport of chance for the inevitableness of destiny. His very life is a romance, for if we have the true inspiration of the idler he knows not where to-morrow he will lay his head. Preferring aspects to verities, he looks rather than thinks, and he would not, after the habit of the imbecile, condemn a nation because he encountered an unamiable railway-porter, nor blind his vision with the cobwebs of half-remembered history. Least of all does he swell his notebook with discourses upon an unknown and foreign literature, having no desire to mislead his countrymen where he himself is igno-But the perfect traveller is not often revealed. Stevenson showed us a glimpse of him, when he set out upon his donkey for the Cevennes; and M. Maurice Barrés proved that Spain or the salt marshes of Provence may still yield secrets to the seeing eye and vivid intelligence. But each of these writers was equipped with his own philosophy before he set out, and the reflections of each were evoked at the touch of a new country upon a fertile brain.

No land in all the world is so impenetrable as England, which, loved unconsciously by her own inhabitants, eludes the glance of the sharpest foreigner. There is scarce a corner of dusky Africa so little explored and so magnificently misunderstood. The fog, which in the stranger's imagination covers our inhospitable island both summer and winter, is not thicker than the monstrous errors which enwrap the unpractised, hostile brain of the hasty visitor. Moreover the language

which Shakespeare wrote, and which alone among tongues has preserved the shapeliness and sonority of the ancient Greek, seems more difficult of perception than London on a November day. Nor is it possible for a mind, trained in inexorable logic, to comprehend a people governed less by reason than by tradition. Thus a traveller of Latin descent is wont to denounce as deliberate savagery what is no more than the result of habit. when you add to these many causes of delusion an inveterate hatred, born or envy and malice, you will understand that the title of Mr. Jacobs's series, As Others See Us, contains a palpable bull. The plan is excellent, if only for the sake of humour; but the best plan fails which is ill carried out, and if we may base a judgment upon the first two numbers, Mr. Jacobs is not likely to achieve success. "Great care has been taken," says the editor, "that the observers whose reports we give shall be competent;" but though their faults spring from a different weakness, we cannot imagine less competent observers than Messrs. Martins and Mourey. Each has his special ignorance, his special prejudice, and both are blinded thereby to England's true strength and true weakness. "Here was an opportunity," boasts Mr. Jacobs, "for doing a work of even national importance"; and the sum of accomplishment is to prove that a Portuguese gentleman hates the England which he has never seen, and that the most amiable of French writers is an enthusiastic Pre-Raphael-Moreover it is the first duty of an international series to provide accurate and dignified translations, and in the delicate art of translation Mr. Jacobs's collaborators have not been signally successful. Whether THE England of To-day is correctly rendered we know not, as we have not had an opportunity to consult the

original; but the English phrase is as brusque as the Portuguese observation, while Across the Channel bristles with positive errors. The translator knows little of French or French life, and makes nonsense of the simplest passages. For this there is no kind of excuse, since it is impossible to palliate the needless perversion of an easily intelligible book.

However, if Mr. Jacobs may not claim our congratulation for his series, in confronting us with M. Oliveira Martins he has afforded us an infinite deal of unintentional entertainment. We cannot call this Portuguese gentleman "competent": we detect no "national importance" in his work; but it is not often that a traveller combines in his single person all the faults of his class, and on that score nobody will deny that M. Martins has the highest claims on our consideration. And in another respect his sincerity is evident; he left the shores of Portugal bursting with hatred, and he seems determined that nothing in the world should temper his dislike. The ingenuity wherewith he twists conflicting evidence to support a prejudged case is beyond praise. He doubtless expected to find Southampton wrapped in an unpierced fog, but he made the best of his disappointment by cursing the sunlit fertility of the country. "There is no ground without its turf," he exclaims in a passage of lofty indignation, "and upon the turf there are inevitably heavy oxen, sheep, What would he have? and cows." A sandy desert and half starved Or did he hope for the cattle? satisfaction of his hate to find a forest packed with gibbering monkeys? Even the flowers infuriated him; "so much jewellry," says he, "glistening so cruelly, fatigues the sight." Once in London, however, he changes his tune; there he never sees the sun,

and still he is not content. The fertile meadows of Hampshire are instantly forgotten, and England is no better than an abode of black and shameful shade. But nothing dismayed, he sets forth in the darkness to discover the infamy of the land, and he is not long in detecting monstrosities which hitherto have eluded the most vigilant tourist. "Never to a Roman," he asserts in a tone of sturdy conviction, "would occur the idea of putting a parasol on the head of the Duke of York." Similarities have often been found between the ancient Roman and the modern Englishman,—even M. Martins, as will be seen, has discovered one-and this may partly account for our countrymen having failed to provide His Royal Highness with a parasol. But it is at the entrance of Hyde Park that he achieves his richest discovery. There he found, "exposed, naked, and of the size of a rhinoceros, the Duke of Wellington, in the attitude of Alcides, brandishing a kitchen-knife!" To this magnificent rebuke you can but raise your hat in gratitude; and you are ready to forgive M. Martins all his peevishness, all his invincible blundering, for this brilliant vision of the Duke and his kitchen-knife.

His journey was a penance, and during his sojourn in what he aptly calls the "Carthaginian capitol" he knew but few moments of real happi-It is true that once he gives "vent to his sincere desire for admiration," but even then he spoils the irony by adding that "he had to bow before the greatness of this people, fated like the Romans to rule." However, his head was not long bowed, for he speedily lifts it to enunciate the obvious proposition that he is "in a bad humour." How indeed, should he be happy when on all sides he saw nothing else than gluttony and drunkenness? Other men speak; the

Englishman either grunts or hic-The Englishwoman's palate, coughs. he confesses with exquisite taste, reminds him "of salted meat swimming in sauces that scratch one's throat"; and in the presence of so gross a people "we continentals" cannot find the smallest pleasure. Whatever is not intolerable is the result of accident: "The good qualities of the English are tempered by education; the inferior ones impress us with their naturalness." So he wandered from place to place, seeing nothing and rebuking all. Now it is the Crystal Palace whereon he frowns; now he withholds the smile of satisfaction from Hampton Court. But everything, - man, architecture, atmosphere—is equally vile. When the sightseers are silent, he denounces them as a crowd of imbeciles, incapable of joy; when they are joyous, they lack the instinctive delicacy, which is the mark of the "continental proletariat." St. Paul's provokes his distaste; the Tudor style is too irregular for his chaste fancy; while Westminster Hall "has characters in common with the dwellings of those who are obliged to live in a state of divorce from ambient nature." Yet he boasts that Hampton Court "was one of the places in which he best learned to understand England." What he learned there we know not, since he has scrupulously locked it within his own breast. Did the banks of the Long Water perchance reveal to him that drunkenness is not confined to the miserable classes or to the masculine sex, and that the word genteel is ever on the Englishman's tongue? At any rate he makes these statements with charming dogmatism, and you wonder whether he fell into bad company, or whether some humourist amused himself with the ancient sport of pulling the traveller's leg. Yet despite the misery and horror of London, M. Martins did not cross the sea in vain. The British Museum was a generous reward for all his toil and all his displeasure. He visited that building with a set purpose, and he found it perfect. The Egyptian mummies "transported" him, and the marbles of the Parthenon, "in spite of the barbarity with which Lord Elgintreated them,"—a barbarity he is careful not to specify—permitted him to enjoy some moments of pure But it was neither Greece nor Egypt that tempted M. Martins to Bloomsbury; the library was his goal, and his purpose can only be described in his own words. "As to its richness in books," he writes in one of his most moving passages, "I wanted to have a proof by seeing if my own works were there, and I found them all in the catalogue." He found them all in the catalogue! Thus was the object of his journey fulfilled; and though England be drunken and gluttonous, though she be indelicate and morose, though she grunt and hiccough, though her favourite word yes is the mark of a rudimentary mind, yet she possesses the complete works of M. Oliveira Martins! And thus her ultimate salvation is assured.

But M. Martins's contentment is sudden and shortlived. The presence of his priceless works in the British Museum has not yet quickened the wit of England, and we are soon taught that "because the English have no sun they cannot be either philosophers or artists; they have not a spark of synthetic genius. . . . . In England there are painters but not painting." But M. Martins does not care; he can live without the plastic arts. "When the English lyre of the Victorian age produced poems like Aurora Leigh by Elizabeth Browning I do not want painters to make me understand it." However, even an admiration of AURORA LEIGH cannot long detain him; and he is soon off again to explain that Englishmen are sadly lacking in intelligence. It is not only patent to this "continental" Portuguese that the country, which gave birth to Newton and Lord Kelvin, knows nothing of mathematics, but he also proclaims aloud that our greatest writers are "sectarians incapable of objective history." And who are greatest writers? No one,-not even a "continental" — could ever guess; yet here it is written down in plain black and white,-Grote and Glad-Was there no friend to tell stone. this reckless humourist that Grote was a banker interested in Greek, and that Mr. Gladstone is (shall we say?) a statesman? In brief, from first to last he is pursued by a fatality of error even more remarkable than the fury of hatred which he brought with him from Lisbon. His admiration of Mrs. Browning suggests a knowledge of English poetry, and you almost wonder that he did not follow the example of that famous young person of Portugal,

Whose tastes were exceedingly nautical;
So he climbed up a tree
And looked at the sea
And vowed that he ne'er would leave
Portugal.

Yet we may be well content that he did not; for he has revealed to us our greatest writers,—Grote and Gladstone; and he has discovered, hidden away in our own Hyde Park, the Duke of Wellington, naked, unashamed, and brandishing a kitchen-knife.

M. Mourey is a traveller of a different talent and a different temper. He came to London with the sympathy which alone makes vision possible, and a determination to appreciate all that was most sincerely and patently

English. But being enslaved by a prejudice more attractive, yet no less misleading than that which possesses M. Martins, he also saw our capital in a false light. For him London is a veritable fairyland of sentiment and good-will. The ladies of the pavement are nymphs who have wandered, golden-tressed and hollow-eyed, from the pictures of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. He invests the simplest action with all the attributes of majesty and unselfishness. An inscription scrawled upon a wall reveals to him a subtle meaning hidden from the profane eyes of Englishmen. A drinkng-bar in Piccadilly serves as the text for a sermon, and he weaves a poignant tragedy round the girls who dance at West Kensington. He describes an exhibition of flowers grown in the slums with tears in his eyes, and furbishes a simple charity with the noblest emotions. But strangest freak of all, he sees the whole of London through the eyes of a Pre-Raphaelite, and he knows not that the influence of THE GERM is as dead as the pallid æstheticism of twenty years ago. The phantasy is almost incredible; a London peopled by haggard damsels, clothed in sacks of dingy silk, whose most flippant action is informed by an angular spirituality! Yet this phantasy flashes continually before the eyes of M. Mourey. A too earnest study of Rossetti has rendered him incapable of looking with simplicity at the simplest scene. On every doorstep he hoped to find a lachrymose maiden, staunching the tears of misery with her dishevelled He wandered to Oxford Street in search of De Quincey's Ann, who must be footsore by this, if she has still remained faithful to her stonypaved and stony-hearted step-mother. A house to him is not a mere dwellingplace wherein to pursue one's work and to take shelter from the storm;

it is not even a thing of ornament and elegance; it is, after the ancient formula, a reflection of somebody else's The suburban villa, to which the husband returns "after the worry and trouble of the day" is a vision "of family love and sweet content." And as M. Mourey wandered in Hammersmith perchance or in the wilds of Fulham, he "dwelt in thought on the What Mr. soul of Philip Webb"? Webb did to merit this sentimentality, we know not; but the effect upon a logical brain of an unaccustomed æstheticism is worthy of record. M. Mourey sojourned in London always mourning a national disaster. The defeat of Ladas at Newmarket was "a terrible misfortune," while the loss of the Valkyrie made him weep, and you wonder whether he exchanged confidences concerning these sporting mishaps with his devoted apostles of a forlorn medievalism. In the matter of sport, by the way, it will be noted that he had the excellent luck which seldom deserts his countrymen; it was his to witness in one week the University boat-race and a cricket-match. Not often are time and space thus annihilated to make a tourist happy.

Weighted with so many prejudices, he can describe nothing aright. his essay upon Rossetti, for whom he professes a loyal sympathy, is biassed by a wholly unjustified sensibility. The author of THE BLESSED DAMOZEL has long been an occasion for misunderstanding; while the early biographers, who rushed upon the market, represented him as an Italian saint, the later would prove him an adept at a hard bargain; and, though M. Mourey wisely avoids this indiscretion, he is unable to bring his hero down from the heaven of an effeminate For him Rossetti is still a sanctity. feeble abstraction, not a man doing his work, and taking his ease, as a

poet should. Yet he has the literature of Pre-Raphaelitism at his finger-ends, and even if he does choose his authorities with an engaging ingenuousness, here at least he should not be at fault. You are not therefore surprised at the blunders to which more worldly topics betray him. other strangers he is unable to appreciate our architecture at its proper Perhaps it is that a study of Mr. Ruskin has driven him into an unreasoning admiration of a Gothic style; perhaps it is that his sense is perturbed by that which is merely But having described in an access of enthusiasm the Tower Bridge, that outrage upon propriety and proportion as "eloquently accurate," he condemns "the dark commonplace walls of Greenwich Hospital." What would he say of an Englishman who preferred the Gare St. Lazare to the Trianon of Versailles?

M. Mourey, then, has failed, and you regret his failure, for he possesses many of the traveller's best qualities. He is armed with an invincible appreciation, and nothing can defeat his amiable approval of England and the English. But he lacks knowledge, he lacks insight, or rather his insight is so profound that he sees right through the common facts of life into motives which cannot have actuated even the decaying shadows of Pre-Raphaelitism. In brief, his book, hastily compiled, may be hastily put away, for it expresses merely a phase of his own deception, which would shift and change at a second visit. Very different in motive and design is M. Edouard Demolins's A QUOI TIENT LA SUPÉRIORITÉ DES ANGLO-SAXONS, a book which has justly perplexed and irritated the French Press. Now, M. Demolins is an openly professed Anglo-maniac, and he is haunted by the universal encroachment of the British Empire. In our success he

sees the triumph of English education and English ideas, and he is sanguine enough to believe that success will await whomsoever adopts our methods of life and policy. His appreciation is as flattering as his reason is un-Education is part of the sound. national character; and if it influences character, it is none the less born of that character which it is framed to influence. The pitiless logic of a French school is as necessary to France as our freer method is inevitable in England. Each is the result of nature and temperament, and it were easier to organise a Utopia than to change a fixed temperament by a new rule of instruction. And even if M. Demolins did realise his ambition. what would be the effect? would sacrifice the privilege of making excellent Frenchmen to the doubtful advantage of training a squad of spurious Englishmen. One would have thought that that education was best which most readily developed the national temper; one would have thought also that the experience of centuries was a surer guide than the whim of a doctrinaire. But to M. Demolins priority is a cause, and he would urge his countrymen to follow an alien example, in the vain hope that thereby they might achieve a triumph hitherto denied. Happily his countrymen could not, even if they would, accept his advice. The world is not yet threatened with uniformity; the differences which separate the French from the English character will not grow appreciably weaker, nor is it by aping the follies of a neighbour that a nation gathers strength and cultivates progress.

However gratifying the praise of M. Demolins may be to our national pride, it is wholly misdirected. Had he quoted the old catchword concerning the playing-fields of Eton, had he extolled our system of

public schools, our whole-hearted devotion to sport and the classics, his argument, though irrelevant, might have been sound. But it is not the older schools that evoke his admiration; he is even bold enough to exclaim against the tyranny of sport. He has discovered that the safety of England depends upon a private school which has only been established eight years. Moreover, the character of this institution, as unfolded by M. Demolins, is absolutely anti - English. It seems, particularly well framed for the fashioning of the prig, and its only counterpart in history is that College of Cempuis which failed to win the approbation of the French Government. But for M. Demolins the unknown is magnificent, and he is resolute in praise of all the fanciful experiments in spite, --- emphatically not on account - of which England preserves her grandeur. With an ill-starred eloquence, for instance, he admires an intellectual orgie, called a Summer Meeting, held in Edinburgh for the glorification of Social Science and those other drab studies which make not for action but for the confusion of the intellect. Thus also he wonders at the achievements of University Extension; and if only he had studied this ingenuous method of throwing dust in the people's eyes more thoroughly, he would recognise that the apostles of half culture have naught in common with the merchantadventurers who have founded our In fact, M. Demolins fell colonies. into the hands of the Philistines, who forbade him to understand the narrow, rigid, unintelligent, admirable system of education, to which we owe our conspicuous qualities of doggedness and pertinacity. Even if France were persuaded to take his counsel. she would but add a handful of smatterers to her population, and

defer indefinitely the solution of the colonial problem.

From this kindly but misguided disquisition it is pleasant to turn to Madame Daudet's Notes sur Londres. Madame Daudet has no theory to support, she is only concerned to give a quick, sincere vision of the London that she saw,—of London in its holiday guise, flooded with sunlight and brilliant with flowers. She did not stay so long in a strange land as to be tempted below the superficial aspect of things, and her gay, delightful little book is the result of a first impression, genuine and vivid. London in the season! Is it wonderful that it enchants those who are bidden to expect the darkness of a murky fog? The eager debutantes rushing to the drawing-room, the Life-Guards in their gorgeous uniforms, the perfect equipages of the Park, the splendour of the opera,— Madame Daudet describes them all with sympathetic intelligence and in a style of singular aptitude and delicacy. The justice of her observation is indeed remarkable. false ambition never persuaded her to explain what she had only glanced at, and almost alone among foreigners she carried away an accurate impression from Oxford. Above all, she was not disturbed by the customary superstitions of her countrymen; she saw without malice, and recorded without prejudice. struck her most intimately in London was neither the black atmosphere nor the universal drunkenness, which are the dominant memories of the unhappy Portuguese, but its perfect The discovery seems almost Yet how right it is! paradoxical.

If you change Paris for London, you feel an inexplicable serenity, despite the doubled traffic and the ceaseless flow of cabs and foot-passengers. But the cabs glide over wood pavements, the foot-passengers are too phlegmatic to speak loudly or to gesticulate gaily, and the result is silence. You have felt the quietude yourself a thousand times without giving it a definite expression, and it was reserved for Madame Daudet's quick insight to recognise the contrast which opposes London to Paris. Yes, it is silence,—the silence not of sleep but of smooth roads and swift activity.

Thus of all our travellers it is the least pretentious who most nearly approaches the truth. It is scarce possible to believe that the joyous city of her impression is really the Inferno of M. Oliveira Martins, who describes a horror beyond the bounds of time and place. But the eye is the willing servant of the prejudiced brain, and easily blinds itself in the service of its master. Wherefore travelling is the most difficult and delicate of the Now and again a stranger may visit London,—like Stendahl—and see strange things in a just relation. for the most of men a foreign country serves only to feed the spleen or to encourage a whim. So M. Demolins would establish a generous appreciation upon false arguments; so M. Martins would colour even the flowers of the fields with the venom of his peninsular dislike; and only Madame Daudet, who visited England with no desire of preaching or proving, is able to show us London as it appears in May to a foreign eye of sensibility and cultiva-

## THE SENTIMENT OF CHIVALRY.

BURKE AND SCOTT.

Nor the least interesting circumstance in the ever memorable year 1897 will hereafter be considered the unveiling of Sir Walter Scott's bust Westminster Abbey, and the speeches delivered on that occasion by Mr. Arthur Balfour and the American Ambassador, Colonel Hay. quires additional interest from the fact that in the same year, 1897, occurs the hundredth anniversary of the death of Edmund Burke, which took place on the 9th of July. To both of these great men may be applied without hyberbole the words of Pericles, "πᾶσα γῆ τάφος (the whole earth is their tomb)." No memorial was required to perpetuate the memory of either. Scott's tomb is in the human heart wherever in this Western hemisphere civilization and literature have found a home. It is no reproach therefore either to England or Scotland that they did not do sooner what Scott had done for himself. great man's name is once inscribed among the immortals no injury can be done to him by the postponement of an earthly monument. On the contrary, when it is intended only to express the veneration of the living the longer it is delayed the more weight The homage rendered does it possess. to Scott on the 21st of last May was the accumulated homage of two generations; and no one therefore need regret, as Mr. Balfour very justly pointed out, that no memorial of him was placed in Westminster Abbey immediately after his decease.

But the same speaker called attention to the fact that Scott is one of the very few great English men of letters

who had not to wait for the growth of their fame in other countries till they themselves had passed away. Balfour said he knew of only two others "who during their own lifetime had produced so great and so direct an effect upon the course of literature in other countries." two were Byron and Richardson. Colonel Hay bore equally strong testimony to the wide and rapid spread of Scott's popularity in America. His lines had gone out upon the earth and his words to the ends of the world. Nowhere said the American Ambassador, had his writings received a more loving welcome than in America. youth of America revelled in Scott when America was young. He had heard his father, who lived in Kentucky, say that they would saddle their horses and ride fifty miles into an adjoining county, when a new Waverley Novel was expected. "Everywhere on the continent, in the East or the West, wherever there was a pioneer settlement in a half subdued district the books most read were these romances of chivalry which Scott was pouring forth with a rich facility and kind of joyous fecundity. The romance of Courts and Princes was vividly appreciated in the prairies aud forests of the frontier where the power of democracy was supreme, and nowhere was the glamour of legend and tradition more keenly realised than in these half reclaimed districts

I have quoted this passage because it is immediately connected with what is to follow, and while directly explaining the cause of Scott's popularity,

of the earth's surface."

suggests also the cause of Byron's. Of Richardson's influence on foreign literature we need not speak now. It lies rather out of our path. But Scott and Byron were contemporaries; and what was the secret of the influence ascribed to them by Mr. Balfour, what had they in common, widely differing as they did in the class of sentiments they appealed to and in the principles which they represented? It lies almost on the surface. At the end of the last and the beginning of present century there were two movements acting on European Society, the reaction towards feudalism, and the advance towards liberal-Byron represented the last; and the peculiarity of Scott is that in a sense he represented both.

What has often struck me as an interesting fact is that scarcely had the world been told that the age of chivalry was past ere the great apostle of chivalry, the inspired artist who was to make the dry bones live, appeared on the horizon. The RE-FLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN France was published in 1790; The MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER appeared in 1802, and for many years before that Scott had been busily employed in collecting materials for it; in the words of his friend Shortreed, "he was making himself all the time." Burke died in 1797, and Scott took up the succession. in examining the state of public feeling not only in England but in Europe a hundred years ago, it is impossible not to see that Burke and Scott were fellow-workers in the same vineyard. And thus we are brought to the central point of interest, as it seems to me, in the ceremony of last May. "In what, then," said Mr. Balfour, "did Scott's greatness permanently consist? His greatness was owing, I venture to think, to the same general cause to which all greatness is due, namely, the coincidence of special and exceptional gifts with those special and exceptional opportunities in which those gifts may have the greatest and the freest play." This passage is not worded with the same accuracy as Mr. Balfour would have displayed in writing. greatness did not of course consist in his opportunities; his opportunities were the cause of his greatness. that is a mere slip. It is quite true that a hundred years ago, the hour and the man, in the language of Meg Merrilies, had both come. The reaction and the poet met together on the threshold of the nineteenth century, when the one found its bard and the other his true mission.

But Burke had struck the keynote first in his well known picture of the Queen of France. The "nation of gallant gentlemen," the "ten thousand swords leaping from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult."—in these words we hear the solitary trumpetnote proclaiming from afar that a new challenger is in the field, and that "sophists, economists, and calculators," are not to have it all their own way. Burke was perhaps as much indebted to his imagination as Scott was; but his instinct was correct. His description of the ancien régime, -" the generous loyalty to rank and . . . the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise "-agrees but remotely with Lord Chesterfield's picture of France before the Revolution. Yet however at variance with actual facts, it is not exactly false; the sentiment I believe that Burke had no particular period in his mind when he wrote these words; it was the spirit, the character of chivalry which he apostrophised. He knew what it ought to be, what it professed to be,

and this he assumed it to be. Whether it survived or not in any particular country he did not stop to enquire. Feudalism had been the cradle of chivalry. French society was constructed on a strictly feudal basis, a system to which these virtues were indigenous. And if they were smothered by weeds, he might still have supposed that a great and passionate crisis, stirring the human heart to its lowest depths, would rouse them from their lethargy.

Whatever was the case in France, the age of chivalry could not have been altogether a thing of the past in a century which witnessed the devotion of Scotland to the Stewarts and of Hungary to Maria Theresa. But causes with which Jacobitism had nothing to do had for some years been tending in the same direction, and will have to be noticed when we come to the confluence of the political and the literary movements. Scott understood this. He saw that Burke had touched a chord to which the whole nation eagerly responded, and that the spirit to which he appealed had only to be clothed with human form and exhibited in action with the reality which a poet could command to evoke a torrent of popular enthusiasm. He and Burke together smote the stony rock of eighteenth century materialism and the living water of romance gushed forth

It must not be supposed from any of the foregoing remarks that I wish to represent Scott as having taken a commercial view of the situation, or as having deliberately prepared the supply because he foresaw the demand. He could never have won the homage of millions by such a process as that. I mean only that the sentiment which he himself felt he saw that Burke had communicated to the rest of the world, and that, warmed by his eloquence, the public mind was now

ripe for the reception of ideas which he had long cherished in private. began with the belief, very natural to a writer in the year 1800, that poetry was the proper if not the only channel through which such ideas should be conveyed; and we may amuse ourselves with wondering what his future would have been had he never discovered the forgotten manuscript of WAVERLEY among his hooks and flies and fishing-lines. My own opinion is that so soon as he left off writing verse he would have found some other outlet for the poetic and romantic flame which burned within him to be absolutely necessary. He would not have competed with Byron, and he could hardly have turned the lock on his imagination for the rest of his life. He would have gone mad. Who does not re member that glorious passage in Hyperion, the picture of Asia among the other Titans:

For she was prophesying of her glory; And in her wide imagination stood Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes

By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.

The analogous visions of castles and abbeys, forests and mountains, battles and tournaments, with which Scott's wide imagination teemed would have forced him to write. He could not have helped himself.

The charm which these pictures possessed for the backwoodsmen of North America is one of the most remarkable features in the history of the Waverley Novels. It has nothing to do with the mere vulgar love of a lord which certain rather shallow satirists have imputed to the great democratic Republic. It is rather of a piece with that intense interest in the past history of the mother-country which is so amiable a trait in the modern American. It may well be,

too, that the life led by these men, such men as Colonel Hay's father lived among, face to face with Nature, and far removed from anything sordid or degrading, attuned their minds to the simple grandeur of the Waverley dramas, unspoiled by meretricious aids, and to the exhibition of those primary passions of human nature, which owe very little, in any of them, to the conventionalities of civilisation, and in the majority nothing. I have heard it said that the Waverley Novels are special favourites with sailors, and I suppose on the same principle. They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters, are conversant for the most part with phenomena that elevate and purify the mind and predispose it, as they predisposed the backwoodsmen of America, towards writers like Sir Walter Scott. And here it may be proper to add what is no detraction from the merits of either, that both Burke and Scott owed some of their immediate popularity to the highly wrought state of public feeling created by a great war in which we were fighting for our life against a formidable and most malignant enemy. two writers and the public passion acted and reacted on each other.

Burke's protest was against the vulgarity, the brutality, and the ignorance which formed the worst side of the French Revolution, as they do of all revolutions, and he never looked at the best. His imagination was taken captive by the brilliancy, the historic associations, the romantic traditions, the high-born gallantry, which constitute the finest side of the old French monarchy, and he never looked at the worst. I can entertain no doubt that his example set Walter Scott, consciously or unconsciously, upon doing In Burke's the same for feudalism. Marie Antoinette we see Scott's Mary Stewart. She too had once been as

"delightful a vision as ever lighted on this orb, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy." See her at the window of the castle after her escape from Lochleven.

"The unadorned beauties of the lovely woman, too, moved the military spectators more than the highest display of her regal state might; and what might have been deemed too free in her manner of appearing before them, was more than atoned for by the enthusiasm of the moment, and by the delicacy evinced in her hasty retreat. Often as the shouts died away, as often were they renewed till wood and hill rung again, and many a deep oath was made that morning on the cross of the sword, that the hand should not part with the weapon till Mary Stewart was restored to her rights. But what are promises, what the hopes of mortals? In ten days these gallant and devoted votaries were slain, were captives, or had fled." Who can fail to be struck with the resemblance between the two queens?

In their treatment of these two bewitching heroines Burke and Scott show themselves true exponents of the genuine principle of chivalry. This had nothing to do with questions of character or morality. It consisted in the protection of the weak against the strong, and more especially of feminine weakness against masculine violence. The knight who delivered the lady was not first to stop and cross-question her about her antecedents, to put her on her oath as to her chastity. It was sufficient that she was a woman in distress; if a lovely woman so much the better, of course, but the knight was not absolved from his duty by the absence either of virtue or beauty. Francis asked Burke, "Are you such a determined champion of beauty as to draw your sword in defence of any jade upon earth, provided she be handsome!"

The answer is, "Yes, if the jade is being brutally insulted, or cruelly and unjustly punished." Sir Philip had forgotten the origin of chivalry. So, too, Roland Græme is given to understand that he sees only in Mary of Scotland an imprisoned princess kept in durance vile by her own rebellious subjects, and that it is his duty to deliver her without asking any inconvenient questions. At the sight of beauty in distress the knight's sword "leaped from its scabbard," and it was time enough when the lady was in safety to ask for her character.

Chivalry is the friend of falling causes, of maligned beauty, of all weaker sides in general. And if it paused to argue about righteousness, the victim would be lost before an arm was raised in its defence. That question comes before another tribunal, and Burke, it is clear, was thoroughly imbued with this doctrine, possibly even more so than Sir Walter.

Burke's influence on contemporary events, on public opinion, both at home and abroad, was probably while he lived quite equal to Scott's, and of course far greater than that of either Byron or Richardson. The effect of his writings on the upper and middle classes in England was equal to Cobbett's on the lower classes, when Cobbett was a Tory. To his influence abroad we have the testimony of one of those very calculators and economists whom Burke detested; and his warmest admirers can ask no more. "It is possible," says Etienne Dumont, the Benthamite, in his SOUVENIRS SUR MIRABEAU, "that the essay of Burke may have been the salvation of Europe." Scott's influence on opinion began at a later period. The stream flowed underground for a period, and re-appeared again in the poems and fictions which are almost a literature in themselves. source of it can be traced to Burke;

but with Scott it expanded into a mighty river, fertilising barren regions both in politics and religion, and the parent of two fresh revivals which are among the most, if not the most interesting and important phenomena of the Victorian era.

The modern Anglican who allows his obligations to Scott should in future recollect to couple Burke's name with his. Newman and Keble have borne their testimony to Scott's influence on the religious revival. That Scott himself was not a sound Anglo-Catholic in Keble's sense of the word, it is unnecessary to explain; but he was the very man to have become one, says Keble, had the Church system ever been fairly placed before him. Such being the quality of his own mind and his own sympathies, it naturally follows that whenever he touches upon Church questions he should do so in a manner to enlist the sympathy of his readers. on the side of Catholic ideas, whether Roman or Anglican. Or we may If Scott's put it in another way, overmastering passion, that which, in Keble's words, made him one of the primary poets as distinguished from the secondary poets, was his passionate love of the old feudal chivalry, this is so intertwined at every point with the grand and majestic fabric of the Roman Church, that he who is mastered by the greatness of the one must be mastered by the greatness of the other, and will show that he is so, in all that he writes about it, independently of all questions of faith or doctrine. What Newman was so struck by in the

¹The distinction is taken from Aristotle, who affirms that a poet must either be possessed of some overpowering thought or emotion for which he finds a safety-valve in poetry, or else that he should have the power of transforming himself into the likeness of one so possessed and so relieving his feelings.

Roman Church, long before he thought of joining it, was its grandeur. it is unnecessary to say that Scott's appreciation of this, visible in every page that he has written in which the Church is introduced, coupled with the romance of misfortune which gilded her declining fortunes in his favourite periods, and of which he knew the use so well, must have had, as Newman declares it had, a strong predisposing effect in preparing the public mind for the great revival of Scott had taught us to think 1833. better of Romanism. breathed not a word of Anglicanism, for he knew not what it meant. But he had accustomed men to contemplate the Church as a great and venerable institution with a history and poetry of her own; and thus when the labourers came who were to separate the gold from the dross, "what was Catholic from what was only Roman," they found the soil ready for the seed.

Scott's popularity was due, Newman thought, to the "general need that was felt of something deeper and more attractive than the religion and literature of the eighteenth century; not to faithlessness, but to the craving for a fuller and deeper faith, which sympathised at once with Scott's picture of the Middle Ages setting before his readers visions which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas which might afterwards be appealed to as first principles." Newman no doubt was glad to press Scott into his own service; but he was not alone in thinking that this craving for something deeper and more attractive did exist at the period in question.

To put it in other words, Scott's novels broke up the long frost. The moral temperature was softened; the soil was loosened; new ideas on the subject of history, both civil and ecclesiastical, began to permeate society. It was felt that during the eighteenth century some valuable truths had been lost sight of, and these perceptions issued, in another direction, in a remarkable social and political movement, quite as traceable to Scott, and through Scott to Burke, as the Anglican movement. rose on the horizon just as Burke sank below it, and Scott sank below it just as Keble and Newman rose In a very short time a above it. third manifestation became visible, combining in itself both the Catholic ideas of the Tracts for the Times and the feudal ideas of the Waverley This was the culminating Burke had sounded the first point. note and proclaimed the advent of the Scott embodied in a concrete form the spirit to which Burke had appealed, the spirit of feudal chivalry. The High Churchmen carried the process a step further, and created a Catholic reaction, naturally suggested by the feudal Finally both were united reaction. in the party, for a long time underrated, but now more fully appreciated, the party of Young England.

Scott looked back to the heroic ages of Britain as Homer, the other great ballad-writer of the world, looked back to the heroic ages of Scott believed that he saw in them, as his biographer writes, "a scheme of life so constituted originally, and which his fancy pictured as capable of being so revived, as to admit of the kindliest personal contact between almost the peasant at the plough, and the magnate with revenues rivalling the monarch." Here we have the creed of Young England stated in just so many Lockhart says that Scott was thinking of the clan system, "which had never prevailed in Scotland except in the Highlands, and in his own dear Border Land." I am presumptuous enough to say that I think Lockhart was mistaken. Scott might be thinking of the clan system, but he was thinking of something else as well. The Baron of Bradwardine, Sir Everard Waverley, Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Sir Henry Lee, the Redgauntlets, did not represent the clan system,—but they did represent the feudal system. I have always thought that they represented Scott's ideal, as well as MacIvor and Rob Roy; and that it was their mode of life,—the life of country gentlemen who were the recognised maintainers of law and order in their respective districts, and who still reigned over their tenantry with feudal authority -which Scott thought capable of revival and desired to revive in his own person. As late as 1765 he represents the Redgauntlet tenantry in Cumberland as willing to take up arms for the Stewarts at the bidding of their rightful landlord. Now barring the military part of it, this was the ideal of Young England; to restore the old kindly feeling between the landed proprietors and the peasantry which lasted in England, at all events, down to the latter end of the last century, It may be thought fanciful and extravagant to trace Coningsby and Sybil up to REFLECTIONS ON THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE, the revival of Augustan Toryism to the incarnation of Augustan Whiggism. But the relations between the owners and occupiers of the soil was not, after all, the question which divided Bolingbroke from Townsend, or Wyndham from Walpole; and to my own mind the connection seems clear enough. have already traced it in detail at sufficient length to satisfy, if not to weary, the public; and I need only add that if unforeseen causes and economic troubles have prevented as yet the full realisation of those ideas which inspired so many young and able men fifty years ago, their teaching was not lost upon one of the two classes whom it was intended to influence. The country gentlemen have certainly become more alive to their duties during the present reign; and they have done so much and made so many sacrifices for the good of their tenants and labourers, that had it not been for the obstacles to which I have referred the social revival of 1845 might by this time have shown itself as successful as the religious revival of 1833.

I have said that a hundred years ago a reaction towards feudalism, and an advance towards liberalism were in progress together, and that Scott represented both. This of course was the secret of his unparalleled power. There is no necessity for saying anything more about the first. Scott's poetry represented a literary emancipation; the emancipation of English literature from the yoke of classicism which it had endured practically from the English Revolution to the French. I am myself a great lover and admirer of that school. Like Scott, I delight in THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES, in THE RAPE OF THE LOCK, and in THE DUNCIAD; but every school of literature wears itself out in time. The school whose mission it was, as Mark Pattison points out, to inculcate the value of "form" had done its work. It was beginning to run to seed, and a new development was called for. Lake School are generally regarded as its pioneers, but Scott was one of its foremost exponents, and though he adopted a line of his own and could hardly be called, as Macaulay calls Byron, "the interpreter between Wordsworth and the multitude," he did quite as much as Byron to popularise the new poetry and stimulate the demand for it, and perhaps even more. He represented the departure from old types and old canons, as much as either the author of Christabel or the author of The Excursion.

The Lady of the Mere, Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance,

had been lost and was found, and through the whole Victorian era she has been the lode-star of our highest poetry.

I may add a few words in conclusion on a point to which Colonel Hay attached particular importance, because it is one to which attention was not long ago called in this magazine in some papers on Scott's heroines. "His heroines," said Colonel Hay, "moved through his pages with womanly tact, pure of heart and delicate of speech;" and he compared them with the heroines of many modern novels who are neither the one nor the other, though they are, one

regrets to say, none the less popular on that account. Scott had the art, in which so many novelists seem deficient, of painting the passion of love in its warmest colours without mingling with the picture one shade of coarseness. But he went even beyond this. The purity which Colonel Hay so justly admires in Scott is not merely negative; it is positive. draws his heroines with such consummate skill, and such was the natural refinement of his own mind, that at the very moments when their passion betrays itself most plainly, sometimes in a moment of parting, sometimes under the pressure before which all vanishes, sometimes in a moment of highly wrought enthusiasm which carries all before it, the uppermost impression left upon the reader's mind is that of perfect innocence and tenderness, as if they walked in an atmosphere guarded by a thousand liveried angels from the intrusion of one unmaidenly thought.

T. E. KEBBEL.

# A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

# By Mrs. Fraser.

### CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Mr. Walker landed lightly on the corner of the balcony near Mrs. Barton's window, he regretted, for the twentieth time, the absence of an old friend who used to be as his good right hand on these little excursions. This trusty friend's company could no longer be enjoyed, because he would be wanted for a little job at Dartmoor for some two years to come, but the bereaved one trusted to luck to replace him. Luck had been kind lately, and probably something would happen to create a diversion and call Mrs. Barton out of her room just when he wished to enter it.

This childlike trust was justified. Mr. Walker, crouching in his corner, was not pleased to hear steps, cautious, soft steps, come along the What was his amazement on beholding a gigantic figure, dressed in loose white, and supported on an unmistakable pair of dress-trousers, come and plant itself in the full light which streamed through Mrs. Barton's window! The giant staggered painfully, and then proceeded to wave its arms about in wild menace, some faint gleams of phosphorus still showing in a cavernous paper skull which wagged mournfully from side to side. It made one unsteady stride close to the window, and a shrick was heard from within. Then the creature resolved itself into two people, flying for their lives round the other corner of the balcony; there was a rush of footsteps and the bang of a door, and the patient Walker knew that his opportunity had come, and that some unknown accomplices had frightened Mrs. Barton out of her room for him.

In ten seconds he was inside the apartment, and his practised eye had recognised the precious parcel, ready wrapped in its white silk handkerchief, peeping out from under the unpressed pillow. He stayed for no more; thrice before he had seen it without being able to secure it, and he had no desire to try for anything else this time. A minute had not passed after he entered until he was out again, sliding down his water-pipe like a streak in the darkness, and well off and away before the alarm was given.

But that followed quickly. Harry had hardly kicked the Crusader's redstained robes under the bed before steps came down his passage, and Sir Francis in his smoking-jacket rapped at his door. "There's been a robbery," he said sternly. "Burglar,—frightened Mrs. Barton out of her room and taken her diamonds,—come and help catch him."

Harry's knees smote together, and his face of horror might have struck Sir Francis, had the latter not been half way down the passage by this time; he did not like his cousin or approve of him, but there was no reason why Harry should not be made to help to catch a burglar. The tardiness with which Mr. Surtees responded to the call did not better him in Sir Francis's opinion. It took several minutes for him to collect himself and come downstairs; by that time the master of the house and most of the servants were running about the

grounds with lights in their hands, calling to each other in a way which would have shown the least experienced thief exactly how to avoid capture. Harry lingered a moment, and then decided to stay on the steps; after all somebody should see to the safety of the house. After Mrs. Barton had fled screaming from the pretty spectacle which Roy had prepared for her, she remembered her cherished jewels, and had dragged the first person she met (who happened to be Sir Francis coming up from the smoking-room) back with her to rescue them. He, much puzzled and trying in vain to understand what had happened, accompanied her reluctantly. With a firm grip on his arm she pulled him in, and glancing, shuddering, at the window, made for her pillow. When she withdrew her empty hand from under it her face was grey, but all her presence of mind had returned. She pointed to the open window, to an overturned chair, and gasped: "A thief,-got in,-took my diamonds,-they were under the pillow in a handkerchief,—make haste, -after him!"

Then Sir Francis understood, and roused the house, while Mrs. Barton broke into hysterical weeping, and was soon surrounded by the other women, Lady Marston, the maids, and even Kitty, who came with a bad conscience and was most kind in finding the sal volatile. When Lily came to herself enough to describe what had occurred, Kitty was dumb with consternation, but also awestruck at Roy's courage in carrying out his practical joke all alone and to such unheard-of completeness. He must be found at once, and made to put the diamonds back at the very first opportunity.

But Roy was out and away with his father, and Kitty sought for him high and low, and at last with a beating heart opened the drawers of the schoolroom table. Beyond a strong smell of phosphorus and some snippings of cardboard she found nothing. The folded white garment was gone, and she began to be very much frightened as to what would She had not dreamed that happen. he meant to get the thing going so He had given her to understand that the next night would see the first of Mrs. Bombazine's little scares, and, sad to say, Kitty had rather looked forward to dressing him up, though, as she truthfully told him, she had no idea of taking part in the actual performance, for that was altogether too risky. And now the atrocious young scapegrace had managed it all without her, and had introduced into it an element of sensation which she would have sternly forbidden. gracious, where had he put those wretched diamonds? Was he carrying them about in his torn jacket-pocket at this minute? How could she get at him, and make him replace them, before he was caught and held up to obloquy and disgrace? Who would ever believe the truth, that he had only taken them to frighten Mrs. Barton, without an idea of keeping them more than a few hours at most?

Perhaps Kitty's anxiety might have died of anger had she known how Roy had used her name to carry out his precious joke; but she was a loyal little person, and would probably have taken no less pains to shield him on that account, reserving to herself the right to punish him afterwards for his treason to herself. As it was, she was in a fever of excitement and trouble, and began to prowl carefully about all their usual haunts, to find out where he had hidden the guilty Crusader. She even went out and round the balcony, peering with lighted matches in all the recesses, but found nothing save an extremely filthy red handkerchief with some tobacco tied into one corner,—a souvenir of Mr. Walker, who had dropped it as he crouched, waiting for the opportunity which Roy had so kindly provided for him.

Kitty kicked the rag over with her foot, groaning at her brother's depravity, and then went for a newspaper. She carefully shovelled up the relic and wrapped it in crackling folds of The Times before she carried it away, to drop it with the utmost caution down an unused stove-pipe, which she had found an excellent receptacle for peach-stained handkerchiefs and such-like compromising rubbish. Mr. Charles Walker was really in luck to-night.

Meanwhile some of the unsuccessful thief-catchers returned to the house, and Harry picked up enough from them to understand what had happened. Was there ever such d-d bad luck as his? His own part in the catastrophe made it impossible for him to betray the shameless Roy, and meanwhile there was that horrid heap of plunder under his bed, waiting for the inspection of the morning housemaid? What on earth was to be done? Good gracious, they would take him for the thief, Mrs. Barton's friend. Francis Marston's cousin, the smart, straight man who had never been caught out in a bad scrape yet! He remembered how he had admired those odious diamonds, and that Barton had told him their value and history. He was hard pressed for money, his tradesmen would give evidence to that,—and here his head began to reel, and he crept staggering back to his room. Arrived there, an idea struck him. Why not carry the compromising things down to the schoolroom, and leave them there for Roy to deal with? Of course, that was the sensible thing to do! So, with untold repugnance, Harry,

after double-bolting his door, went down on his knees and fished that fateful Crusader out from under the bed. He was all there, and the wrathful Harry had an opportunity of admiring the ingenious arrangement of the headpiece, a kind of double helmet made of cardboard with glaring holes for eyes and mouth, and bits of shoe-laces to tie it together at the sides. This was evidently not Master Roy's first attempt at manufacturing a ghost.

As Harry rolled and compressed the voluminous garment into the smallest possible space, he gave more than one longing glance at the stout cane, which had fallen on the chair after his failure to thrash the imp. When the parcel was safely rolled up, Harry wrapped it in his overcoat, and tried to lay it across one arm in an easy, careless fashion. Under the other he tucked his stick on the chance of meeting Roy alone, and came cautiously out of the room. He looked up and down the corridor where a low gas jet was burning, and seeing no one, sped on as fast as his feet would carry him to the schoolroom. There also a glimmer of light in the passage just showed him the door, but within was pitch darkness. That did not matter; he made his way to the table, and carefully unwrapping his parcel, laid it down, as near as he could guess, in the middle, then quietly slipped away, closed the door and regained his own room unseen, and more in the mood for saying his prayers than he ever remembered being in before.

But he did not feel easy in this devotional frame of mind, and smoking it down with a cigarette, he turned into bed. Where was the use of losing his sleep? He had quite a fellow-feeling for that wretched burglar, who would of course only be caught by the

police, if he were caught at all. The catching was not Mr. Surtees's business at all events; and really Mrs. Barton's diamonds did not matter, so long as he was not suspected of taking them.

Mrs. Goodwin had made some tea in the dead of night, and under its soothing influence she and three of the maids were recovering their composure. was now quite two o'clock, and the house was almost still. Mrs. Barton had been persuaded to lie down in Lady Marston's room, for nothing would induce her to go back to hers. Kitty, not a bit afraid of the burglar, who was no other, as she firmly believed, than Roy, sat patiently on the stairs, waiting for his return. Sir Francis was still out, looking for the thief, and Roy was with Some of the men had been left on guard in case any of Mr. Walker's friends were still concealed on the premises. Sir Francis had never seen Roy so much in earnest and was pleased with his manly ways. felt that heaven was being too kinda burglar-chase after such a screaming success as the Crusader! It behoved him to make the most of it.

So the maids were stirring their tea and also making the most of it, and Mrs. Goodwin asked as she put down the teapot, "And did Mr. Surtees go with Sir Francis?"

"No, he didn't," said Emma Jane; "he's a bold, bad man, Mrs. Goodwin!"

"Why, whatever do you mean, dear?" cried the other members of the party, delighted and astonished.

Emma Jane pursed up her mouth and raised her eyes to heaven; then she took a sip of scalding tea.

"I am surprised," said Mrs. Goodwin stiffly; "are you sure, Emma?"

"That I am, Mrs. Goodwin," replied Emma proudly; "and if you'll promise not to mention it, I'll tell you what I know. Well, last night as I was tidying up the schoolroom, who walks in but my gentleman, for a little conversation, I suppose. He looks at me very sweet, and says he: 'My good girl'"—

"Law, did he say that?" broke from one of her listeners.

"That he did," replied Emma Jane.
"'My good girl, I've got a little present
for you, but I want something for it!'
And then he tried to put his arm round
my waist, and I says, 'I'm a respectable girl, Mr. Surtees, and you keep
your place and I'll keep mine, if you
please.'"

"Quite right," came the approving chorus.

"And then," went on the mendacious Emma, "he kind of slunk away frightened, and I marched out of the room without so much as lookin' at But he's been trying it on again to-night! Just now---" She spoke in a whisper and the others leaned forward to listen-"Just now as I was coming up here, what do I see but Mr. Surtees, creeping along the passage like a cat, with a parcel under his arm, a white parcel, sticking out from something he had wrapped it up in. he comes, tiptoe, and me behind, more tiptoe still, you may be sure. Miss Kitty's door (only I suppose he thought it was mine) he stops, and,-I tell you, I couldn't believe my eyesopens it, and marches in as bold as a lion. I waited for him. Out he comes in two minutes, parcel gone, his coat all loose on his arm, and away he runs without ever seeing me, back to his own room. Miss Kitty was downstairs, so I whips inside and lights a candle, and there in the middle of her bed is a great bundle of white stuff with red trimmings,—as if I'd wear a gaudy thing like that! We'll just see what Miss Kitty says to it. I let it lie."

"Serve him right," said the lady's maid enviously. "You've found him out, Emma. I knew he was bad from the minute I clapped eyes on him. There's my lady's bell again; you come down with me, Emma; I can't face the stairs by myself, I'm shaking still!"

Away they went, and Mrs. Goodwin remarked to the one who remained: "She'd have taken it if it had been a silk dress. She's a real artful one is that Emma!"

Thus was Harry's reputation sworn away; and the edifying tale was in full circulation at Ryestock for several years after the event, which never took place.

## CHAPTER XIII.

MEANWHILE to Kitty, sitting forlornly on the stairs waiting for her brother, there came a visitor. Mr. Jamieson, returning home late at night, had been told the tale of the robbery by his excited servants; such news flies apace through a quiet country-side. At once he walked over to Ryestock to see if he could be of any help to his friends. Sir Francis had always been kind to him, and as for Kitty, well, Kitty had suddenly decided for him several questions which he had, till a short time ago, considered open ones.

It was owing to Kitty that he was now absolutely certain that he could never have cared for a girl who had not hair of burnt gold and eyes like grey cornflowers,—that the future Mrs. Jimmy must have a sweet laughing mouth and little brown hands, and be every inch a maid of the sea-in fact, conclusions had narrowed down to one palpitating point,—unless Kitty would be Mrs. Jimmy, that lady would never exist at all. All this had been making itself very clear to him of late; a light had been set to the love-beacon which had taken all these years to build, and it flamed up suddenly and filled his sky. His face was warm

and aglow with its fires as he entered the hall, and came to where she sat on the stairs; and when she turned a very woe-begone little countenance up to him, he wanted to take her to his heart then and there, and promise his darling that she should never have a trouble again.

Poor Kitty had had an unhappy day. She had been behaving badly, had been cross first, and then, humiliating confession, had allowed that silly old Harry to make one or two pretty speeches, had been pleased to see that he admired her, and now she was miserable. There was a sting of shame, or remorse, or something quite as unpleasant, pricking at her heart; there had been a disloyalty somewhere, and though she would not put a name to it, she was longing to have done with it and be herself again.

But when she found Jimmy standing before her, with his dear kind face full of ruth for her trouble, with both hands stretched out to her, and his eyes holding hers in compelling tenderness, she knew what her disloyalty had been because her true allegiance was fully revealed; she looked at him for a moment and understood it all; and then she hid her face in her hands and began to weep bitterly at her own unworthiness.

"Kitty, dear Kitty," he cried in dismay, "did I frighten you? What a stupid brute I was to come in so suddenly!"

"No, no," sobbed Kitty, who must have been shaken by the night's excitement, for crying was not a habit of hers in general, "it is not your fault,—it is mine,—my own horrid fault, and I feel perfectly miserable. Go away, please!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Jimmy, sitting down beside her on the step; "I am going to find out what it is all about, and put it right for you. Look at me, Kitty."

"I can't," said Kitty. "I've been,—oh such a wretch, and I hate myself and everybody,—that is——" the sentence finished with another sob.

"Come, dear,"—Jimmy coaxed her as if he were talking to a child, and gently tried to pull her hands away from her face; "there, that's better," he said, as she showed him eyes full of tears and a mouth whence the smiles were banished. "Tell me all about it, won't yoh? I like wretches,—most awfully you know,—and you can trust me."

But Kitty's cheeks burned hot at the thought of telling Jimmy that Mr. Surtees had told her that she was lovely, and wanted to hold her hand, and asked her to meet him in the conservatory—no! She rose from her low seat, and he rose with her. "There's nothing to tell," she said, looking up into his face as he still held her two hands. "One may be bothered into fits, and cry a little at the end of it, mayn't one?" And her eyes met his defiantly.

He did not answer, but shook his head gently and kept his eyes on hers, as if asking a question. She quailed, and then tried to brave it out; but her own lids drooped and her mouth began to quiver, and the truth suddenly burst from her heart and would not be choked down. "It's because you are so good and true, and I know you are going to despise me,—but I believe old cousin Harry thought I was going to—firt—with him, and all the time——"

"And all the time, Kitty?" Jimmy seemed to insist on the end of the sentence, and his eyes were asking gravely for the truth.

Kitty pulled away her hands with a jerk and turned crimson. "It's none of your business," she said shortly.

"Oh, isn't it?" he cried. "Now I'll finish the sentence for you, Kitty, dear little Kitty; you say it after me."

She looked up at him in amazement, for his voice was ringing with uncontrollable triumph. "Say it after me," he repeated, coming a step nearer and smiling down on her; "and all the time I cared for nobody but Jimmy, and though he isn't good enough to kiss my little shoes—you aren't saying it, Kitty!"

"Jimmy, how can I?" Kitty cried between tears and laughter.

"Not good enough to kiss my little shoes,—I love him with all my heart, just as he loves me,"— here her hands were in his again, held in a masterly clasp,—"and I will never care for anybody else in the whole wide world."

And then, since Kitty was silent and trembling, the young man took her very close to his heart to comfort her, and whether she spoke or not was quite immaterial after that, for Jimmy was apparently satisfied.

But now steps on the gravel were heard, and the two flew apart as if a shell had dropped between them. Francis came in, fuming and disappointed. The thief had got away without leaving a trace behind him. but it was to be hoped that the police would lay hands on him to-morrow. The strongest confidence was to be placed in Englefield, the Inspector, he told Jimmy, who tried to look duly sympathetic. While Sir Francis was talking, Roy shot past him and pinched Kitty's arm with great promptitude, laying a finger on his lips and glaring at her terrifically.

Hardly knowing what he meant, for she was still dazed and breathless from that first flight on the wings of Love, and had forgotten for the moment all the common things of earth, she slipped away to her room, where she found the guilty Crusaderlying on her bed. It seemed quite natural that Roy should have left her to dispose of him, and she was sufficiently mistress of herself to bestow

him safely in the stove-pipe where many another accusing witness had gone before. But she did not stop to perplex her mind with seeking an explanation of the strange events of the night; it was something far more new and wonderful which kept her awake till the summer dawn,—which sent her to sleep at last with wet eyelashes and a smile on her lips.

I

And so peace finally descended on the troubled house. Poor Mrs. Barton had fallen asleep under the influence of a generous dose of chloral administered by Lady Marston, who always had her wits about her in an emergency. The cause of all the trouble, Roy himself, came condescendingly to impart the news of the latest developments to Harry. Sitting on the edge of the bed, the light-hearted young gentleman gave Mr. Surtees a lively account of the robber-hunt in the park, and seemed to take no blame whatever to himself for the loss of the diamonds. Harry was by this time so completely crushed by remorse for his own culpability, that he had quite given up all idea of chastising his tempter, and they speculated together in an awestruck but friendly way as to what could have happened to mix up Roy's ingenious joke with a professional burglary.

"I hope to goodness they will get them back," said Roy, referring to the jewels; "it will look awfully queer if they don't, and if anybody comes to know what we were doing just then, won't it?"

Harry groaned.

"Oh well," said Roy, jumping up, "I expect it will all come right in the end; things generally do, somehow; good-night, I mean good-morning; I'm off to bed." And he disappeared.

Somebody else was off too, and had completely disappeared, but not with Roy's light heart and happy confidence in the future. Mr. Walker had been very much disgusted to find that the household was so quickly roused, and that his retreat was likely to be ham pered by warlike keepers and shouting grooms. He all but fell into the arms of two of the former as he sped down the shady side of the avenue. Francis, who was a zealous upholder of the game-laws, had roused the men by a long and piercing whistle kept for great occasions. Mr. Walker had only just time to drop aside into a laurel bush, and from there to double back through a bit of shrubbery and make for the side of the grounds facing the sea. He had already decided on this course, should he be prevented from slipping out in time to the safer high-road with its tributary network of lanes. Having carefully examined his ground earlier in the day, he knew precisely the point to make for, and in a very few minutes had reached the little gap where Kitty had stood in the moonlight the night before. Just now the moon was veiled with heavy clouds, and the thief thought he could make good his escape from this side, where no road ran and where his pursuers would be less likely to look for him. He was barefoot, carrying his boots round his neck in a bag, so as to leave fewer traces and run the He jumped down from the gap with a soft thud on the grassy path, paused one instant to button his jacket tighter over the pocket that hid his prize, and to get a firmer grip on an ugly black revolver that he had been carrying loosely, and turned to run along under the wall, to reach the sedges and alders which marked the hollow of the next dip. As he did so he heard voices issuing from an unseen gate three or four hundred yards behind him. Without turning his head, under cover of the wall and the darkness, he flew over the intervening space, and at last crept on all fours under a heavy tangle of growth along the bed of a tiny stream which here trickled down to the sea. He had very nearly reached the bottom when the men seeking him passed along the top of the rise. He could hear their voices come nearer, and then, to his infinite relief, pass on. They had not thought of beating the little thicket so far down the hill. As they were two, and seemed to be carrying guns, he was glad that he had not had to face them.

He was safe for the moment, and had time again to regret the absence of his old friend who had not been able to accompany him. Still, one can hide where two cannot, and perhaps it was just as well that the extreme simplicity of the arrangements at Ryestock had tempted him to try the job alone, in spite of the keepers and their guns. At any rate, those pretty things in his pocket were all for him. He wished he could get away somewhere quietly, to knock them out of their settings. All was still now; he would be getting on a bit if possible.

Cautiously he raised his head and looked around; there were voices up there in the grounds, and, more than once, a light flashed in an opening of the hedge. He was too near the place still. So he went further on, always creeping and stooping, until he found himself on the shore, where the wet stretches of sand looked dull and ugly in the cloudy night. one would think of coming there; it seemed too open, and in that lay his safety. Always trying to put more space between himself and the house he walked on, upright now and almost If he could find some confidently. spot near at hand to shelter in, he would wait till the hue-and-cry were over, and calmly take his ticket back to town the next day. Nobody had seen him, and so nobody could identify him.

He had been moving westward for some time along the shore when the clouds lifted for a little, and he could make out, before him, something like an island, covered with low bushes, standing out at sea. It appeared uninhabited, for there was enough light to show that no building rose on its What a pity that he low shores. could not reach it! With a handy boat to return in, it would have made an excellent shelter for a fugitive who was anxious to escape notice. Unfortunately there were no means of reaching it; and so, not daring to face the roads now that so many pursuers were on his track, he made the best he could of some shrubs and brushwood growing near the shore, crept into a sandy nest under their shelter, and waited patiently.

Before long all was quiet, and so was Mr. Walker. He had fallen asleep, and did not wake till the early morning, which rose grey and He sat up with a start, stormy. felt for his loot in his pocket, and then rubbed his eyes with a bewil-What had been a dered gesture. reach of sea at two in the morning was a stretch of wet sand now, from which the water was still ebbing away; and what had seemed an island last night resolved itself into a tongue of land, sufficiently lonely looking to suit the most exclusive evil-doer, and quite accessible on foot.

Hastily Mr. Walker reviewed his chances. Low tide now meant low tide at twilight; better give the country-side another twelve hours in which to quiet down, better lie invisible for a little longer, and get away as the twilight came on. Quickly he crossed the wet sands, which sank and bubbled under his feet, and in a few minutes he had reached the place. He climbed to the highest crest of its sandy dome, and could see no signs of life any-

where about him. A deserted hut stood up like a black tombstone a few yards away. He approached it softly, and finding the crazy door half open, thought he might venture to strike a match. It showed him a rough shed where fishermen's nets were hanging against the wall; a stone hearth under a hole in the roof was piled with wreckwood, and there was a heap of lobster-creels in a corner. Everything was dry and covered with sand; it looked as if no one had visited it for many months.

Mr. Walker closed the door as well as he could, and sank down on the nets and creels to seek a little well-earned repose.

## CHAPTER XIV.

KITTY's impenitent brother paid a visit to her room before breakfast the next morning, just to make sure that she would not give utterance to any compromising remarks during that meal. She received him far more graciously than he deserved. Her heart was singing like a cage full of larks, and it seemed as if the sun had risen never to set again.

"Good morning, Kit," said Roy strolling up to her dressing-table with his hands in his pockets. "Taming the fireworks, eh? What a wig it is!" For Kitty was standing between him and the light brushing her hair, and it was flying in twisted golden threads in every direction, framing her in a haze of flame.

"What on earth were you doing last night, Roy," she asked, "and where are Mrs. Barton's diamonds? You must give them to me, and I will put them back at once."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Roy, very indignant. "I haven't got her beastly diamonds! Didn't you understand? It was a burglar who got in, and away too, before we could catch him."

"I dare say!" returned Kitty incredulously. It took some time for her brother to convince her that he was not humbugging, as she expressed it. "That makes it ever so much worse," she said when she was at last obliged to believe him; "that means they are really gone. And what was it that you were doing last night then? I am glad I had nothing to do with your idiotic pranks anyhow!"

"You had much more to do with them than you think," said her brother, remembering Mr. Surtees' impassioned remarks. "I say, Kit, I suppose you found the togs and put 'em away extra safe? It might be awkward if they picked them up. Harry says he put the bundle on the schoolroom table, but it's not there now. I've been to look, hours ago."

"The things are safe enough, but they were on my bed, not on the table at all; and what has Cousin Harry to do with it?" Kitty's brow went into a frown at the mention of his name.

"Oh, I don't know; it's none of your business anyway, Miss Inquisitive. I say, wasn't he saying something to you about desert islands the other day? Seems to me I heard him tell you——"

"And that's none of your business!" said Kitty turning angrily on him.

"Well, I think it is," said Roy. "Because I just happened to be passing, you know, and I heard him say exactly the same thing to Mrs. Ebford Barton last night,—called her ducky darling or something, and swore he would rather be alone with her on a desert island than,—oh, you know the regular thing! And then he kissed her hand hard and she went off grinning with happiness."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Kitty. She was woman enough to be furious at the revelation, though she would

have wished never to see the offender again.

"And then," said Roy, "I just came on him in the dark, don't you know, afterwards, when I had the long gown on, and he thought I was you, and he called me a ducky darling and wanted to kiss me!"

"Roy!" cried Kitty with her cheeks on fire, "and didn't you knock him down?"

"Well, no, I didn't," said Roy; "it wouldn't have suited me just then," and the monkey chuckled at the remembrance of Harry's frantic efforts to keep him from slipping off his shoulder; "but afterwards, when we got into the light, you know, I showed him who I was, and he just turned green!"

"He knows what you were doing then? He is sure to tell,—horrid cad!"

"He may be a cad, but he won't tell, for the best of reasons," replied Roy, looking very wise; "and don't you go and tell him what I told you about his billing and cooing with old Mother Bombazine! My, didn't she yell last night!"

Roy departed, leaving Kitty with tears of anger in her eyes. "It's just what I deserved," she said to herself, "just exactly what I deserved for ever letting him speak to me like that! What would Jimmy say? I believe he would want to kill him! I wish I could, horrid, treacherous wretch! Oh bother, there's the gong!"

There had been no regular breakfast that morning, and to Kitty's relief Mrs. Barton did not come down to lunch. Mr. Surtees was so late that Kitty had left the table by the time he appeared. He joined her soon afterwards as she stood bareheaded on the lawn; and as he approached he looked so meek and beseeching that her wrath melted a little and gave place to wholesome laughter. There was something so very ridiculous about the whole thing.

"I hope you were not frightened last night, Kitty," he began. "I did not catch sight of you at all."

"That must have been because you were frightened yourself," said Kitty mercilessly. "I saw you pass once, but I was in the hall for hours. No thanks, I wasn't frightened, except by Mrs. Barton's screams; they were awful."

Harry looked uncomfortable and changed the subject. "What a lovely morning," he said inanely.

"Yes," she replied, while her eyes danced with a sudden gleam of mischief; "wouldn't you like to come out for a sail?"

"Of course I would," cried the delighted Harry; "but I thought ir Francis——"

"Oh, that only applies to the high seas," said this naughty girl; "I will take you on the river. Good morning, Mrs. Barton, are you all right again?"

Mrs. Barton was very much cast down by the loss of her jewels, and looked tired and haggard after the emotions of the night. But she had seen the meeting on the lawn, and had made superhuman efforts to come down quickly and draw Harry out of temptation. "Oh, yes, thanks," she replied, "only a little shaken, you know. The fresh air will cure all that. Did you say you were going for a sail?"

"Just a little one on the river," Kitty answered, with a funny look on her face; "won't you come? The boat will hold three."

Harry turned away and swore, vehemently but inaudibly, to some neighbouring roses. Then he said aloud, without looking at Mrs. Barton, "I thought you couldn't bear going on the water."

"Kitty will put me down if I don't

like it, won't you, Kitty? It won't be rough on the river."

"Smooth as a pond," said Kitty; "but you had better come in and get a hat. You will wait for us, Cousin Harry, won't you?"

"Till to-night if you like," murmured Harry tenderly; "only be sure to come back."

Kitty pretended not to hear, and led Mrs. Barton away with rather a stern expression on her own fresh face. Harry was to be punished for his sins, and Mrs. Barton might help him to bear it if she liked.

I am afraid there is no denying the fact that Miss Marston had made up her mind to do a very wrong thing, and to disobey her papa most auda-And that too, in the face of certain squally-looking clouds and perturbations of the barometer, which told her practised eye that Sir Francis's gale was arriving at last and might burst upon them at any moment. She glanced at the clouds as she stood for a minute on the steps, and obeyed a cry of conscience so far that she fetched a warm waterproofcloak from the hall and silently gave it to Mr. Surtees to carry; Mrs. Barton's fluffs and frills would be pounded to pulp if that little black cloud meant anything serious. For a moment she almost hesitated, thinking of what Jimmy would say; but then a look at Harry's handsome selfsatisfied face, and the recollection of what Roy had told her, made her hurry on, with a resolve to start being very good for the rest of her life so soon as this one bit of insubordination should be done with. could not give this up.

No one saw them go, for the household was scattered in different directions at this hour. Mrs. Barton walked slowly, gathering up her rustling skirts and displaying what Sir Francis called paper shoes and lace

stockings. She picked her way with difficulty over the fifty yards of loose pudding-stones which led to the boathouse door, but nothing could turn her back so long as Harry went on. Kitty unlocked the door and led the way under the damp roof to where a few wet and slippery steps led down to the little boat, which was rocking and tugging at its chain and not at all easy to get into.

Kitty requested Harry to take the tiller, and she unshipped a pair of long sculls and with three or four rapid strokes they shot out into midstream.

"The tide has turned," she said; "we will go with it a bit. Steer for the point, please, Cousin Harry," and she pointed down the river to where a red rock broke in a sharp precipice over the water, and big trees crept to the top to look over the edge.

Quickly and silently Kitty shipped her mast and rigged her one tiny sail, slipping the sheet round the cleat and holding the end in her hand. The breeze filled the canvas in a moment, and they were scudding down stream at a racing pace with a little whisk of spray rising from their bows.

"You don't steer properly, Cousin Harry; luff there!" cried Kitty, as a little too much water came on board. "Here, let me have the tiller, I always manage alone."

Harry ignominiously gave up his place and seated himself with great caution beside Lily Barton, as Kitty silently commanded. And Kitty, happy in her element and enjoying the run for its own sake, took them straight down the river, and, before they knew it, out to sea.

"Oh," screamed Mrs. Barton, clutching at the seat as they met the swell, "oh,—please, is this quite safe?"

"Perfectly," replied the skipper; "you didn't expect me to sail against the tide, did you?" Harry did not say anything yet, but he did not quite like the look of things either. The sky was getting fuller and fuller of black ragged clouds, and the sea was of a sickly green with a white streak on the horizon. But Kitty, without even glancing at her passengers, held on her way. Indeed she had enough to do to keep them all fairly dry, and though there was as yet no actual danger, the slip of a boat was dancing along in a way very disturbing to a landsman's feelings.

Harry glanced at his companions. Kitty looked lovely, with the lurid light of cloud and sea in her eyes, a touch of spray on her hair, and her cheeks glowing crimson with the wind's sharp kiss. Her lithe figure gave to every leap of the boat, and her little hands were firm on tiller and sheet.

Mrs. Barton presented a different spectacle. White and wan, in her eyes that agony of apprehension only produced by impending sea-sickness, she dared not even speak to ask to go home, lest fate should overtake her. Harry was sorry for her and felt anything but comfortable himself. "I think, perhaps, we had better go back," he ventured to say. "Mrs. Barton seems tired." Lily gave him a grateful glance. Kitty looked round surprised. "Oh, I am sorry," she said. "Just hold on a minute, and I'll put you off on the Warren; you can rest there, Mrs. Barton. We are close to it, you see."

She had been heading for a flat desolate piece of land which lay a little out from the mouth of the river. At low tide it was connected with the mainland by a stretch of sand, rich in eels and unsavoury to smell. Just now, at the flood,—for the tide (Walker's tide) had only turned half an hour ago—it was an island of sand and scrub, with one or two

empty huts on it and an innumerable company of rabbits, whence its name.

"Oh do," said Harry with a gasp, and then also relapsed into silence.

Another ten minutes of waltzing with the waves, and Kitty had brought up in a little inlet where a few stones provided a rough landing-place. "Get Mrs. Barton off," she commanded, and Harry got out nimbly enough, holding out his hand to the pale lady who staggered after him, her handkerchief to her lips and her dress dragging where it liked.

"Here, take the cloak," called Kitty, as the two stood above her. Harry reached down for it and she looked up into his face. "Poor old Robinson Crusoe!" she said mockingly, and with a resolute shove sent her boat out on the heaving swell.

"Oh, I say, aren't you coming back?" Harry shouted in sudden alarm.

Kitty turned and looked at him from over her shoulder. She was sitting in the stern, making for the open water. "By and by," she cried; "when Mrs. Barton is rested."

"Where is she going?" asked that lady when Harry unwillingly returned to her side.

"Heaven knows," he answered gruffly; "I believe she's got the devil on board."

He did not like the situation at all. But Mrs. Barton, delivered momentarily from the horrors of seasickness, did not find it objectionable. "Come a little further on," she begged. "We can sit down under that bush and have a good talk."

"Oh Lord," groaned Harry in his heart, "I might just as well have stopped in town!"

"Stay there, my little dears," said Kitty to herself facing seawards. "I have brought you to your blessed desert island at last, Master Harry,
—now I'm going to enjoy myself."

Away she sped, a white streak on the water, telling herself that should only be for minutes longer, just a few minutes till Morelock Point came in sight, and she could see the coast-guard station; then she was a little under the lee of an outlying spur of hills and the growing sou'wester tearing up the channel left her alone for a spell and—what a pity to turn back then! She knew what Sir Francis had said, but had she not obeyed the spirit of his command by putting off her cockney cargo? Even he had never before forbidden her to sail alone; she had done that for years.

So she went in and out from shelter to seaboard, from calm to billow; but the gale seemed to be rising, the rain, of which she had refused to take any notice, began to fall more heavily. She realised that the time had come to really turn back and take those two out of quarantine. She hoped they had had a little fright at least, that they had allowed themselves to wonder once or twice whether she meant to leave them there all night.

And then, though she half lowered her sail and tacked in the most approved manner, she found that she could not go about. The little craft seemed not to answer to the helm and was tearing away up channel in a race before the wind. A sudden whirl of it had caught Kitty, and had torn her hat off and sent it spinning along the water which was covered with short white streaks and angry to look at now. It seemed that a strong current was running out of the bay where she had just put in; it was carrying her on much faster than she had ever sailed before, straight away from home and friends and enemies too, Heaven only knew

whither! Her colour died down for a moment as she realised what had happened, but she was a valiant lass, and did not lose her head. With one hand she got the sail down and out of harm's way, while the other held the tiller to keep the boat from swinging round and taking the seas on her beam. One broke pretty well over her, drenching Kitty very thoroughly; but she winked the water out of her eyes and managed to unship one of her long sculls, though she was afraid that she could not do much with it in such rough water. Still she tried a stroke or two with her right hand, -the other was glued to the tillerand found to her joy that it steadied the craft at once. Oh, for another pair of hands, even Roy's, on board! Then an idea came into her head, and she shipped her scull for a minute, fastened a bit of rope securely to the little helm, and tied it to a hole in the bench; then she carefully got out both sculls and began to row in good even strokes in a diagonal direction across what she thought must be the current from the bay, out to the open. Her experience told her that a current which had caught her so suddenly and near land, could not be a very wide one, and that if she could but get across it she could turn, and either row home, or put into some little harbour on the Her arms were strong and she had done as much before, and she must get out of this at all costs, for here the shore was a mass of ugly rocks sending long spines out into the sea; nothing could save the poor Midget if she were washed up there!

Kitty knew now, as her hair blew into her eyes, and her hand grasped the slippery sculls, and she heard the captive helm push and strain against the cord, that she had done a perfectly unjustifiable thing in coming

out at all in such weather, and perhaps a worse one in disobeying her father's express command solely for the sake of punishing Harry Surtees for having, as she put it to herself, tried to make a fool of her. He and Mrs. Barton were quite safe, though they would probably be soaked by the rain which was beginning to sweep in grey sheets over the surging sea; but Kitty herself was, as she well knew, in considerable danger,—and life had just begun to grow so sweet! Was it to be flung away now for a mere piece of school-girl's spite? And oh, where was Jimmy?

Her bitter thoughts and the salt spray and the growing storm did not make her work for one moment less hard at her oars, or take her keen eyes off the point she was trying to make. Her arms hardly ached yet, and, but for dear life and cold death, she would have enjoyed the first hour of the struggle between her strong, well-trained muscles, her quick brain, her young courage, and the adverse strength of wind and water. The pure pleasure of conflict is so seldom granted to girls.

Then she felt the resistance to her stroke lessen a little; the stroke itself

told more and carried her further, and she thought that she had escaped her worst danger and got out of the rushing current at least; and by putting all her strength out she managed to get the boat's head round, and found herself at last looking in the right direction.

Then she was appalled at the aspect before her. For the last half hour, with every nerve strained to get out of that treacherous current, she had not looked behind her, and, going before the wind, had not encountered the full force of the waves. Now the sky was one dome of dark ragged clouds, shredded and scattered hither and thither, pouring down rain in waterspouts driven crooked by the tearing wind. The sea seemed to be running mountains high towards her boat, and Kitty wondered, shuddering, why it had never seemed so enormous before. The frightful sinking in the seething trough, after each great billow had tossed her off, was the worst Her arms seemed almost torn from their sockets by each pull at the oars, and the cruel wind beat her breath till she gasped with pain. this were to go on for two hours, or an hour, or thirty minutes evencould she hold out?

(To be continued.)

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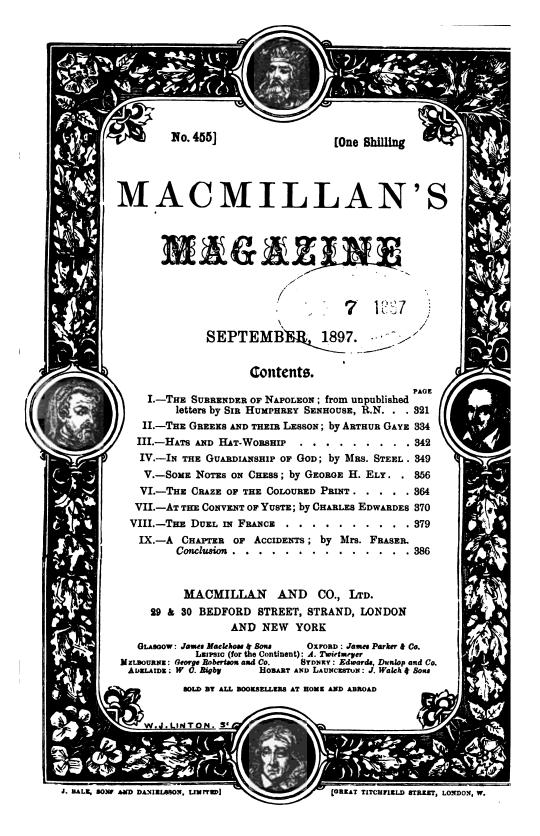
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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

sертемвек, 1897. 7 1887

# THE SURRENDER OF NAPOLEON.

[The following letters were written, to his wife at Plymouth, by Captain H. le F. Senhouse (afterwards Sir Humphrey Senhouse, K.C.H., C.B.), Flag-Captain to Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, K.C.B., commanding the British Fleet off the coast of France in 1815. They are now published for the first time by the courtesy of Sir Humphrey's daughter, Miss Rose Senhouse.]

I.

7

H.M.S. Superb. June 7th, 1815.

As we understand that circumstances are well known in England relative to our present transaction, secrecy is no longer necessary, and I am exceedingly sorry that the first disclosure will be of an unpleasant The Royalists being in danger of losing a part of their arms and accoutrements lately landed at St. Gilles, their General, the Marquis de la Roche Jacqueline, attacked General Travot [June 4th], with equal forces and without the advantage of position or of a country favourable to the warfare of irregular troops. The Marquis attacked in front, and sent his brother [Auguste] to attack in the rear with three hundred men. Royalists behaved well in firing and advancing, but the moment the regular troops of Napoleon came to the charge the Royalists were put to the right about. No exertions of the gallant Marquis could rally them, and he fell in the midst of his fruitless attempt to bring them forward again. At this moment the brother made his attack on the Republican rear. They were, it seems, worsted on this occasion and

retreated, leaving him killed. The loss on the part of the Royalists is stated to be three hundred killed and wounded, the General's brother amongst the latter. The Republicans suffered severely from the precision of firing on the part of the peasants. The people of the country buried the dead, and the next day the Marquis's person was recognised in opening some of the recently covered graves.

The loss of him is a sad blow to the hopes of every one. His peasantry idolised him, and they have now dispersed in every direction for their respective homes. The Marquis was about six and thirty, a very fine fellow and full of enthusiasm. property was very large then, about 60,000 francs per annum besides the emoluments of his public situation. He has left a wife and eight children. He was too enthusiastic-talked of nothing but marching to Paris. . . . It is a pleasant circumstance that the spirit of the country still remains the same and the best disposition exists, according to the account of General Canuel, who has succeeded to the command and who is an officer of great military experience. The military chief, the Count Suzannet, and the Marquis d'Autichamp have ruined

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day.

the cause by their jealousy, and they have had two or three thousand men with them without making them serviceable.

The Morbihan is in arms, and we have sent a large portion of arms to that department; twenty-four thousand men, it is said, are collected, the one third armed. Of the arms we landed in La Vendée, the Republicans have captured forty muskets, three hundred cavalry accoutrements, and one howitzer. The former they could not carry off and consequently destroyed.

twenty-two guns, got into Rochfort a few days since. She was chased by the Bellerophon. Since my last we have had little communication with the coast, from bad weather and from the Royalists not making their appearance. We understand they are collecting their hordes of peasantry to come on the coast again, but there is little dependence to be placed on them. Their numbers are now rated at eleven thousand. I put no faith in it.

The Vesuve, a corvette of

II.

# H.M.S. Superb, off Re d'Yeu. June 14th, 1815.

We have little news here, excepting that we have discovered an eagle on the sun's disk which has amused us for three or four days past. the act of flying, and is so noble a bird for its size that it may well be assumed as a good omen by the French Chief Napoleon. I do not know whether you ever heard that Captain Hayes of the Majestic discovered a full length figure of a man bearing a tricolor flag on the sun's disk about the time that Napoleon received his signal overthrow at Leipsic. Henry Hotham showed me the representation yesterday.

My letter goes by a French vessel detained by the Bellerophon and Eridanus with naval timber on board and under National colours from Bayonne bound to Rochfort. It is according to instructions, I believe, that are scarcely definable, and only applying to a vessel so particularly circumstanced.

No declaration of war yet, and I now suppose there will be none. The commerce of the coast is now undisturbed.

Numbers of coasters pass us every

III.

# H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon Bay. June 18th, 1815.

We left Ile d'Yeu the day before yesterday, and anchored here yesterday morning. If we are to remain on the coast we cannot have a more safe or more desirable anchorage, and there are some islands in the bay where, even during the last wars, the blockading officers might stretch their legs without any fear of molestation. Ile d'Yeu has not yet hoisted the pavillon blanche, and therefore we have held little communication. However, as I knew it to be desirable to ascertain the sentiments of the leading characters, I paid them a personal visit before the ship left the anchorage. Although my knowledge of French is so very very limited yet I can understand enough to ascertain the temper and principles of the men I was conversing with, and it was with the idea of acquiring this knowledge that I wished to see I met with a Justice of the Peace who speaks English well, and with his assistance I gained all the information I wanted, and I saw enough to give me a poor opinion of the possibility of withstanding the attraction of self-interest on the part

of Napoleon's followers. I was astonished at the civility of the people and soldiers; not a sentry did I pass who did not present arms, or a soldier who did not touch his hat. I was surprised at this, and at every individual bowing as a Lieutenant and myself passed by, although they knew the nature of our service on the coast, and I took care to put a bunch of white roses into my coat to evince the Bourbon spirit.

In La Vendée I am afraid nothing can be done at present. The death of the Marquis is an irreparable loss for many circumstances, principally because the chiefs who remain are of an equality so nearly as to rank and ability that they are each desirous of commanding, and a consequent cabal succeeds. The last reports that we had I sent you in my last letter. In the department of Morbihan the population are very averse to the present government, and immense numbers are collecting in various parts under different chiefs. De Sol, de Grisolle, are its Capitaines de Vaisseau, and Cadoudal (Joseph), a brother of George, are the principal members in the present exertions. They profess to have twenty thousand men, but not more than three thousand armed.

Vannes, Quiberon, and L'Orient are the only posts in the hands of the Imperialists, but they cannot be taken without regular troops. We see the white flag flying at St. Gildas, at Crosse, and Sensan. In a few days we expect to land a large proportion of muskets, etc. This is all the news we have.

IV.

H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon. June 22nd, 1815.

It seems that the Royalist party were too strong for the Buonapartists, and the troops have consequently been turned out.

The ship has been detained in consequence of orders from home. and the vessels on this station are looking out for three others that were about to sail at the same We have rather a confirmation of the success of the Royalists in destroying a number of the Imperialists, and our Admiral has had rather an extraordinary visit from a lady, and a Countess too! It would require some consideration before an English Countess embarked in a little coasting-vessel, with only one attendant, to pay a visit of espionage to a foreign Admiral lying in Plymouth Sound. But they manage things better in France; and as such is the case, on board came this morning Madame la Comtesse de Botderu on a mission from her husband and from her brother the Count de Coislin. It was principally to request a supply of three thousand arms for her brother who had collected a large number of partisans. But she was enthusiastic in the cause of Louis Dix-huit, and talked of a battle as you would of a game of chess.

We have to-day most excellent news from the frontier. The report is that Lord Wellington has beaten Buonaparte, that the Austrians have beaten General Rapp, and that Paris has declared for Louis. We dare not believe it. To-day Sir Henry and myself had a walk on the Island of Houat. The Priest gave us some of the most beautiful roses I ever beheld; they call them apple-roses.

.... Our services here are of a nature that it is impossible to determine when they may cease. They are very distressing on many accounts, and entirely derogatory to the character of an open and avowed enemy. On Tuesday the 20th General

de Sol, the principal chief of the Royalists, came on board to pay his respects with half a dozen of his raggamuffin band. He described the Royalist cause as being in a flourishing state, and that not more than seventeen hundred Imperial troops were in the whole of the department of Morbihan; his assemblage Royalists were near Auray, and amounted to about four or five thousand men of all arms. The General returned to the shore for the purpose of making arrangements for landing arms and accoutrements: most unexpectedly he was attacked at three o'clock yesterday morning (21st) by thousand Imperialist troops under Generals Rousseau and Bigarre. The Imperialists, it is said, suffered much by an ambuscade in the first instance, but they finally routed the Royalists completely. Auray was evacuated, and De Sol, it is said, made his retreat good with eight hundred men and two pieces of George [Joseph] Cadoudal cannon. is wounded, and I fear the Royalist cause is entirely at an end for the present. What sad work it is! They say that four or five hundred Imperialists were hors de combat, and I suppose as many on the other side. I cannot see or approve of the utility of arming peasantry to act against regular troops without being supported.

We had a Frenchman from Bordeaux on Monday. He reports very favourably of the general disposition of the country; but they are more prudent than their neighbours. Ten or twelve thousand men have been enrolled, have been formed into regular battalions, and are ready for rising on the landing of any foreign troops, but they will not stir before. By doing so they show their wisdom. . . .

. . . We had an odd character on board yesterday. He called himself a Major, but he had more the appearance of an old farmer. He had been many years with Buonaparte, and had received seventeen wounds in his service. He had been a captain of Buonaparte's Guard, but was the most uncouth unmannerly ruffian I ever saw. Certainly no polish, no, not one iota!

The Opossum brought orders yesterday for Swiftsure, Glasgow, and Astrea to leave us and to proceed to Plymouth. It is imagined they are going foreign, as they are taken from the Pendant list of the Channel Fleet.

v.

H.M.S. Superb. June 25th, 1815.

The Erne last evening brought in the confirmation of the glorious news received from the French coast three days since. I allude to the report of the repulse of Buonaparte by Lord Wellington and the Prussians, and the consequent retreat of the former. Although the battle does not appear to have been decisive, yet I conceive a vast deal is gained by the first sweep, and we must from that conclude that. if the Allies have been victorious in their first onset, they may be equally so when the immense masses of the Russians and others are brought in contact with the Imperialists.

VI.

H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon. July 1st, 1815.

The Cephalus brought us last Sunday the order for making captures, and the Nimble and Laone the official accounts of Lord Wellington's magnificent victory in conjunction with Blucher. We have the French gazettes which differ very little from our own accounts,—neither perhaps critically correct as each will have their imperceptible influence of the

mind which induces us to lean a little to our side of the question. Never was a balance, I fancy, so nearly poised in the scale of Victory as the last, and nothing but the lucky star of Lord Wellington seems to have influenced the beam in our favour. But what do you think of Napoleon now? What of his abdication? It appears to me to be the most pusillanimous act I ever heard of on the part of a man who wishes to be considered a great character. Surely this was the time when his great talents were required to rescue France from the misery in which she had been thrown; and this is the moment he has chosen to abandon a cause which ought to have been resigned the instant he discovered the war was personal. What infatuation he must have to suppose that the Allies will consent to an arrangement which had been formerly rejected, and that they will desist from hostilities as long as he remains unsecured against future and similar attempts to dictate the peace of Europe.

We have a report here that Napoleon has been detained by the National Guard at Vincennes and is in confinement there. I hope it is With respect to the case. . . . the orders for capture we have not the smallest chance of benefiting by it; shut up in Quiberon Bay we have no opportunity of meeting with any but coasting vessels, and the circumstances under which we are placed render even the capture of coasters of very little service, it being found necessary to return the property of the Royalist country.

We landed yesterday upwards of twenty officers and volunteers from Ghent for the army of the Royalists. They were the most gentlemanly men I ever met with in the habits of Frenchmen, some of them very interesting young men. Here their services are nearly lost, as the war is more that of feudal times when every proprietor takes his tenants out with him, who look up to him as their mainspring in everything. We make no progress in increasing the number of the Royalist army; on the contrary, the number appears to lessen. General de Sol has only fifteen hundred men with him at the moment, and seven or eight hundred regulars are quite sufficient to keep the whole country in awe as they pass through.

# VII.

H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon. July 6th, 1815.

The glorious results of the victory of the 18th are sufficient to impress as all with well founded hopes of speedy peace. The hand . . of Providence seems to be in this. But how comes it that the disturber of the human race still exists to light up past troubles and to steal upon us hereafter with all his hosts of miseries about him? I have now lost all good opinion of Napoleon. I was once inclined to consider him a man of consummate bravery, and as possessing the honour of the Warrior if not the honour of the Man. pusillanimous act has banished every favourable opinion, and he has sunk indeed in general estimation. ought to have died sword in hand. We have to-day Paris papers to the first of June [! July]. At that time it was not known at which port he intended to embark; report says that he means to escape from some place to the southward of this, and we are in consequence well guarded as far our means will allow. escapes to America Europe cannot disarm with prudence.

It is strange that the late great victories have as yet made no great sensation in these departments. The Royalists do not increase in numbers, and the douaniers, gendarmes, National Guard, etc., actually raised in the country are still as active as ever and beat up the Royalists' quarters whereever they are found.

We have to-day landed the Chevalier du Parc charged with the distribution of proclamations by the Duchess D'Angoulème. He is the precursor of the Duchess who, he states, is expected to make her appearance on the coast and to be entertained on board the Superb. . . . I did not mention to you a lady went home in the Nimble on a mission from the French chiefs; her name is Lendante.

### VIII.

H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon. July 9th, 1815.

This is to be entrusted to the charge of a master of a transport who sails immediately and suddenly for Ply-. . . Having no vessel of war, we dispatch this vessel with a communication from the shore stating that Napoleon is at present at Nantes. An officer from the Count d'Audigné, who commands a Royalist detachment at Angers, informed us vesterday that Napoleon had passed through Tours on the night of the 30th [June]. We knew that he left Paris on the 29th. and these three stories corroborating well together induce us to believe the information is correct. Our communication from Nantes also informs us that six thousand troops are at Nantes and in the environs, and that there evidently appears to be some plan in agitation, which could only be conjectured but not determined on. After the execution of this plan some say that Napoleon intended to proceed to Rochelle and there wait the course of events; others that he would endeavour to escape by stealth in an American vessel, called the United States, despatched by the American Consul. There can be little doubt of this troublesome character being somewhere in our neighbourhood. It was a part of his plan to give out Havre, Cherbourg, and St. Malo as the place of embarkation to put us off our guard, whilst the coasts of this bay furnished more likely opportunities for eluding the vigilance of his enemies than the former. We have not ships to guard the extent from L'Orient to Bayonne sufficiently.

We cannot find that the late events have excited any considerable degree of enthusiasm in support of the Royal General de Sol has made his appearance on the coast with, on dit, seven thousand men. He has received some two thousand arms, and we have landed five pieces of artillery; seven pieces landed before have been taken by the Buonapartists; these may share the same fate, although we have ventured to land fourteen artillerymen of the foreign artillery who volunteered their services. The Count de Coislon with his division of fifteen hundred attacked Guérande, a small village, yesterday to take the military and douaniers' chest, but was repulsed with the loss of one hundred men.

So thus stands the Royalist cause, like a fire blinking and flickering in the corner of the grate, which all the puffing in the world, I believe, will never increase without an additional portion of affectionate warmth. How is this to be attained? We have no co-operation with them.

IX.

H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon. July 10th, 1815.

To-day we hear that Napoleon embarked on the 1st at Rochfort in

an American vessel . . . We hear also to-day the capitulation of Paris to Prince Blucher and to the Duke of Wellington.

The articles of the Convention I have, and I am sorry to say they are very different from what I expected. It appears to me that the different members of the existing government are to remain exactly the same as they were at the period of making the Convention. If the Chamber of Peers and Representatives are to be continued as under the Emperor I see no rest for the sole of Louis's foot. should have re-assembled the Senate and his Lower House as they existed at his departure, and should have considered every act of the intermediate government as null These are speculations that invalid. cannot very materially interest you, beyond the tendency they may have to the conclusion of peace for a permanent period.

The Dwarf cutter has arrived with some intelligence which renders it necessary that the force off Rochfort shall be strengthened. We are at this moment under sail.

x.

H.M.S. Superb, off Basque Roads. July 15th, 1815.

Napoleon Buonaparte, who every person was conceiving to be endeavouring to make his escape from the north coast, has made his appearance in the south, and the other day, six days since, sent off the Duke of Rovigo from L'Ile d'Aix to the Bellerophon to request permission to embark on board the two frigates in D'Aix Roads for the States of America, enquiring at the same time whether Captain Maitland could inform him of the intention of the British Govern-

ment relative to the passport that had been requested on his part.

On Captain Maitland's informing the Duke of Rovigo that the countries of France and England were at war, and that under such circumstances it would be impossible to permit the frigate of the former power to pass unmolested, the Duke endeavoured to point out the injury that might ensue from keeping Buonaparte from emigrating, as it would be easy for him to place himself at the head of the army in the south who were devoted to him and by that means prolong the war. any rate the Frenchman hinted that, if the request was not granted, they would pursue other means of insuring their wishes. The application being referred to the Admiral [Sir Henry Hotham], he thought it most proper to be personally on the spot and to use the Superb's force in assisting to counteract We are. the ex-Emperor's designs. this morning, at five o'clock, off the Chasseron lighthouse and have just recalled the Slaney, who has notified her being charged with despatches. strikes me these despatches may be for England, and consequently I am endeavouring to scribble you a long letter.

My trip a-shore the other day was occasioned by a report of Buonaparte being at Guérande, a small town about a league from Croisic bordering on the banks of the Loire.

The intelligence came from a Royalist chief, and at the same time an intimation was made of either attacking or blockading Guérande to get hold of his person. As the object was so very desirable I went on shore to ascertain the certainty of the fact, and to concert measures for giving our assistance as far as it might be in our power. I intended to have visited the camp of the two chiefs, Coislon and De Sol, one at Foulon five leagues from the mouth of the Vilaine, and

the other at Musillac about four miles from its banks. I went first to the Countess Botderu, who was staving with a Madame de Rivière at Chateau Mouron near Tregée on the bank of the Vilaine. This lady I mentioned before was a decided Amazon. . . . I had a very pleasant row up an interesting river, and a pleasant walk through a beautiful country to Mouron . . . I remained with the ladies a couple of hours, endeavouring to gain intelligence from the Countess's emissaries and waiting for a supply of horses to prosecute my journey. Mouron, exclusive of the house, is a most beautiful little spot. The thick groves of the finest oak, horse-chestnut, walnut, and a variety of other trees, were equal to anything I have seen anywhere, and one extensive meadow surrounded with the clumps of trees before mentioned formed the finest lawn I have yet seen; but the house was dilapidated and in the most ruinous condition. . . I left them at five, crossed the river Vilaine with a guide and two horses, one for myself, the other for my orderly. On the opposite bank I spread my cloth and dined, and immediately set forward to visit General de Sol at Musillac.

After a very pleasant ride through country very much resembling the closely enclosed and irregular parts of Devonshire, I arrived at the town of Musillac and joined the General and his staff. The sight of an English officer with a white cockade galloping into the Royalists' camp seemed to put the whole of the army on the qui vive, and for half an hour after we had the cry of Vive le Roi and loud shouting and cheering until myears were stunned General de Sol's information with it. and that which I received agreed in establishing the inaccuracy of the report of Buonaparte being at Guérande; and the General immediately put a despatch into my hands announcing

the entry of Louis into Paris on the 8th of July, and his assumption of the government. After a quarter of an hour's conversation I was asked to review the troops, and proceeded to inspect four or five thousand men that were quartered in the town and in the adjoining fields. This is what I had long wished to do for the purpose of seeing the actual condition of the Royalists, and I assure you I felt much gratified at their general appearance, their equipments, and their advancement in organisation. infantry, with very few exceptions, is composed of stout, able-bodied, finelooking men. They understand their exercises pretty well, and can form a line, march, countermarch, etc., and are all most excellent irregular troops; but of course they cannot be perfect in going through the various manœuvres of infantry. One division formed of young men, the sons of noblesse and of respectable gentry, were very effective, and the enthusiasm of the whole was uncommonly great. They have only one troop of horse, about forty men, but these are elite and are chiefly volunteers from the King's garde de corps; the artillery, with the artillerymen we sent them, is in effective order, and, generally speaking, I think they have arrived at that state of efficiency as to promise a very effective co-operation in the event of a continuation of the wars of faction. De Sol's force amounts to seven thousand men, and he is daily collecting numbers since the change of affairs in Paris.

At Musillac I found the Count de Coislon, and as I have intelligence of consequence to communicate to his Admiral, I gave up the idea of going to Foulon, the Count's head-quarters. I returned to the banks of the river, accompanied by the Colonel Commandant of Cavalry and an escort of dragoons, where I arrived about half-past ten after riding four or five miles

more than we had any occasion from the badness of our guide.

The Colonel had been a Colonel of Cavalry with the King, had been toujours fidèle, as he told me, and was a very blunt, honest character.

At half past four a.m. I returned on board. . . .

. . . I sent off a letter this morning without signature; I was so much hurried, and I could not tell you the very important news we received from the Captain of the Slaney.

Before you receive this, I fancy you will be acquainted with the circumstance I allude to, and I can now tell you that I have just returned from dining with Napoleon Buonaparte!! Can it be possible!!! mentioned in my letter of to-day the cause of our coming here. Yesterday, Captain Maitland received another letter from one of Buonaparte's suite to enquire whether he had heard from the British government or from the This he answered in the negative, and another communication was made requesting to be informed whether the ex-Emperor could be received on board the Bellerophon, and to beg that one of the Emperor's staff might be immediately sent off to England with a letter to the Prince This letter was short and Regent. rather abrupt. He begins Altesse Royale, and states that a faction in France, assisted with the combined Powers in Europe, had driven him from the country and that he had now closed his political life. therefore determined, like Themistocles, to throw himself on the generosity of the most generous and the most unchangeable of his enemies. signified his intention to embark on board between the hours of four and five this morning if he could be received.

On entering the Roads the Slaney, as I before observed, was just going

out with despatches, and at the hour appointed we saw the Epervier, French brig, convey the Emperor on board the Bellerophon. At ten we anchored, and received Captain Maitland and Gambier on board. At twelve the former returned to signify Admiral's intention of waiting on At two, Marshal Ber-Buonaparte. trand, the Grand Maréchal du Palais, came to pay his respects, and after treating him very civilly the Admiral, with his secretary and myself, returned on board with Bertrand to dine with Napoleon. On our arrival on board the Bellerophon we were introduced to Madame Bertrand, the Duc de Rovigo, the Count de Montholon and his wife, and Count Las Cases. After waiting a few minutes we were ushered into the after-cabin and introduced to Napoleon Buonaparte.

We were received by the ex-Emperor with all his former dignity, and the whole party consisting of the Emperor, Marshal Bertrand, Sir Henry Hotham, Captain Maitland and myself, were kept standing during the whole of the time.

His person I was very desirous of seeing, and I felt disappointed. figure is very bad; he is short with a large head, his hands and legs small, and his body so corpulent as to project very considerably. His coat, made very plain as you see it in most prints, from being very short in the back gives his figure a more ridiculous appearance. His profile is good and is exactly what his busts and portraits represent; but his full face is bad. His eyes are a light blue, with a light yellow tinge on the iris, heavy, and totally contrary to what I expected; his teeth are bad; but the expression of his countenance is versatile, and expressive beyond measure of the quick and varying passions of the mind. His face at one instant bears the stamp of great good humour, and

immediately changes to a dark, penetrating, thoughtful scowl which denotes the character of the thought that excites it. He speaks quick, and runs from one subject to another with great rapidity. His knowledge appears very extensive and very various, and he surprised me much by his remembrance of men of every character in England. He spoke much of America, and asked many questions concerning Spanish and British America, and also of the United States. After an interview of nearly an hour, during which the ladies and attendants were all kept in the front-cabin, dinner was announced to his Majesty. plays the Emperor in everything, and he has taken possession of the after-cabin entirely, and of the table as well as of the general arrangement of the cabin. The morning after coming on board the Bellerophon, he sent to Captain Maitland to request the pleasure of his company to breakfast. In consequence of this assumption his Majesty walked into the dinner-cabin as into his palace, and Marshal Bertrand was left to usher in the strangers and staff. Dinner was served up entirely in the French style by the valets and servants of the Emperor.

Without any ceremony we commenced eating. No notice was taken of any individual, and we had all only to eat and drink as fast as the servants plied our plates and our glasses. Directly after dinner we had coffee, and then adjourned to the after-cabin. Very little conversation took place afterwards, and we were principally amused by seeing a very compact and handsome camp-bed of His Majesty set up, and his bed made by three or four valets. Soon after we adjourned to the quarter-deck by His Majesty's desire with the ladies, and remained until half-past seven when we returned on board.

At dinner he said little but ate heartily. As little was said afterwards; and on going on deck he amused himself much in talking to the subordinate officers by turns, and latterly in walking the deck with Bertrand.

At an early hour he retired to bed, apparently much fatigued. Bertrand is married to a niece or near relation of Lord Dillon; she is a very pleasant, clever woman, and still speaks a little of her mother-tongue. The Marshal I like much. He has always been faithful to his patron, and seems a solid, steady and amiable man; he has three children. The Duke of Rovigo is a handsome, fine-looking character, imposing in appearance and seems to possess much knowledge of the world. I had much of his conversation on the quarter-deck; he is an enthusiast in behalf of the Emperor, and most inveterate against the Bour-The Count de Montholon is a young man on the staff; he is married and is exceedingly rich. Las Cases, a Councillor of State, is a little insignificant old man. General L'Allemande is also with the Emperor; I cannot say I admire him by any means. Add to these a few Polish officers, and you have the whole suite.

The particular causes that induced Napoleon to throw himself on the English nation for protection cannot be known exactly, but I fancy it has been occasioned chiefly by the fear of being captured by the numerous vessels sent out, and so well disposed by Sir Henry Hotham, to intercept From not being able to proceed in the frigates, he had determined to sail in two chasse marées with his friends; two were actually prepared. His plan was to sail by night, and to lower the sails down in the daytime until he had gone a sufficient distance. The day before yesterday the white flag was hoisted at La Rochelle, and I fancy this circumstance must have hastened his departure. To-day it floats entirely around us excepting on board the ships of war, and at L'Île d'Aix where, it is said, it will be hoisted to-morrow. How he will be received at home is very problematical, but I should think that his life must be secured by his surrender.

I was in great hopes that we should have carried him into port; in the first place because it would have brought me soon to my home; in the next, I would have sacrificed a little inconvenience to have seen a little more of this man's character. Henry has, however, determined not to do so, and to leave him to the Bellerophon and Myrmidon to repair to Torbay. Sir Henry sends an officer despatched to Torr with the communication. To - morrow they breakfast on board the Superb à la fourchette at ten; after that, if there is time, I will give you a longer history.

### XI.

July 16th.

We are preparing to receive the Emperor on board this morning, and I fear I shall not have much time for writing after his departure before the Bellerophon sails, as the tide answers about twelve. I shall therefore promise you a history of the morning visit at another time. . . I have only to say that I cannot write any more just now as the Bellerophon sails the moment the Emperor goes. We have passed a very pleasant morning. If they possibly put into Plymouth you will like Madame Bertrand very much. I have lent her my fauteuil, which Maitland will return to you.

# XII.

H.M.S. Superb, off La Rochelle. July 18th, 1815.

I was under the necessity of closing my letter on the 16th without detailing the history of the day.

Napoleon came to breakfast at the hour appointed with the officers and ladies of the suite, and was received with our yards manned and with every attention customary with a General Commanding-in-Chief but that of saluting him. As usual he immediately went into the aftercabin, and requested that the officers of the ship might be presented to him. He had many little remarks to make during the presentation, and the moment it was concluded he requested to see the ship. I was fully prepared for this, and had everything in good order for him. The Admiral attended when I showed him round, and Napoleon asked a thousand questions and made numerous observations which served to show how very well versed he was in everything relative to the naval service. He was particularly struck with the bonne mine of the ship's company, and continually repeated his opinion of the order the ship appeared in by his expression beaucoup d'ordre and bien His manners resemble the King's very much, by the quantity of small talk he has and the knowledge he has of the private affairs of manv. He expressed himself very sensible of the superiority of the British navy at present, but considered that the French navy was increasing rapidly in good discipline and in number of vessels. He went through the whole of the ship, even to the storerooms, wings, cockpit, but seemed to move with painful sensations as if he were afflicted with gout. I was obliged to assist him up and down the ladders with the Count de Montholon, and his weight was rather more than I found exactly convenient. completing his inspection he returned to the quarter-deck where he had a long enquiry about the victualling of the ship's company, their supply of different articles, and particularly pleased "Johnnie" by asking whether all pursers were not great rogues. He also asked a great deal about the religion of the ship's company, and canvassed the different sects in In short he talked on England. every subject with all men. rather abruptly told Captain Maitland that his ship was not in the good order that the Superb was, plus neuf than his, therefore it might be accounted for,-a bad excuse in my Madame Bertrand had been delayed in coming on board and did not go round the ship in the first instance; I therefore carried her afterwards with the Countess de Montholon through the decks. She paid me a very pretty compliment; the ship, she observed, was called the Superb, and she was well named, for she was superb. I told her that the French nation was famous for paying neat and handsome compliments, but that she excelled. Some time afterwards she again repeated what she had said before, and declared that it was not intended as a compli-I have lent her my arm-chair ment. for her passage. After seeing the lower deck she stopped me to ask a variety of questions, which I think Marshal Bertrand had desired her to do; they chiefly related to Napoleon, and she was very solicitous to know what would be done with him, where he would be sent, how provided for, etc., and entered into a very long history of all their circumstances and transactions for some time before. Napoleon, she told me, had only with him one million of francs, about £40,000 or £50,000, a mere nothing,

to support him; that he has not a sous in any country whatever; that Tallyrand had large sums in different places, but Napoleon had not. The Emperor lost a large portion of his property in the battle of Waterloo.

This lady is indeed very interesting, as she is so perfectly acquainted with the history of the Buonapartists. She is clever and very pleasant, yet has nothing of the blue-stocking about We were summoned to the breakfast, and the Emperor was perfectly the Emperor, I assure you. He eats heartily but talks very little at meals, very soon retires, and it is astonishing to see the respect and attention paid him by those who were about him. I could not avoid remarking his sovereign contempt for females. They had no part of his attention; they did not even presume to intrude themselves into the same apartment with His Majesty, and when going away I asked whether the ladies would precede him, or get into the boat afterwards, he answered very coolly that "the ladies might come after in another boat"; and so they did, attended by only one officer, General L'Allemande, who would not have remained had I not given him At breakfast I had Madame Bertrand on one side, and the Duke of Rovigo and the Count Las Cases on the other. They were all very pleasant. After breakfast the Emperor retired into the stern gallery, where he continued to walk, conversing occasionally with different persons and displaying a great deal of good humour and pleasantry. He gave me a long account of the works he had erected on L'Ile d'Aix, and knew perfectly well even the depth of water about the whole of the anchorage in that intricate roadstead. He remained chatting in different groups until half-past one when they took their leave, leaving a very favourable impression on our minds from the peculiarity of his manner, and perhaps from the compassion naturally felt for one who had fallen from so high a state at the moment, though had he been opposed to us again not a sword but would spring from its scabbard to annihilate him. Emperor on this occasion showed no dark-clouded looks; his face was the picture of conciliation, of good humour and pleasantry, and his spirits were surprisingly good for the circumstances under which he was placed. I cannot enter into all that was said and observed. Everything was interesting and, in the contemplation of so handsome a compliment to the country we belong to, conciliating the mind of all around him. It was impossible not to forget all the dark shades of his conduct through life, and to feel nothing but benevolence towards him and his followers. The Admiral and myself have both discovered that our inveteracy has oozed out like the courage of Acres in THE RIVALS. It is strange that anyone should suppose that this man would not win the hearts of the old soldiers who have so frequently been victorious with him the moment he made his appearance.

Yesterday was a very interesting day. I went on shore to La Rochelle with Carrol. I waited on the General, the Commandant de Place, etc., and we were handsomely and hospitably received. The town was most interesting in appearance, and rendered still more so by the handsome manner in which we were received by the bourgeois and bourgeoise too, who treated their defenders with spirit. The soldiers treated us with respect, or wonderment, or cold indifference.

XIII.

H.M.S. Superb, Quiberon Bay. July 26th, 1815.

Yesterday I received the Moniteur and Special Gazette of the 18th (July); and in the former I saw the special report of Buonaparte's embarkation on board the Bellerophon. This information must then have been known in London on the 21st, and we may therefore look out for the arrangements in consequence. On Sunday the Bellerophon was seen going round Ushant with a fair wind, so that she must have been at Torbay on the 24th; and yesterday morning, I conjecture, you must have received my letter from thence, which I think will be as interesting a one as ever before acknowledged; I mean merely as to the subject of it as far as it concerns the secure possession of the disturber of the human race.

. . . Notwithstanding everything is tranquil, and the tri-coloured flag and cockade have disappeared, yet party spirit runs high, and the different parties appear to be strengthening themselves as a precautionary measure against future explosions. We have to-day had a request for more arms by one of the Royalist chiefs, and his request is complied with as far as it could be. The policy or propriety of furnishing more munition of war at the present moment at the expense of the British nation I will not determine on, but I think it very doubtful whether it can be productive of good or evil.

The Admiral has expressed a wish for me to visit the head-quarters of General De Sol again, and I hope to-morrow or next day to be able to commence my tour. He is at Vannes, or in the neighbourhood, which is some leagues distant in the country.

# THE GREEKS AND THEIR LESSON.

ARISTOTLE, discussing the art of writing a tragic drama, insists upon the importance to the plot, "the soul of the tragedy" as he calls it, of an accessory which he happily names peripeteia, and we, more clumsily, render "reversal of fortune." It is, he says, one of "the most powerful elements of emotional interest" in this branch of composition. In a comedy things may look as black as Erebus in the earlier scenes, so long as the sun shines forth and the shadows flee away before the curtain falls. Dante himself, the author of what at first sight is perhaps the least comic of all extant comedies, certainly the least indicative of a happy conclusion, Dante himself deliberately defends his title, despite the horrors of Malebolge and the more than doubtful joys of Purgatory, on the ground that a comedy is that in which, whatever the early calamities, cheerfulness and well-being triumph gloriously at the close. But in the other great division of dramatic literature precisely the reverse holds good; we have it on the authority of "the master of the sapient throng" whose long home is in that limbo where a hard fate compels them "with desire to languish without In a tragedy the curtain may rise to a scene of exuberant jollity, of happiness which is to all appearance lasting and secure, but it must fall upon one of unmitigated woe. ing four acts Œdipus may strut in a fool's paradise, deluding himself with the comfortable fancy that he is the very button on fortune's cap; but in the fifth he must sink under the crushing weight of afflictions heavier

than those of Job himself. Are there any modern Greeks who read Aristotle? Are there any, who, reading him, have laid to heart the striking illustration of his theory which a bare twelvementh has sufficed to bring about in their unhappy country?

All who were present at Athens during the memorable Easter of 1896 must have carried away with them the impression of an entire nation given over, like so many children, to noise and frolic, but assuredly no presentiment of impending disaster. Who that was there can forget the sight of that vast stadion, seating fifty For, familiar thousand spectators? as we are with London crowds, none of us can have ever beheld in his own metropolis a compact multitude of those dimensions simultaneously before Who, again, but can still see in his mind's eye the surrounding heights black with enthusiastic onlookers, the rude shepherds in capote and fustanella, the rarer shepherds' wives and daughters in all the bravery of gala costume? Finally, who cannot recall the childlike, if not childish, delight with which, at this attempted revival of the Olympic Games, a Greek victory was hailed, the long faces and ominous silence with which the suggestion was received that the great Marathonian race, by some cruel combination of chances, might be won by a fleet barbarian? Truly for the space of perhaps half-an-hour the gaiety of one nation at least suffered total eclipse. Then suddenly came the reaction; an authentic report opportunely arrived that the dreaded foreigner had broken down, and that a nimble native was

at that moment speeding his best and bravest towards the expectant thou-Laughter, and tears born of laughter, so hysterical was the populace, once more prevailed; firearms, of every make and calibre, exploded on all sides according to national custom, with sublime indifference as to public safety and the possible contents of the barrels; a prodigious cavalcade of officers, with terrific clank of steel, rode forth to greet the victor. In the fulness of time, escorted by this gallant troop, he came in sight, threading his way delicately through attendant swarms, footsore no doubt but proud in the thought that he had saved the honour of Hellas. Amid delirious applause he enters the stadion; the vast company is mad with excitement. The Sovereign himself rises to receive him and, to an accompaniment of deafening uproar, graciously goes through the ceremony of affixing on his manly breast the special medal of honour. newspapers minute details of the race and interesting particulars, domestic and other, concerning the favourite of the hour appeared in rapid relays, hot and hot from the press, to the exclusion of all other intelligence. Europe might have been convulsed. but Athens would not on that day have heard, or, if she heard, have recked aught.

All, indeed, was now going as merry as the proverbial marriage-bell, and the deep sound "like a rising knell" had not yet begun to force itself upon reluctant ears. Everyone was in high good-humour: the hotels were full, at delightfully extortionate rates; the country-folk, who thronged the streets and squares of the capital, were thoroughly enjoying themselves after their kind; bands more or less decorations, illuminations, musical. were everywhere in evidence,-and the Greeks had won the chief event.

Could Fortune have smiled a broader Twelve months later, and smile? another Easter was in course of celebration; and then came the day of Aristotelian peripeteia. The army had been defeated, the navy could, or would, do nothing, the enemy was knocking at the gates, the country had not a single ally among the Powers of Europe, and financial ruin was staring it in the face. Seventy vears earlier Navarino had seen Europe united to defend Greece against the Turk; now in Cretan waters might be witnessed the strange spectacle of all Europe banded together to protect Turkish territory from the Greek. Such are among the changes "that fleeting time procureth."

Without straying into a political labyrinth of which as yet no man would appear to hold the clue, it is proposed here to offer a few facts and reflections anent Greece and the Greeks, which in the present state of affairs may be of interest to the unbiassed reader. In this country our sympathies go out instinctively to the weaker side in a quarrel, without much regard to the ground or righteousness of dispute between the combatants. So far we must all heartily lament the calamity which has befallen Greece; she was "facing fearful odds," and the result, however deplored and deplorable, has been what all save a few visionaries must have clearly foreseen. The god of war has, as is not unusual with him, fought on the side of the heavier battalions. This is one thing; but to belaud the modern Greek character, as some have done, in extravagant terms, and to condole with the present inhabitants of Hellas as with lineal descendants of the Greeks of the Athenian empire, is quite another, and betrays what doctors call an etiolated condition of the faculties on which sound and sober judgment is admitted to depend. Of the eminent scholars whose names adorn Hellenic committees and so forth, one cannot help feeling that a large proportion know more about Greek than about the Greeks. They seem to fancy, and the fancy promotes a glow of conscious pride, that they are posing as champions of a people directly descended from those immortal writers whose works are so familiar to them. It is impossible to establish any such descent. A land which has been invaded and occupied Romans, Goths, Sclavonians, Arabs, Normans, Franks, Venetians, Turks, may be inhabited by a very estimable, but scarcely by an unmixed The mere survival of the language proves little or nothing; did not the Norman conquerors lose their native Scandinavian in Normandy, and fail to establish in England their supposititious French? But that the Greek of to-day inhabits the same magic land in which Æschylus, Pericles, and Plato once dwelt, is incontrovertible; and in this capacity he cannot but arouse an additional, if fictitious, interest in the breasts of all who are conscious of standing in the debt of antiquity.

The average Greek schoolboy is a perfect marvel of quickness. is no snail-like creeping about him, such as obtains in more northern latitudes; the difficulty is not to propel him towards, but to drag him from, his beloved book. Up to a certain point he absorbs knowledge at The only pity is that every pore. this point is so soon reached, and so very rarely passed. He adopts the seductive, but fatal, plan of getting a superficial acquaintance with a number of subjects instead of confining himself to a few, and mastering them. We may set him down as a devout worshipper of the demoralised and demoralising deity whom men have agreed to call the great god Smatter With the Pierian spring at his very door, and, if one may say it without savour of irreverence, constantly on draught, he obstinately declines to "drink deep." Having reached this critical point he incontinently refuses to learn anything more according to recognised methods. His own method henceforward is to pick up his knowledge in the streets or the cafés. natural quickness and complete freedom from bashfulness soon make him an expert linguist, not very accurate perhaps, and certainly not very profound, but confident in speech, and never at a loss for a word. It is in truth his pernicious facility of talk that has for many a long year proved David long ago settled his bane. that "a man full of words shall not prosper upon the earth," and than the modern Greeks there can be no better illustration of the truth of the maxim. Go into an Athenian café; you find extraordinarily little in the shape of creature comforts, but an absolute hurricane of words which drives all before it. An Athenian will dally with one small measure of coffee or mastich for perhaps a couple of hours, lifting up his voice incessantly during one hundred and nineteen minutes, and hastily emptying his cup in the sixty seconds that remain. It matters nought to him that a hundred besides himself are practising loquacity; he must either talk or, in astronomical language, combust, and he invariably selects the former course. Quality is optional, but volume essential, no matter how vapid and inconclusive the net result. He and his congeners are denizens, one and all, of Prating Row, with the "unruly evil" for a crest, and vox et præterea nihil for a motto.

It must not be inferred, however, that, because he thus indulges his taste for unlimited chatter, the Greek is devoid of more solid and praiseworthy characteristics. On the contrary, he can boast at least three, which the nations to the north and west of him exhibit far less generally and agreeably than himself. He is eminently sober, moral, and religious. It is no doubt the peasant in whom these amiable features are most fully emphasised, but in Greeks of all estates they are obvious and command Nothing can exceed the respect. temperance of the nation. there is no need to sign a pledge or flaunt a blue ribbon. The streets of Athens, even when at their busiest and most crowded, are never enlivened by the appearance of a native disguised, as the euphemism of three centuries ago used to run. If ever an apparition of this nature be encountered it may confidently be placed to the account of the foreigner, of some jovial Briton peradventure or a bibulous Swede, who has drifted at once from the path of temperance and the Peiræus. In this respect if in no other the late war was remarkable, for in it were confronted the two most sober peoples of Europe. Next to Hellenic sobriety Hellenic chastity deserves an emphatic encomium. As in the old days so in these also the Greek wife remains well in the background, by choice or necessity, and the Aspasian type is conspicuous by its absence. lesson at least has been learned thoroughly, that among the glories of womankind is that which Pericles, or Thucydides for him, enunciated when all the world was comparatively young, the glory of "not being talked about for good or for evil among men." Lastly, the modern Greek nature is eminently religious, at any rate in all externals. The clergy are the most picturesque in the world. Those flowing robes and apostolic beards may possibly contribute something to

produce the universal respect in which their wearers are held; something, but not by any means all, or even an indispensable part, for the office is, to the Greek mind, immeasurably higher and more reverend than either the man or his millinery. Even in the remotest districts, in island and highland, no priest, howsoever threadbare or unkempt, is suffered to pass by without bestowing a benediction. The brigand who, thirty years ago, had just amputated, or was about to amputate, his luckless quarry's ears, did not hesitate a moment to kneel humbly in the dust in order to kiss a passing papa's hand and receive his blessing. Church festivals, again, are celebrated with a universal heartiness and a punctilio of ritual unrivalled, if not unknown, in other lands. the poorest Greek to spend his Easter without eating lamb's flesh is a reproach which can never be wiped out. Thus to the inquisitive stranger the curious spectacle is presented of an entire nation devouring a particular meat at a certain season from a motive which is purely conscientious, -a nation, too, of which the humbler classes are content for the remainder of the year to batten on garlic and black olives. No matter how shrunken his purse, at Eastertide the Greek, by fair means or foul, must have his lamb, and he has it.

How, then, comes it that, possessing as he does these undeniable virtues of temperance, soberness, and chastity, and positively revelling in religiosity, he has never been politically successful? Something, no doubt, must be ascribed to the degrading influence of oppression during many past centuries; the poor fathers have so often eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But this by itself will not account for all his failures. There must be something in himself, apart from his melancholy traditions,

something engrained in his nature. which, when he does get a chance, invariably causes him to prejudice it hopelessly. The best Greeks, we should rather call them, perhaps, the most restful and thriving, do not live in Greece. They win respect and fortune in other climes. In the great European capitals and commercial centres they have founded colonies, and there they not only amass drachmas, it is said, but speedily become, and this is beyond all cavil, highly appreciated citizens of their adopted countries. Why is it that these succeed while their kinsfolk at home seem to be for ever wallowing in a slough of despond, with no delectable mountains anywhere within reach save their own Parnes and Hymettus? The question may be answered in a single word. They succeed because they have thrown off the national conceit.

Conceit is the curse of Hellas; she has other curses, but this is the first, and the worst. It is his overweening self-sufficiency that leads the youthful Greek to be satisfied with a superficial education, knowing nothing well, and wholly ignoring the propriety of Chesterfield's maxim, "Go to the bottom of things." As for drudgery, he will have none of it; he can, in his own estimation, build an excellent house without a foundation, without scaffolding, with rotten bricks and no Though he boast of his mortar. descent from a race which produced the most splendid triumphs of literature and art, he never developes into a famous poet, dramatist, or sculptor, nay, not even into a diligent student of that magnificent antiquity, of which he prides himself on being the direct and only legitimate heir. His one aim is power, as petty as you please, but power and importance of some kind. Merely to till the soil, and make the two blades grow where only

one grew before, is in his eyes an ignoble and uncongenial pursuit; he must be a journalist at least, or a lawyer, or, best of all, a place-holder under Government. Give him this last, and his vanity is at length appeased. In Greece there are no political parties in the usual sense. There are, indeed, two camps, but both belong to the same restless and discontented army. One is composed of the men in power, the other, which spends its days in the Athenian cafés and talks interminably, of the men who are waiting for power. But there are no distinct political programmes. When a Ministry goes out of office, as it is apt to do with kaleidoscopic frequency, the entire personnel is changed, down to the humblest messenger; but it is only the personnel that is changed, not the principle. The ousted telegraph-boy knows that his turn will soon come again. He merely waits (and, of course, talks) round the corner until the Jacob who supplanted him is in due course evicted, and the tenure, however capricious, of the coveted post lies once more within his grasp. He is a type of the political system, or lack of There is obviously no bottom to it and no ballast in it. Much cannot be expected from a parliamentary code of which the first article is "Keep in office so long as you possibly can," and the second, "When out of office do your diligence at all costs of conscience or fair play to get Naturally enough the in again." highest ambition of the Greek is to be elected a Deputy, for in his own constituency a Deputy is little short of a dictator, and can play the petty tyrant with impunity. He is a man to be courted, to be flattered, perhaps even to be bribed. If you live in his district and have an axe to grind, his must be the grindstone or your axe will never get an edge; and he does

not allow his grindstone to be used free of toll like the ancient gustingbone in certain Scotch parishes. The Deputies, in fact, as at present constituted, are the second curse of Greece. They have themselves, and they foster in others, the inordinate love of power at any price, which must always be fatal to good government and political morality. are no politically strong men, and there can be none under existing conditions. The strongest, since Capodistrias, has recently passed away, worn out, perhaps, by the hopelessness of the task of teaching his countrymen to take a serious view of things and to become really national rather than a mere horde of place-hunters. was M. Tricoupi, who died last year at the very moment when Athens was shouting herself hoarse over the Olympic revival,—a solemn enough comment on this hysterical outburst. Ere the echo of the cheers which greeted the Marathonian victor had died away, the news arrived of the death in a foreign land of the statesman who, with sundry shortcomings and limitations, was yet the only Greek parliament-man to merit in modern times the epithet of great.

A nation is to be sincerely commiserated which cannot govern itself, and nevertheless must have a governor. If the Greeks are unanimous on any point it is on this, that a native sover-. eign, or even a native republic, is for them an impracticable dream. "Give us a king to reign over us" is an old cry, but the request, when granted, has usually left something to be desired. One cannot but pity the man who is chosen to rule over a people alien alike in blood, in language, in traditions, and in character. But one cannot refuse to respect the man who, in spite of these disabilities, contrives not only for four-and-thirty years to preserve a whole skin himself, but to improve to

an appreciable extent the lot of his subjects. King George has compassed both these things. He has identified himself entirely with the interests and welfare of his people, and he has not yet lost life or throne. Whether he was the best man for so delicate a position is another question altogether. One wonders, for instance, what would have been the result had the wise and business-like Leopold, now King of the Belgians, accepted the crown for which it was so hard to find a head. By this time Greek tongues might have been wagging merrily on the But Leopold, it is said, de-Congo. clined on the ground that Crete, apart from the mother-country, would be a constant thorn in her side; the event has proved that he was not far wrong. As things are, however, all sensible Greeks, especially those who live abroad, see in the maintenance of King George's dynasty the only chance that Greece possesses of recovering even now her place among the nations. The National Society (Ethnike Hetairia), founded some few years ago, had no hostile intentions towards the reigning house. Its object, nominally at least, was perfectly loyal and legitimate, to promote and safeguard Greek interests in the Hellenic provinces of This, unfortunately, was not Turkey. enough to satisfy the bellicose and unscrupulous patriotism of some of the leading spirits, irresponsible demagogues, Cleons in brag and volubility, but with never a Sphacteria to their credit. For interests read insurrection, and we arrive more nearly at the Society's amended aim. Many influential Greeks, at home and abroad, declined to give any further support, moral or monetary, to an organisation whose policy, they held, as now avowed, would not only bring embarrassment and possible disaster upon the Government, but also endanger the dynasty to which they were, if not cordially attached, at least loyally resigned. division arose and secessions ensued. An inner and secret Society was formed, prepared to go all lengths and precipitate a crisis. So many important civil and military officials stood committed to the forward and drastic policy that the Government, and with the Government the Sovereign, became as marionettes in the hands of the extremists. They had to dance as the strings were pulled. Hence the rising in Crete, the Vassos episode, the raid across the northern frontier. But these neck-or-nothing enthusiasts had reckoned without their hosts. in the interest of European peace, was blockaded by the Powers: Vassos had to be recalled with nothing done; and the raid, as we know, speedily resolved itself into a run,—in the homeward The Secret Society, as direction. secret societies often do, had shown itself utterly destitute of common sense, organising capacity, and elementary foresight.

The Greek soldier, notably the Irregular, is a wiry, excitable warrior, with abundance of dash but no great love of discipline, preferring to act according to his own lights, exceedingly sanguine but quite incapable of playing a waiting game. He is admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, and, unhappily for him, that mode is now quite out of date in Europe. He and his leaders, and those who egged on his leaders, had forgotten that the conditions of war have altogether changed since the days of the struggle for independence at the beginning of the century. There is no more harassing of one another by means of mosquito-like incursions; a raid, unless promptly backed up by solid battalions, is worse than useless. Locomotion is infinitely more rapid than it was fifty years ago; the character of armaments is altogether different, being

incomparably more precise and covering a vastly wider range. against whom were these Greek raiders, and Greek Regulars (more or less) after them contending? Against men who, at Plevna and elsewhere, have exhibited some of the most sterling qualities of the ideal soldier, and who, efficiently led, have probably few, if any, superiors as rank-and-file in Europe; men, too, who have a special relish for fighting the Giaour and demolishing him to the glory of Allah and his Prophet; men who, even if worsted in the fray, have no fear of death, but look forward with complacency to Al Jannat, the garden before Paradise, where, among other amenities, the liberal allowance of seventy-two dark-eyed houris awaits and welcomes the arrival of each true believer. To set forth in haphazard fashion, without base of operations, without supports or supplies, against such grim adversaries as these, was indeed fatuity such as is permitted to few in military command.

This ruinous dislocation of Greek affairs could scarcely have come about, let us rather say could scarcely have been wilfully precipitated, at a more inopportune moment for the land By nature a poor country, exporting little of substantial value besides her currants, Greece, nevertheless, during the past five and twenty years has really advanced. A quarter of a century ago communication by railway was limited to the six-mile track between the Peirseus and Athens. Roads were inhospitably few and desperately rough; what was worse, they were infested with, or at best not guaranteed to be free from, the gay brigand so wittily drawn by Edmond About. The unfortunate catastrophe at Pikermi was still fresh in men's minds, and nothing in the shape of a country excursion was permitted without the accompaniment of a military escort, itself sometimes only a trifle less formidable than the pest it was designed to counteract. Even in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital the roads were vigorously patrolled. Gradually the conditions of life and travel The iron horse, most improved. puissant emblem of security, began to force his way along the shore of the bay of Eleusis, crossed the isthmus, and skirted the northern coast of Morea, sending out by the way subsidiary colts into the heart of the country. Soon Attica was traversed fashion and Laurium in similar brought within some three hours of The canal, which Nero is Athens. credited with having begun, to join the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs, was attacked anew and this time completed, possibly with no great financial return, but a practical witness of growing enterprise. Beeotia saw the realisation of a really magnificent scheme in the draining of Lake Copais, whose eels were once celebrated by the great Greek writer of burlesque. The last Aristophanic eel has now been eaten and in its place (her place we should strictly say, for epicures worshipped her as a minor goddess) a far more useful and remunerative crop has arisen, generous breadths of waving corn, a smiling acreage on the site of what had become a pestilential marsh. Not indeed with Rhodesian celerity, but slowly and surely feeling her way, Greece seemed about to emerge with credit from a gloomy and heavy-laden past, to take an honourable place among the progressive peoples of Europe.

Her own folly has once more thrown her back, and she starts again at the bottom of the list. What has she now to face, what, indeed, not to face? A ruined, or, to take the most optimistic view, a grievously compromised credit, in the first place, and that the greatest of all drawbacks to national progress. When Solomon, if Solomon it was, laid it down that "money answereth all things," he was formulating an axiom which no political economist, at any rate, will Without a wellcare to gainsay. lined and well-managed public purse no country can hope to make a decent appearance on the market. Secondly, even when matters shall have been adjusted with the Turk, there will be a real danger to the land in the troops of disbanded soldiery, traditionally more than likely to lapse into brigandage, a curse which she had only within the last few years succeeded in stamping out. The old political animosities, due not to difference of programme but to insatiable hankering after place and office, will, it is to be feared, once more bar the way to prosperity instead of being smothered, as they ought to be, by a common determination to sacrifice all private ambition on the altar of the public weal. truly a parlous state which threatens. The true friends of Greece would fain see her happy and prosperous, but her worst enemy is herself, and those who love her best see this most clearly. Once more in her fitful history all, or nearly all, except her sun, seems to be set; and the spectators of the tragedy are apparently helpless to contribute aught to the situation, save in the poet's mournful words,—

For Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear.

ARTHUR GAYE.

#### HATS AND HAT-WORSHIP.

[An Essay written in Commemoration of the Centenary of the Tall-hat.]

I.

# HISTORICO-PHILOSOPHIC.

Considering the innumerable volumes of printed Trash which have been published on the topic of Clothes of all kinds,—Church-clothes, Long-clothes, Dandy-clothes, Aprons, and the like, woven in the Loom of Time or in all other looms whatsoever, - it might strike the reflective mind with some surprise that nothing considerable or of a fundamental character has hitherto been written on the subject of Hats. All the more strange when one reflects that Hats of whatever conceivable Fashion or Shape, are common to all sons of Adam on this terraqueous Globe, from Game-preserving Dilettante in Long-acre gig to Billius Hodge-Podge in his Bastille; sole exceptions within our ken being Pavement-painters and the Oval Poet. Taking which indubitable Fact into his consideration, it has seemed good to the present Editor, out of the chaotic mass of fuliginous imbecility which he calls his Mind, to evolve or body forth somewhat, which to some thirty-five millions of Readers (mostly fools) shall seem to be substantially a Work, or thing of great Worth: its precise value, on the whole, being in fact zero or No-thing; as will speedily become visible without aid of Herschel Telescopes or whatever other Optical Instruments.

On the origin and genesis of Hats the present Editor has not prepared a long discourse. Suffice it to say, that though the Hat was not the first discovered Garment,—the more pressing need being, as would seem, the White Tie,—it was nevertheless perhaps not unlike to be the second. For what more natural than that the earliest Sansculottist, or wearer of Nothing, should cast about him for some means of defending his precious Head against Sunstrokes and Rain-storms (Regenstürme), not to mention (nicht zu sagen) Thunder, Lightning, and other so-called Forces-of-Nature?

On all which and many other similar Adamitic questions a Refined History would rather say nothing. What chiefly concerns our present purpose being the Hat, so to speak, of To-day, in all its manifold Forms and Fashions: Pot-hats, Necklace-cardinals' Hats, Academical Hats, Shovel-hats and what not; of which latter indeed let it suffice to say here once for all, that of all the wearers of them Seneca was the father.

But what after all, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-purpose or upshot of the thing we call a Hat? Is it in these modern times merely as heretofore a defence against the Weather? Or, on the whole, shall we not rather say that, as Speech was given to man to conceal his Thoughts, so the Hat was designed quite marvellously to conceal his Thought-works or Brains? Which latter, though not for the most part standing in need of much concealment, do nevertheless without doubt, when existent, have their Seat, or Permanent Residence, in the Upper Story, and must for sake of argument be presumed to dwell therein, even though the flat (Dummkopf) be visibly Un-furnished. As in the case of double-barrelled Game-preservers, and

all others whose Profession or Work-inthe-World is to Own Land. ing all which we shall here, for obvious reasons, say no more. Thus nevertheless, after darkest groping, is there at length realised somewhat; namely that the Hat, being, as we have seen, the Brain-cover or as it were Outer Shell of the Brain, does actually, uncertain whether from mere Proximity, or in whatever more or less mysterious way, absorb into itself some considerable portion or Concentrated Essence of the Brain: so that not only does the Hat become characteristic of, or mark the Man, but in a manner really makes the Man,-whereby he becomes recognisable to his fellows, and even Definable solely in terms of his Hat. As for instance when thou askest question of Billius Hodge-Podge in the occidental parts: "What son of Adam hath unlawfully made away with a certain four-legged, Midas-eared animal without Feathers, to wit a Moke? In the Devil's name—Answer!"—and straightway gettest answered - so: "The Man in the White Hat!" Truly a very questionable kind of man this, going about his Moke-lifting in a White Hat! Quite a distinguished man, one would think! One would like to know more of him: whether he did any Work in the world (Treadmill or otherwise), before Chaotic Night, in person of Samson or Jack Ketch, drew on his distinguished visage the White Cap, and so—ex-tinguished him for ever!

Not much of the Flunkey here, one would hope! Rather, at bottom, some Inkling (Dintchen) of the Hero,—of the Cromwell-Dick-Turpin kind at worst! A man not very likely to be troubled with Valets, unless indeed of the Newgate-turnkey sort! And note further that this luminous head-gear of his serves not merely as envelopment for Cranium or Num-skull, but does actually seem to shelter likewise the entire visible corporeal existence

of the man: Front-of-brass, breastworks, stern-works and the like, down to his very Two Legs and Timber-toes. In a really marvellous way! Not so strange though if, with the spectacular Teutons, we interpret Hat (Hut) as Hut, house, or perhaps even Hose (Hosen).Strange philological, rather illogical, speculations! In the midst of which the Man himself has unhappily evaporated, leaving results amounting, on the whole, to zero! For quite other indeed must we consider those "White Hats" of which Sporting Journalists do learnedly discourse, what time all the Posterity of Adam, from Game-preserving Dillettante to Billius Hodge-Podge from his Bastille, do assemble with observant eve to witness the Royal game of Stool-ball at Lords or Law-wards; Wards or Wardens, that is to say, of Cricket-laws: Two-legs-before-wicketlaws. Five-balls-to-the-over-laws, and what not: like to become perforce, through over-much Laissez-faire, wards of their own Ground; no longer Groundgame Preservers but veritable Gameground Preservers,-or prepare for vanishing! With this Manchester-Sheffield business looming ever more palpably on the rim of the horizon! Concerning which altogether questionable White Hats the present Writer has been able to learn, after patientest enquiry, as good as nothing whatever. This authentic Fact alone being at length discoverable: namely that the M.C.C., or Council of Twelve Hundred Lords (or Law-wards), do of their bounty award this White Hat as a Crown-of-Honour for successful performance of certain "Hat-tricks" (Hutlisten).

In such enigmatic duskiness and thrice-folded involution, after all enquiries, does the matter yet hang. Nevertheless, by dint of meditation and comparison, Light-points that stand fixed and abide scrutiny do here

and there disclose themselves. As for instance, that this singular Hattrick is no mere Cagliostro-quackery or Maskelyne-and-Cooke miracle with Omelette or live Bunny, but is in some not very easily discernible way connected with the ancient Art of Bowling, now alas! as good as extinct. Might we then guess that for clean bowling the enemy the reward was, not inappropriately, a Clean Bowler, or, in plain language, a White Hat?

To linger among such speculations, longer than mere Science requires, a discerning Public can have no wish. And now dimly arises the question, Whether the straddling biped called Man, being for the most part definable as a Piece of Wood (Holzstück), may not, at bottom, be at least as much Hat-peg as Clothes-horse (Kleidenpferd) or Scarecrow? Nay farther, who knows whether the Hat, which, as we proved above, makes the Man, may not in a manner actually be the Man, so that he is what he is solely in virtue (vir-tus, Man-hood) of his Hat? In token whereof are not the members of the Dandiacal Body wont to hail one another as "Old Chappie" (Chapeau), or even Cap-tain? With which singular, if not altogether questionable suggestion, we must close this already too considerable chapter.

#### II.

# INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

To those who, with the present Ready-Writer, hold this exalted and even worshipful opinion of the inner purport of Hats, some disquisition here on Hat-guards may not seem altogether out of place. Under which category, be it understood, he would include not merely pieces of String, elastic or inelastic, serving as security against loss by Whirlwind and the like; but likewise those other safeguards against damage by Hail and Rain, of which the one most worth considering here is the Umbrella. Against damage by those other hereditary foes of the Hat, such as doors of Omnibuses and Railway-Carriages. or ascending showers of Babylonian mud, there has been unhappily no defence

at present got discovered.

But quitting all that of which the human soul cannot well speak in terms of civility, some light on the origin of the Umbrella, even if merely fish-oil transparency or bog Will-o'-Wisp, might perhaps from the volumes of Dryasdust, or from whatever more or less arid or humid tomes, be after infinite pains and World-torments at length dimly discernible. This Editor will venture on such a thing.

And truly a very remarkable year was that, well-nigh two centuries ago, when the first Ombrifuge, or Umbrella. was unfurled in London Streets. What a sensation! Not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable: of which happily the historian (or Boswell) is extant. us search the pages of our Encyclopédie, not that of Diderot (d-d rot) but one writ in our own tongue, wherein he who runs may read: of which Book the net-value, or Worth (valor) is, by Cash-computation, precisely Sixpence sterling; its value to us on the other hand being quite infinite / Let the Professor of Thingsin-general, not to say (nicht zu sagen) Life-weariness, tell the tale in his own quaint end-of-the-century style. "For many centuries the umbrella had been in common use in China and Japan before it was introduced into European About 200 years ago it countries. was introduced into London by Jonas Hanway, a benevolent and eccentric old gentleman. When he first raised his umbrella, on a rainy day, he found it of unexpected use in keeping off a shower of sticks and stones, with

which the street-boys pelted him." Showers quite other than of Rain! As without doubt he speedily became aware. A spectacle to gods and men! Pelting which this new Umbrella of his was not built to withstand: not being precisely constructed in that manner.

And what of the "eccentric old gentleman" himself,-Jonas Hanway or Hanwell, (for so let us name him for his eccentricity)? How he makes shift to adapt himself to this unexpectedly solid environment, turn Tail and furl Brolly, demand the Arrestment of Knaves and Dastards —By no means! (keinwegs!) Just elevates the dexter eyebrow of him slightly perhaps: for the rest, plods bravely on his way-not wishing himself back in China! Half-conscious perhaps, in his dim inarticulate way, that he too is at length become a Leader of the Fashions, the Introducer of a really new Thing, a Boon and a Blessing to his Fellow-creatures.

Not much of the Flunkey here either, one might suppose! A man probably accustomed to looking after his own Hat and Clothes. Truly a very notable old gentleman!—worth living more than two centuries back to see—him and his Umbrella! (Might we but possess one of those new Patent Time-conquering Fortunatus-Hats of ours!) Good old Jonas Hanwell! Here we must leave thee, and thy antique Ombrifuge! Of thy Heroism,— for Hero truly thou wert—let Dryasdust and Divine Silence be the record.

Into the question, Whether the Umbrella be, on the whole, a weapon of of-fence partly, no less than of defence, we shall not here so much as glance. Enough for us to say that in the hands of all Daughters-of-Eve, Scarlet-Women, Quarteroons and the like, it is fraught with perils (of the frightfullest sort!) to our observant Eye. For the rest, a sovereign

remedy for Insane Cows and even Highway-Dick-Turpins.

With the ultimate end or Destiny of every Brolly on this terraqueous Globe only the greener mind in these days need concern itself. For, after all, no man happy enough to own a Brolly lacks a friend willing to relieve him of the burden. How thankful should we be then that from such Candid-friend depredations our Hat at least is secure: uncertain whether from reverence to its great Age and well-nigh sacerdotal character, or from some personal considerations of shape, size, or the like. As for instance this, that on a less noble brow our own private Hat is like to become a mere Extinguisher; whereby the unlawful wearer is rendered quite remarkable, - conspicuous among his fellowcreatures.

And if even our own Bosom-friend vouchsafes this respect to our Hat, how were it with a mere Un-Friend Total - stranger ? Imagine, for instance, that chancing to enter our Penetralia or Inward-hall, at deadof-night, we behold dimly through Cimmerian darkness an Stranger, of the questionable species, in possession of even the humblest of our Hats! Think you that we will bid him depart in peace, glad to be quit of him - even at such a Very far from that! — Quite the reverse of all that! Awake he shall NOT have it, not he wideawake our wide-awake! rest, producing from our interior reservoirs our Bromwicham Family-Revolver, and looking fixedly on the man, we will at first speak to him, after the manner of friend Teufelsdröckh, in the simplest language, not to be mistaken. — "Er gebe es auf, Freund !-Be so obliging as to giveup that Hat, Friend!-or, on the whole, here are some half-dozen Leaden Pellets, each cunningly fitted into its

proper tube, one or more of which shall otherwise of a certainty compel thee to give-up that which thou alone, methinks, of us twain valuest above my Hat, to wit—the GHOST!" Hearing which good-advice, if with other than Moke's ears, our burglarious Friend cannot be gone too quickly!

In all which who does not discern the quite sacred value which we set on our Hat, as a thing to be defended, if need be, with our very Life-blood? How foolish should we be then were we to neglect to furnish it with a suitable Wind-guard, lest it become the Sport of furious gales—to our everlasting Wo! To such abysmal overturns (Coolboots) and frightful instantaneous inversions of the Centre-of-Gravity is human head-gear always liable.

But, quitting generalities, what strange Fact is this, clearly visible to authentic History passing along Fleet Street, one summer afternoon? It were worth while to inquire, and that promptly. Authentic History, accordingly, looking fixedly at Fleet Street, discerns two things: the one, our best and blackest Tall-hat, whirling along with countless Maurepas-gyratings, with Scylla-and-Charybdis eddyings, through Babylonian mire towards Infinite Space: the other, Hat-less, panting in hot pursuit, amid loud ha-has and ca-iras of all St. Antoine turned out to view the sport,-the present unfortunate Editor! Unluckiest of Editors, what an afternoon!-But, specially, what to do !---Were wise who wist! For, despite our best endeavour, the Thing-pursued seems actually to be gaining-on us, St. Antoine and all Sanculottism blocking our path. Here is a Nodus !-

Why we do not call-in the Police? We do call-in the Police. With results. Chief-Inspector Bailly, shiftiest of all Chief-Inspectors, and Constable Coles, scenting safety, nay,

perhaps even silver, from afar, do emerge as if from Tartarus; plainly visible this once to the eye of History, and to all other eyes. Constable Coles, has even a suggestion—of the practicallest sort! Constable Coles will himself join in the pursuit; will, with those silent league - covering Fortunatus-boots of his, if but by mere treading and trampling, effect To which all too the capture! practical suggestion we, as owners of the quarry, looking at the matter from quite other point - of - view, will for the present have nothing whatever to say. Constable Coles. (so we ordain), shall clear the way: for such purposes were those crowdcompelling Boots even the suitablest! We ourselves will conduct the chase Let Inspector Bailly, in person. active and intelligent, bring up the

In such manner do we, after infinite pantings and perspirings, recapture our prize, amid universal hep-hep-hurrahs for Glorious-victory: which we will forthwith celebrate, in our modest way, by the purchase of a new Patent Hat-guard. Thus, too, did Constable Coles, as we have seen, emerge from Tartarus, dawn on us visibly out of the darkness, and become a person and a Crowdcompeller. Whither he must nevertheless return, not without suitable Thank-offering (Trinkgeld) from us, and vanishes henceforth from the tissue of our story. A too practical man, with his Fixed-idea (and those Boots of his!). A man of no astucity: and yet withal no mere specious Formula. Rather one who swallowed all Formulas, Speciosities, Sham-trues, Babblements, Pufferies, Quackeries, Paperkites, Dead - sea apisms and most other Isms. if he can but digest them all! To which veritable Hercules-labour let us here leave him.

## III.

#### SANITY OF HATTERS.

Truly a very questionable title for this our concluding chapter, whereby this Life-Work of ours, amidst loud ha-has and hep-hep-hurrahs, shall be at length got completed! Questionablest, indeed, if we reflect that the Hatter has, properly speaking, no sanity at all, but quite the reverse; being afflicted, even to a proverbial extent, with the veriest in-sanity or madcapacity-not to be cured by any Morrison's Pill as yet discoverable. Whence perforce he must at times even quit this terraqueous Globe, wandering like some cat-o'-mountain spirit or huge Copper Portent in the lunar limbo (Wunderland), a boon-companion to March-Hares, Dormice, and many more whom the human memory need not charge itself with: uttering, as the spirit moves him, things foolish and not wise. Nav. driven to break his fast, (such is the dearth of Grains), on Cochin-China Cups and Saucers: could he indeed contrive to swallow them, and digest them; which last, however, is precisely the doubtful thing, or even the not doubtful-our Patent Bromwicham Cast-Iron Digester being not yet invented. But why dwell on this aspect of the matter? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any man. More profitable, accordingly, were it for us in the long run to conduct a quite unofficial enquiry (without Bluebooks) into the Causes of this so singular Phenomenon of Hatters'-Madness. Having which fixed-purpose or end-inview, we, for our part, have in these latter days diligently read and re-read every well or ill-redacted treatise that has been written by all Ready-writers on the subject whatsoever: being for the most part very far from legible to runner:-could one but after infinite reading get to understand so much as

the merest inkling of their meaning, or indeed whether they have any meaning at all! Nevertheless, after patientest study, Scattered Lights do from time to time sparkle-out; whereby the idea, or Thing-signified, becomes for the time even intelligible! As for instance, this remarkable suggestion of Professor Hammond Bacon, a man evidently of much grinding in the John Stuart Logic-mill; That the Hatter does not, as one would have thought, become insane as the result of his profession of Hatter (Hattitude), but that he was naturally and of necessity insane before becoming a Hatter. Let us hear the world-famous Professor himself, as far as possible without interruption.

"A Hatter is a maker of Hats."—
(Remarkable Professor!)—"A Hat is a covering to protect the Head from Rain. Rain is more destructive to Hats than it is to Heads."—(Evidently the World-renowned does not dye his wig.)—"Consequently the Hatter is one who seeks to protect the less destructible article by means of the more destructible."—(Hence, we imagine, the Deluge.)—"Therefore (ergo) the Hatter is Mad.—Quod erat demonstrandum."

In addition to which (præterea) one might say,—hence the Umbrella. Taking which singular suggestion of the Professor's into consideration (as far as one can understand it), do we not at length begin, if but faintly, to discern the meaning of that portentous seven-foot-high Lath-and-plaster Haton-wheels of the Strand Hatter, whereat the wrath of Friend Sauerteig was of late so strangely excited? For precisely as the Hat, being designed to protect the Head, was found by Jonas Hanwell to be in need itself of some protector, is it not in like manner conceivable that the Umbrella, while defending the Hat, may itself require some gigantic seven-foot Hat for its

own defence? Which marvellous erection again, being somewhat weighty to carry, shall it not go better on Wheels? And even, perhaps, by Steam? Here accordingly a question arises; of the prophetic sort; which cannot now be answered: — namely—Whether, for better protection of these same tallest of Tall-hats, we shall not require some quite preposterous Paul's-dome Umbrella or Parachute, hanging by vast Gas-bags from the air of Heaven? And so on ad infinitum, till we strike the Starry Vault with our Sublime-Whereupon one begins to Heads. wonder. How the streets shall be passable? Which problem the best insight, seeking light from all possible sources, shifting its point of vision whithersoever vision or glimpse of vision can be had, may employ itself in solving in some tolerably approximate way! But, apart from all Transcendentalism, let us here say at once that with this enigmatic theory of our Professor, how plausible soever it may seem, we for our part must entirely disagree. which disagreement we shall not here assign so much as a reason: sufficient for us that we do publicly name the man a mere Pot-walloper or Logheaded Windbag,—and order him at his earliest convenience to disappear!

For the rest, it remains but to state our own private view of the matter, which is of the simplest kind: this namely, that every Hat of good Quality is, in some miraculous way, endued with the power of Absorbing Brains, to a certain definable extent: whereby the wearers of many new Hats do actually become visibly Brainless,—plain to behold! As in the case of our double-barrelled Game-preservers, Most-

Eminent Parlement-Leaders. others who are rightly called Notables, or Not-ables. (Whereat wise Wigs wag!) What wonder then that the Hatter, being whether from choice or of necessity continually surrounded by a multitude of new Hats, with all their Brain-absorbent Faculties fresh and nascent, should speedily be reduced to a condition of sheer mad-capacity or Madness? Nay, further, such is the virtue of Victorious-Analysis, do we not begin to discern with tolerable certainty the cause of that hitherto mysterious Lunacy of most Princes, Potentates and others whose occupation or Work-in-the-World is to be continually wearing Crowns? So much can Observation altogether unstatistic, looking only at a Hamlet or a Julius Cæsar, ascertain for itself. Nay perchance too even some in our own time, -concerning which latter, however, let us by all means forbear speaking treasonably, lest Mother Guillotine become desirous of our own Hat-peg, a thing not easily to be replaced!

Thus have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as in such circumstances might be, followed out to the end the History of this Transcendental Inquiry: -happy if we can but find a Reader to follow US! The subject was bewildering, and at times we may have seemed even to lose our way,-so Cimmerian was the boscage and um-And yet withal has there not been realised somewhat, some actual existing quotity of Residual Fact? This namely, that all Work and all Labour is unprofitable, and this Life of ours but the idle Shadow of a Vision:

<sup>&</sup>quot;We are such Stuff . . ."

## IN THE GUARDIANSHIP OF GOD.

"DITTU SANSI, aged twenty-one, theft, six months," read out the overseer of the gaol, who was introducing a batch of new arrivals to the doctor in charge of a large gaol in the Upper Provinces of India. It was early morning. Outside the high mud walls, which looked like putty and felt like rock, the dew was frosting the grass in the garden where a few favoured criminals were doing the work of oxen for the well-wheel, and turning the runnels of fresh water to the patches of spinach and onion. But here. inside the gaol square, everything had the parched arid look of sun-baked mud. Not a speck was to be seen anywhere; the very prisoners themselves, standing in a long line awaiting inspection, with their dust-coloured blankets folded upon the ground in front of them, looked like darker clay images waiting to be put on their pedestals. There was a touch of colour, however, close to the arched gateway. First, a red-turbaned warder or two, guarding the wicket; then half a dozen constables in vellow trousers, and a deputy-inspector of police smart in silver laces and fringes; finally the gaol darogah, or overseer, a stoutish, good-looking Mahomedan with a tendency to burst out, wherever it was possible, into gay muslin, and decorate the edges of his regulation white raiment with fine stitchings. These, with a nondescript group fresh from the lock-up, were gathered about the plain deal table set in full sunlight where the Doctor sate, ticking off each arrival on the roster. matched the gaol, being dressed from head to foot in dust-coloured drill, with a wide pith hat which might

have been carved out of the putty walls.

"All right, *Darogah*," he said with a yawn, "number five hundred and seven. Go on,—what's the matter?"

Shurruf Deen, the overseer, was looking intently at the paper in his hand, and the rich brown of his complacent face seemed to have faded a little. "Nothing, Huzoor," he replied glibly enough, though a quick observer might have seen the muscles of his brown throat labouring over the syllables. "The list is badly written, in the broken character. Thou shouldst speak to the clerk in thine office, Inspector-jee; this name is almost illegible."

"Tis Shureef, clear enough, Darogah-jee," dissented the Inspector huffily; "and I should have thought it fits thine own name too close for——"

"Shureef," read out Shurruf the Overseer brusquely, "Shureef, Khoja, thirty-five, lurking house trespass by night, habitual offender, ten years."

The Doctor looked up sharply. Ten years meant business; one can teach a lot in ten years,-carpet-weaving, wood-carving, pottery-making — and the Doctor's hobby was his gaol. What he saw was a man, looking many years older than his age, haggard and grey, yet despite this with a lightness and suppleness in every limb. Though this figure was lean where the Overseer was fat, wrinkled where the Overseer showed smooth, there was a similarity in the rich colour of their skins, in the regularity of their features which made the Englishman turn to look at the Darogah with the mental remark that the race-characteristics of India were very instructive; for

Shurruf was a Khoja also. "All right," said the Doctor. "Number five hundred and eight."

"Five hundred and eight," repeated the habitual offender calmly. "I will not forget. Salaam, Huzoor! Salaam, Darogah-jee."

"Do you know the man?" asked the Doctor quickly of his subordinate; he was sharp as a needle, and there had been a note in the salutation which he did not understand.

"He was in for two years when I was sub-overseer at Loodhiana, *Huzoor*," replied Shurruf imperturbably. "He gave much trouble there; he will not here, since the Doctor-sahib knows how to manage such as he."

Once more there was an undertone, but the Doctor's attention was riveted by the adroit flattery, and he rose to begin his inspection with a smile. was true; he did know how to manage a gaol, and there could not possibly be any cause for complaint when he was there to apportion each ounce of food scientifically, to rout every germ, every microbe, and treat even contumacy as The five hundred and odd a disease. prisoners were, as it were, the Doctor's He marshalled them this chessmen. way and that, checkmating their vile souls and bodies while they were in his If they passed out of it into their own he took no heed. might make what they liked of themselves. But if they died, and, as the phrase runs, chose the Guardianship of God, he buried them temporarily in the gaol graveyard with all possible sanitary precautions, against the time when relations or friends might appear to claim the corpse. There was no official regulation as to the limit of time within which such claim could be preferred; but as a dead body remains in the special Guardianship of God for a year, it was an understood thing that man should take over the task before the Almighty gave up the job; it was more satisfactory, especially if the corpse was a Hindu and had to be burned. As for the Doctor, he would have preferred to burn the lot, Hindu and Mahomedan alike; failing that, he—took precautions.

As he walked down the line rapidly his sharp eye noted every detail, and Shurruf Deen had many a swift probing question to answer. He answered them, however, as swiftly, for he was the best gaoler conceivable, so good that even the Doctor allowed that he was almost capable of managing the gaol himself. A man of unimpeachable character, he had yet a curious insight into the minds of the criminals he guarded, and a singular tact in managing them, so that his record of continual rise in the world seemed likely to lengthen itself by an appointment to the most important gaolership in the Province. Shurruf Deen was working all he knew to secure this, and therefore, as he followed the Doctor, his keen bold eyes were everywhere forestalling the possibility of blame. They fell. among other things, on Shureef's thin, somewhat bowed figure, as it was marched off to be shaved, washed, manacled, and dressed to pattern. Then they turned almost mechanically to the paper he still held. Deen, Khoja—ten years hard—three months solitary. He gave a faint sigh of relief. Solitary confinement, even when broken up by philanthropy into blocks of a week, gave time. It meant many ameliorations to a prisoner's lot which would be unsafe amid the ruck. Besides no man, he told himself, would be fool enough to risk losing these favours simply to spite another man.

He repeated this thought aloud that same evening, after lights were out, and the silence of solitary cells lay all over the gaol, save in one of the latter where Shurruf sate whispering to Shureef. In the utter darkness the curious similarity of the place to a

wild beast's cage, with its inner gratingbarred cubicle and its outer high-walled yard let open to the sky, was lost, and the two men might have been anywhere. Shurruf, however, sate on the millstones, as being more suited to his figure, while Shureef crouched on the ground beside the little heap of corn he was bound to give back ounce for ounce in flour and bran. And as he crouched, leaning listlessly against the wall, his supple hand moved among the wheat raising it idly, and as idly letting it slip back through his thin fingers.

"Fate!" he echoed to something the other said; "nay, 'twas not Fate, brother, which sent me to thy gaol. I was hard pressed; I am growing old for the life; it kills men soon. The police would have had me in the big dacoity case at Delhi despite all; so I bungled one further north, to come—where thou wast—brother."

"And thou didst right," assented Shurruf eagerly; "I can make things easy for thee."

The wheat slipped with a soft patter, like rain, through Shureef's fingers. "Twas not that either which brought me to thy gaol. Listen. I am far through this life, but another begins. I am not going to plead guilty there. It is not guilty there, not guilty on the first count, not guilty as a lad of fifteen for theft—" He paused, then a faint curiosity came to his listlessness and he looked at the half-seen figure beside him—" and such a theft! I,—I have not done so mean a one,—since—"

Shurruf moved uneasily. "Mayhap not; boys do things men do not. And I have always,—yea! thou knowest it—upheld thee better than some think. What then? Thy life is past amendment now, save for tobacco and such like; and these I will give, if thou art wise, for the ten years—"

"I shall not live three months of

the ten years, brother," interrupted Shureef calmly; and at the words a pang of regret that the solitary confinement could not be inflicted straight on end, shot through Shurruf's breast killing the faint remorse the remark had awakened; it would have simplified matters so much to have Shureef safe from the possibility of tale-bearing for those three months. "And, as I said, I want none of these things," went on Shureef; "I only Promise to tell it, want the truth. and I say naught; wilt promise, brother?"

"No!" whispered Shurruf fiercely. "What good would it do now?"

"It would make some mourn for me; it would make more than cursing follow me; it would be evidence for me, a boy, at the Great Court."

The sleek face beside the anxious one took a strange expression, half joy, half fear. "That is fools' talk. Doth not the Lord know, is He not just?"

"Yes, He knows," persisted Shureef; "but others must know, else they will not claim my body, else my grave will not be cooled with tears. It would not harm thee much, Shurruf. Mayhap 'twould be wiser for thee not to seek advancement, since one, who might hear if the truth were told, seeks it also; but if thou stayest in this fat post—"

"Peace, fool!" interrupted Shurruf passionately. "I will not. Thou hast no proof, so do thy worst. canst claim me brother if thou wilt, naught else-" Shureef bent forward and whispered a name in his ear making him start back. "It is not true," he went on rapidly; "he died long since. Think not I do not understand, that I cannot follow thy evil thoughts. Have I not watched thee these twenty years? Have I not seen thee sink, and sink, and sink? Can I not guess thy guile——"

"Because it should have been thine own, Shurruf," interrupted his brother in a new tone. "But let that be. It matters not. I asked this thing of thee that thou mightest do it freely; if not, I take it,—for I can take it now. I give thee a fortnight to consider; till then I have no more to say, and thy words will be wasted."

He rose, feeling his way by the wall to the inner cell, and Shurruf, after pausing a moment uncertainly, stole from the outer one locking the door behind him. There were stronger arguments than words at his command, and he had a fortnight wherein to use them. And use them he did, unsparingly. The week of solitary confinement which followed, and the week of work in the general ward, were alternately hell and comparative heaven; a hell of scant food, work beyond limit, and punishments; a heaven of tobacco, opium, even a nip of country liquor now and then; and, as a foretaste of favours to come, there was a day of work in the gaol-gardens among the cool runnels of water and the spinach-patches. For the Doctor, having small faith in things beyond his ken, was dividing the dead who were in the Guardianship of God, from the living who were in his own; in other words he was enclosing a new grave-yard beyond the garden, and as this involved work in the absolute open air, with greater chance of escape, the good-conduct men from the walled garden were drafted outwards, and their place supplied from But neither fifteen lashes, within. nor the privilege of smoking surreptitiously behind a thicket of jasmine and roses, tempted Shureef from the settled resolve which gave his face a curiously spiritual look. The Doctor called it something else, and in the private list he kept of those in his care, put the name of an incurable disease opposite Shureef's with this after it 1 three months, and he did not try to teach him carpet-weaving or pottery-making.

The Overseer, however, felt that three months was all too long for him, when, another week of solitary confinement coming round, he slipped over in the dead of night to Shureef's cell, and found him once more fingering the corn idly; but as it was a moonlight night now he could see the grains of wheat, shining like gold, slip through the lean fingers.

"It is not much I ask, brother," persisted Shureef almost gently; "only that the home folk may claim my body when I die. That is why I came to thy gaol; for they will not, if the truth be not told, and only thou canst tell it without flaw. True I can harm thee, but I have no wish for that. See! I give thee yet another week for thought. That is three from three months; but I give no more."

Shurruf Deen went back to his quarters over the big entrance-gate where the warders waited on him as if he were a prince, and pondered over the dilemma in a white heat of indigna-It was so selfish of Shureef; when God knew, what were a few tears more or less when a man had deliberately cast away his right to wailing a dozen times over? What Shureef had said about the first count was true, but what of the others? What right had he to claim any compensation for that first injustice? What right had he even to claim commiseration for the result of a life he had chosen? Yet the Doctor gave it him; he even ordered him back to the garden after a day or two, with the remark to the native assistant-surgeon that it was a case of the candle of life having been burned at both ends. "He might live a year," he said critically, "but I give him three months; and of course he might drop down dead any day."

He might; if he only would before the week was out, thought Shurruf longingly. It would save so much trouble, for though the whole truth could easily be shirked, it would scarcely be possible to deny the relationship, or hush up his own share in the youthful escapade. For there had been sufficient for him to be dismissed by the magistrate with a reprimand for keeping bad company; and this, added to the scandal of a notorious criminal claiming kin to him, would militate against promotion. If Shureef would only drop down dead!

He did. The very day before the week was up he was shot in an organised attempt at escape on the part of five or six prisoners who saw their opportunity in the temporary freedom of garden-work. A verv determined attempt it was, involving violence, in which Shurruf gained fresh laurels by his promptness in ordering the sentry to fire. One man was wounded in the arm, and broke his leg in falling back from the wall he was scaling. Shureef was picked up quite dead behind the thicket of jasmine and rose. As two or three shots had been fired in that direction. it was possible it might have been an accident, and that he was not really one of the plotters; on the other hand both opium and tobacco were found upon him, proof positive that he had friends in the gaol. And though the warder, who had connived at the attempt at escape, and now pleaded guilty in the hope of lessening punishment, swore that Shureef was not in the plot, he had nothing to reply when Shurruf asked him for the name of any other gaol official who tampered with his duty.

"Poor devil!" said the Doctor, musingly, as be finished the necessary examination. "He was a fool to try,—if he did; the run would have No. 455.—vol. LXXVI.

finished him to a certainty. Even the excitement of being in the fun might have killed him without anything else, for it was worse than I thought; his heart was mere tissue-paper."

Once more the Overseer's rich brown skin seemed to fade, though he was glib enough with his tongue. "He is to be buried to-night?" he asked easily.

"The sooner the better. His friends aren't likely to want him back; but all the same put him in the new yard." The Doctor's hand, as he drew up the sheet finally, lingered a bit. "If,—if he wanted to get outside, he may as well, poor devil!"

So in the cool of the evening Shureef, wrapped in a white cloth, was taken from a solitary cell and given into the Guardianship of God in the sun-baked patch of earth where he was the first to lie. It was a desolate patch, bare of everything save a white efflorescence of salt, showing, as the warder remarked enyically, that it was only fit for corpses. Not even for them, dissented the diggers, who, with leg-irons clanking discordantly, lingered over their task while Shureef, a still white roll of cloth, waited their pleasure. The soil, they said, was much harder than in the old place, and if folk were to be dug up as well as buried,-not that any would want the expense of moving Shureef, whose name was a byword-here the Overseer's portly figure showed in the adjoining garden and they hurried on with their work.

Shurruf did not come over to the grave, however, perhaps because he was in a demi-toilet of loose muslin, without his turban, and in charge of his little son, a pretty child of four, whom the obsequious gardener had presented with a bunch of jasmine and roses, and who, after a time becoming bored by his father's interest in the spinach and onions, drifted on by himself

to find something more attractive, until he came to stand wide-eyed and curious in the mourners' place at the head of the grave. And there he stood silent, watching the proceedings and keeping a tight clutch on his flowers, until a hand from behind dragging him back passionately, sent a shower of earth over the edge on to Shureef's body which had just been laid in its last resting-place, and sent also a bunch of roses and jasmine to lie close to Shureef's heart, for the child dropped them in his fright.

"Weep not, my prince!" cried the warder. "Thou shalt have them again. Here, someone, go down and hand them up."

But Shurruf, the Overseer, who, with his little son clutched in his arms, stood now in the mourners' place, his face almost grey, turned on the man with a curse. "Let the flowers lie," he said; "there are plenty more in the garden." So, without another word he left them to fill up the grave; and they, having done it, left Shureef with the flowers on his breast to the Guardianship of God.

And there he stayed month after month, until the year drew close to its end. And Shurruf Deen stayed in the gaol, for, after all, the man whose place he had hoped to get was allowed another year's extension of service. Perhaps it was the deferred hope which told on the Overseer's nerves; but certain it is that the passing months brought a strange look of anxiety to his face. Perhaps it was that, though he had set aside much, he could not quite set aside the thought of that bunch of roses and jasmine which his little son's hand had thrown upon Shureef's breast. Something there was in his mind without a doubt, which made him, but a few weeks before the Guardianship of God must end, and before the momentous question of promotion

must be decided, steal out more than once at night to Shureef's solitary grave, as he had stolen to his solitary But the memory of the still white roll of cloth with the flowers upon it, touched him more closely than the memory of the listless figure letting the wheat-grains slip through its idle fingers. Why it should have done so, it were hard to say. Fear had something to do with it,-sheer superstition that when the Guardianship of God was over, the uncared-for body might fall into the keeping of the Devil and torment him. Love had its part too; love, and a vague remorse born more of the chance which had made his little son chief mourner, than of a sense of personal Plainly it did not do to try and escape the tie of kindred altogether.

So, by degrees, the thought grew that it would indeed be safer for Shureef to pass into other guardianship before God's ended. He had asked for nothing, save that his grave might be cooled by tears; if this could be compassed, surely he ought to be satisfied, ought to forget everything else and leave his kindred in peace. And it might be compassed with care. Shureef's mother,—not his own, for they had only been half-brothers-was alive, alive and blind, and poor too, since his father, stung by his son's disgrace, had sent her back to her own people. Poor, blind, and a mother! Here was material ready to his hand. It would not cost half a month's pay, even with the expenses of moving the body; and then—yes, then, when they were no longer needed, those flowers, even if they were dust, as they must be, could be taken away and forgotten.

It was the anniversary of Shureef's burial, and in the cool of the evening the clanking leg-irons were once more at work upon his grave; for, much to the Doctor's disgust, an old woman had put in an appearance at the last moment with unimpeachable credentials of relationship and sufficient cash to convey the remains to her village. There was, as Shurruf the Overseer said regretfully, no valid excuse for refusal, and the Doctor-sahib might rely upon his doing all things decently and in order, and on strict sanitary principles. Whereupon the Doctor had smiled grimly, and said that in cases of resurrection there was safety in extremes.

Nevertheless, it was the love of horrors, no doubt, which made the gathering round the opening grave so large. The old woman sate in the mourners' place, her tears flowing already. The others, however, talked over probabilities, and told tales of former disinterments with cheerful realism, while Shurruf Deen bustled backwards and forwards among his elaborate arrangements.

They dug down to one side of the original grave after approved fashion, so that there should be as little disturbance as possible, and when traces of what was sought showed in a fold of still white shroud, extra cloths were sent down, in which, covering as they exposed, the workmen gradually swathed all that was mortal of the dead dacoit.

"He hath not lost much weight," said those at the ropes as they hauled.

So there the task was done, decently and in order. But Shurruf wanted something which he knew must still lie within the brand-new shroud, and, ere they lifted the gruesome bundle to the coffin awaiting it, he stooped,—then stood up suddenly, grey to the very lips, and crushing something in his hand, something, so it seemed to those around, pink and white and green. But his face riveted them. "In the

Guardianship of God," he muttered, "in the Guardianship of God."

"What is it?" said one to another, as he stood dazed and speechless. Then they, too, stooped, looked, touched, until as he had lain when they found him, behind the rose and jasmine thicket, Shureef lay before them looking more as if he was asleep than dead.

Wah!" said a voice in the crowd; "he cannot have been so bad as folk thought him, if the Lord has taken all that care of him."

Shurruf gave a sort of sob, stepped back, lost his footing on the edge of the open grave and fell heavily. When they picked him up he was dead.

Doctor, summoned hastily. The shook his head. Death must have been instantaneous, he said; the neck was broken. After which he went over and looked at Shureef curiously; then stooped down and picked up some of the earth on which the body lay, earth which had come from the bottom of the grave. "Look," he said, pointing out minute white crystals in it to the native assistant; "that's bi-borate of soda. I knew there was some of it here when I chose this patch. It's a useful antiseptic; but he has been in a regular mine of it, -a curious case of embalming, isn't it?"

It certainly was; and it was still more curious that a bunch of fresh roses and jasmine should have been found on Shurruf Deen the Overseer's breast as he lay in Shureef's grave; but, as the Doctor said, the obsequious gardener had most likely given them to him as he passed through the spinach and onion patches. And perhaps it was so.

F. A. STEEL.

#### SOME NOTES ON CHESS.

ELIA must have been in a rarely unsympathetic mood when he penned Sarah Battle's scornful disparagement of chess. "Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her," he tells us, "with insufferable horror and ennui. Those wellcut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the imagery of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. . . . A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants." To a chess-player such a criticism is inept and untrue. The facts are against it; chess is the one universal game, and in its universality lies the answer to Mrs. Battle's allegations. It is the game which, more than any other, delights by its own virtue, irrespective of gain or loss. There are hundreds of players who, like Mr. Bird, would rather lose a good game than win a bad one; and a brilliant "mate" extorts pure admiration from the most obstinate oppo-Yet victory brings delight all the intenser because it is the reward of effort, and in no way dependent on It is a pastime more closely allied to the fancy and imagination Elia knew. Its "imagery," than decried by him as "senseless," appeals strongly to the minds of children. little four-year-old lass, well known to us, was filled with delight when she first saw her father's new Staunton pieces, and she incontinently discarded the old sixpenny set, hitherto her fast friends; 'twas off with the old love, on with the new. She watches the course of a game with unfeigned (if somewhat bewildered) interest, and nothing delights her more than to nurse the wounded and captured warriors into health and fitness for a new game. To her, the pieces are alive and real; and in truth to the born chess-player they do seem to have powers, almost intelligence, of their own, representing to him actual and operative forces, which combine for a clear end, and in directing which his imagination is stretched to the utter-Shakespeare has made chess the lover's game for all generations to Poor Elfride Swancourt in A PAIR OF BLUE EYES combats her successive suitors at the board. It is Owen Meredith who sings: .

My little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy
weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

And, if further evidence against Mrs. Battle's opinion were needed, what game of the merely slate-and-pencil order could generate enthusiasm to account for a story like this, told of a decent Scotsman, Elder in his kirk, when returning by boat from London to Edinburgh? Finding in the cabin a chess-board and a congenial soul, he spent all Saturday evening up to midnight in animated play. On Sunday he passed the time alternately pacing the deck and wistfully eyeing the chess-board, and vehemently declared that he'd be hanged if he travelled on the Sabbath again!

A chess-player wishing to honour the inventor of his pastime would be as much puzzled as Sancho Panzawas about the inventor of sleep. The origin of chess is a mystery; we have the game, and that is all we know. Enthusiasts have tried to trace it back to its beginnings, but their discoveries are less numerous than their guesses. Legends of a circumstantial kind have sprung up and for a time found credence, such as that the game was invented by a general, during a time of famine, to keep his soldiers from mutiny, or by a Greek philosopher with the intent to prove that even a despot's power is weak without the support of his All such legends may be dispeople. missed as idle tales. The only established fact is that chess came westward out of the East, where it must have grown up in a remote antiquity. Antiquity suggests Homer, and in Homer some people have found the first literary reference to the game. for instance, in his translation of the Odyssey, depicts the suitors of Penelope beguiling with chess the tedium of their long sojourn in Ithaca.

On hides of beeves, before the palace gate, (Sad spoils of luxury) the suitors sate. With rival arts and ardour in their mien, At CHESS they vie to captivate the queen.

But scholars tell us that the word translated chess really represents a game somewhat resembling draughts, and in Messrs. Butcher's and Lang's prose the passage runs, "they were taking their pleasure at draughts in front of the doors." In the same way the Romans have been deprived of chess by modern scholarship. game which Nero, in his sober moments, played on an abacus of sixty-four squares with pieces of ivory shaped like four-horse chariots, the game with latrunculi (which is, being interpreted, little robbers) to which Seneca in a letter compares the life of man, was not chess. Those ivory chariots and those little robbers were simply elegant draughtsmen; for there is no evidence that the pieces were of different values, and difference of value is of the essence of chess.

To-day it is the accepted belief that India was the original home of chess, and that it was transplanted thence to Persia in the sixth century of our era. Firdusi the Persian poet tells, in his great epic, Shah Nameh (the Book of Kings), a curious story about the introduction of the game. There came one day to the great King Naushirawan an envoy from his tributary the King of Hind, bearing among rich presents a handsome chess-board and the strangest letter ever sent to overlord, proposing a riddle to his almighty Majesty, and insisting on a solution Naushirawan was to set his wise men to discover, from the board and the pieces, the principles of the game. If they succeeded, then the King of Hind would dutifully pay his tribute as heretofore. If they failed, then clearly wisdom did not dwell with them, and he could no longer demean himself by paying tribute to the lord of such ignoramuses; rather would he claim tribute himself. shirawan was sorely perplexed. handled the pieces and examined the board; he tried to bribe the envoy to reveal the secret; at length he begged seven days' grace. Then he summoned his wise men from far and near, and put to them the puzzle. They were as nonplussed as the Egyptian wise men were to interpret Pharaoh's They pulled long faces and consulted the stars: they wrangled and argued; but all was in vain. At length a Joseph appeared in the person of the King's chief counsellor, who had hitherto held aloof in regard for his dignity, but who now promised that, given secrecy and seclusion, he would read this riddle. In a day and a night he returned from his study,

and expounded to the court the mysteries of the game of chess, to the King's great joy, the envoy's chagrin, and the salvation of the revenue.

It is not necessary to discuss the stages of the progress of chess towards the West. The matter of chief interest for us is that the game was introduced into England, either from France or by the Danes, apparently in the It became speedily tenth century. The intercourse beacclimatised. tween England and the East during the Crusades strengthened its hold on this country, and it became in fact a favourite court-pastime. Henry the Second fought his sturdy chancellor Becket amicably at chess before he had to fight him in dead earnest as archbishop,—a fact which Tennyson has deftly utilised in the opening scene of his play. Richard Lion-heart, in the few breathing-spaces between his wars, won many a bloodless victory on the mimic battle-field. By the time of Edward the Third the game had established itself in cultivated society.

Evidence of this fact, if otherwise wanting, would be found in the works of the first great poet of modern England, Geoffrey Chaucer. In 1369 John of Gaunt lost his wife the Duchess Blanche, and Chaucer, who was attached to the ducal household, wrote, probably by request, an elegy to the dead lady. Following a literary fashion of the time, he describes himself as falling asleep over a book and dreaming a dream. It is a May morning, and the jolly hunter's horn calls him from his bed into the fresh greenwood. As he stands watching the chase, a dog comes fawning to him, and leads him to a flowery spot amid great trees, where he finds, leaning against a broad oak, a knight clothed all in black, his head downcast, his lips murmuring a rhythmic complaint against Death. Becoming aware of the stranger's presence the

knight addresses him, and is led to tell him the cause of his sorrow,—that Death has robbed him of the sweetest wife man ever had. And then comes surely the most elaborate metaphor from chess that literature can show. Says the knight:

False Fortune hath played a game At the chess with me, alas the while!

The false thief! What hath she done, Trowest thou? By our Lord, I will thee say.—

At the chess with me she gan to play:
With her false draughts! diverse
She stole on me, and took my fers;
And when I saw my fers away,
Alas! I could no longer play;
But said, Farewell, sweet! ywis,
And farewell, all that ever there is.
Therewith Fortune said, "Check here!"
And "mate" in the mid point of the checkère,

With a pawn errant, alas! Full craftier to play she was Than Attalus that made the game First of the chess, so was his name.

This passage is interesting, not only because it records one of the medieval legends as to the inventor of the game, but from its mention of the fers. word, derived from the Persian pherz, means literally a counsellor, and the piece so named was the same as that now called the queen. It is proved by Forbes, in his HISTORY OF CHESS, that the large powers now held by the queen were not bestowed on her till the middle of the fifteenth century; but Chaucer's lines show that in his time the fers, or queen, was at any rate the piece of highest value, and that the loss of it involved the loss of all.

Caxton's GAME AND PLAY OF THE CHESS, though it no longer enjoys the reputation of being the first book printed in England, is sufficiently interesting to retain its place among the

<sup>1</sup> Pieces, or possibly, moves.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Certainly.
<sup>3</sup> Chess-board.

curiosities of our literature. Like most of Caxton's books, it was a translation. In the last years of the thirteenth century a Dominican friar, named Jacobus of Casala, compiled a LIBER MORALIS DE LUDO SCACCORUM, which, like some other moral books, was exceedingly popular. It was translated into several languages, and the French version falling in Caxton's way seemed to him worthy of an English dress for his staid countrymen. Any person who should seek in its pages instruction in the whole art of chess would be wofully disappointed. It is in truth a most serious moral treatise; but "reading good books of morality," as Bacon says, "is a little flat and dead," and the sober background of this treatise is for that reason coloured with allusions to classical and medieval legends. and here and there with a good story. True, the origin of chess is briefly discussed, the pieces and the moves are briefly described; but the names and functions of the pieces simply suggest disquisitions on the whole duty of monarchs and their various subjects. For instance, after a description some four lines long of the chess-queen, the writer turns off to enumerate the virtues requisite in a queen of men. She must be well born and bred, comely and chaste, and above all able to keep a secret,-which, adds this knowing Dominican friar, a woman cannot do. Then follows a story.

There was a child of Rome that was named Papirus, that on a time went with his father, which was a senator, into the chamber wherein they held their council. And that time they spake of certain matters as to which it was commanded and agreed they should be kept secret upon pain of their heads, and so departed. And when he was come home from the senate-house and from the council with his father, his mother demanded of him what was the counsel, and whereof they spake and had tarried so long there. And

the child answered to her and said he durst not tell nor say it, for so much as it was forbidden upon pain of death. Then was the mother more desirous to know than she was before, and began to flatter one time, and afterward to menace him, that he should say and tell to her what it was. And when the child saw that he might have no rest of his mother in no wise, he made her first promise that she should keep it secret, and to tell it to none of the world. And that done he feigned a lesyng, or lie, and said to her that the senators had in council a great question and difference, which was this: whether it were better and more for the common weal of Rome that a man should have two wives or a wife to have two husbands. And when she had understood this, he forbade her that she should tell it to none other body. And after this she went to her gossip and told to her this counsel secretly, and she told to another, and thus every wife told it to other in secret. And thus it happened anon after that all the wives of Rome came to the senate-house where the senators were assembled, and cried with a loud voice that they had rather, and also it were better for the common weal, that a wife should have two husbands, than a man two wives. The senators, hearing this, were greatly abashed, and wist not what to say nor how to answer, till at last the child Papirus rehearsed to them all the case and fact how it was happened. And when the senators heard and understood the matter, they were greatly abashed, and commended greatly the ingenuity and wit of the child that so wisely contrived the lie rather than he would disclose their counsel; and forthwith made him a senator and established and ordained from then forth on, that no child in any wise should enter into the council among them with their fathers except Papirus, whom they would that he should alway be among them.

That is the story, excellently told. Whether it has the remotest connection with chess the candid reader may decide.

Was Shakespeare a chess-player? He only once refers directly to the game. In the fifth act of The Tempest, Ferdinand and Miranda are discovered playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

There is no evidence here that Shakespeare even knew one piece from another. It has indeed been sugthe game was only gested that introduced because Ferdinand was Prince of Naples, and in Shakespeare's time Naples was the head-quarters of chess-play; on the other hand it may be noted that the pieces used by Ferdinand on this occasion must have been Prospero's, and Prospero was Duke of Milan. It is a pity to imagine that Shakespeare had any other purpose than to show the lovers in a pretty and engaging attitude, to show how his darling Miranda bears herself in this sweet antagonism. the facts that he nowhere else refers directly to chess, and that, unlike many writers from Bacon downwards, he never even uses its terms by way of illustration or metaphor, seem to warrant the inference that the pastime had for him no great attraction.

A somewhat curious history attaches to another play, Middleton's GAME AT CHESS. King James's project of marrying his son Charles to the Infanta of Spain was utterly abhorrent to the common sentiment of the nation, which had not yet forgotten the Armada. When in 1623 Charles returned in disgust with Buckingham from their whimsical excursion to Madrid, and the negotiations were abruptly broken off, the whole country blazed with bonfires of jubilation. This moment was seized by Middleton for expressing in a comedy the true-born Englishman's detestation of Spain and all her ways. His GAME AT CHESS was produced at the Globe Theatre in 1624, and for nine days, an extraordinary run then,

drew overflowing houses. Unwonted playgoers flocked to Southwark hours before the time of performance in order to secure seats. All London was chuckling with delight, and the players had profited to the extent of £1,500 (worth at least £6,000 of our money), when a thunder-bolt fell in the shape of Government intervention. It was complained in high quarters that a "scandalous comedy" was running, in which the author had "taken the boldness and presumption in a rude and dishonourable fashion to represent on the stage" the persons of the Kings of England and Spain, Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador, and other persons of note. The players were summoned before the Privv Council and subjected to a "round and sharp reproof." The performances were stopped, and the actors had to give security for their good behaviour. Middleton himself had discreetly disappeared, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension; but it appears not to have been executed, and his punishment, if he was ever punished, was light.

The action of the Privy Council was apparently prompted by Gondomar, and he would have been more than human if he had not taken offence. Among the characters of the play, who are all named after the pieces of the game, Gondomar is the Black Knight and the villain. There is practically no plot; the interest of the play turns on the evil machinations of the black pieces, representing the King of Spain and his party, and the efforts of the white pieces, representing King James and his party, to circumvent them. To the modern reader the play is dull and obscure; but it is easy to understand how, in those exciting times, the allusions, pointed and sometimes coarse, in which the dialogue abounds, provoked thunders of applause. Against the unpopular Gondomar in particular Middleton directed the keenest shafts of his wit, mimicking him to the life, and mercilessly satirising his very defects of person and gait. We can imagine the huge delight of the patriotic spectators when, at the crisis of the play the black pieces were all captured by their white rivals, and bundled, "squelched and squeezed" into a canvas bag.

What are some of the characteristics of this royal and ancient game? Some persons have denied its title to be called a game. "A game!" they cry; "a toil rather; a mathematical puzzle; a breeder of headache and bad temper!" Such a view has, it must be confessed, been endorsed by people of importance in their day. Montaigne, the old cynic, calls it an "idle and childish game," and "a ridiculous diversion." "I hate and avoid it," he says, "because it is not play enough, that it is too grave and serious a diversion, and I am ashamed to lay out as much thought and study upon that as would serve to much better uses. What passion are we exempt from in this insignificant game? Anger, spite, malice, impatience, and a vehement desire of getting the better in a concern wherein it were more excusable to be ambitious of being overcome: for to be eminent, and to excel above the common rate, in frivolous things, is nothing graceful in a man of quality and honour." Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy, is not so downright in condemnation. "Chess-play," he admits, "is a good and witty exercise of the mind, for some kind of men, and fit for such . . . as are idle and have extravagant impertinent thoughts, or troubled with cares; nothing better to distract their minds and alter their meditations. But," he continues, "if it proceed from overmuch study, in such a case it may do more harm than good; it is a game to be troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study: besides, it is a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate. William the Conqueror, in his younger years, playing at chess with the Prince of France, and losing the mate, knocked the chess-board about his pate, which was the cause afterwards of much enmity between them."

These are hard sayings, but perhaps not unanswerable. Montaigne was evidently a bad player; but then, what else was to be expected of one who had all the hatred of trouble natural to a "man of quality," and who confesses that he could neither dance nor wrestle, swim nor fence, saddle a horse nor call to a dog, nor even write a legible hand? chess-playing (like reading and writing) come by nature, a dilettante of Montaigne's stamp is little likely to give the game his whole-hearted approval. As for Burton, it is difficult to imagine that gentle soul losing his temper as well as the mate, and his criticism of chess may be regarded as merely a sensible protest against spoiling a practice by elaborating it into a toil. But we must not take either Burton or Montaigne too seriously. Both had their humours and their fantasies. "I rave and fantastiquize," says Montaigne; and if his whim saw as an "idle and childish game" what struck the other as "all out as bad as study," we need not task ourselves to reconcile the contradiction.

The truth is that chess has been much misunderstood by uninstructed persons. To say that it is not easy is merely to say that the game is not absolutely inane. To become a first-rate player does undoubtedly demand thought, and constructive imagination of a high order. But to become a player sufficiently good to get deep enjoyment from the game, demands

only some natural aptitude fostered by patience and practice. The moves may be learned in a few minutes; the first game played, the first glimpse caught of the infinite possibilities of combination and stratagem, should create a feeling like that of Drake when, at his first sight of the Pacific, he fell on his knees and prayed that he might be spared to sail once upon that boundless sea.

As to its effects on the temper, we have unluckily other evidence besides that of Montaigne and Burton. son of King Pepin is said to have slain a Prince of Bavaria who won of him too many games. An Arabian story tells of a certain Caliph who used to play chess with one of his courtiers, a much stronger player than himself, but so obsequious as purposely to make bad moves in order that his sovereign might win. The Caliph one day observing this, fell into a violent passion. Snatching up one of the heaviest of the pieces, he hurled it at the courtier's head, with the words -"Devil take thee for a base sycophant! Dost thou look on me as a fool, that thou playest in this mad fashion?" But the moral of this story is simply that the ill temper is of the person, not of the game. Like many other games, chess does appeal to the fighting instincts that are fundamental in human nature. players, no less than mail-clad warriors, "drink delight of battle with their peers." What Lamb says of whist may be transferred with few verbal changes to chess: "Man is a fighting animal; he must always be trying to get the better in something or other; and this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at chess. It is a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling and little bloodshed; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious games of life

which men play without esteeming them to be such."

A game of chess is a test of charac-Though loss of temper is in truth rare,—the game is too good to quarrel about—every chess-player hav at some time met the opponent who regards a defeat as a deadly affront: the opponent who means to win. honestly if he can, but anyhow to win: the opponent who (like Elfride Swancourt) insists on club-rules for his adversary, but is glad silently to accept a concession himself. Such men are of the sort that have more acquaintances than friends, and for them a rigorous enforcement of the rules is the only guarantee of a peaceable parting. Mr. B. happened once to be visiting a town which boasted a noted chess-club, and one evening was taken into the clubrooms as a spectator. A member of the club, an old fellow of grim visage and gruff demeanour, had been winning against all comers, and at the end of a game, when no other opponent offered, he asked Mr. B. if he would care to play, having noticed that he had been intently watching. "With pleasure," said Mr. B. They sat down. Before many minutes had passed, Mr. B., playing carelessly, touched a piece which he could not safely move, and instantly apologised. "You won't insist on my moving?" he asked. a stern look from under his eyebrows his opponent growled, "You know the rules?" "Certainly," replied Mr. B.; then sweeping the pieces to the centre of the board, he added: "I give you that game; will you play again?" They played, and Mr. B. won easily; again and again he won. and yet a third time. The old man at length departed crestfallen; and the bystanders, crowding round to congratulate the stranger on having lowered the colours of their too invincible player, and apologising for his churlishness, learned that unawares they had entertained the champion of their country.

But chess has also its amenities, and gives opportunity for the free play of the more generous nature. Every chess-player has met a counterpart of Szen, the Hungarian master, who with unaffected kindliness would say to his defeated opponent: "Oh no! it is not I who have won; you have merely lost." Not wholly unknown is chivalry like that of Bledow, when, saying, "I suppose it can only be a drawn game," he made a losing move lest he should kill the enthusiasm of a novice. Very numerous indeed are the cheerful players who keep their equanimity under all reverses, and, like Vergani at the Hastings Tournament, after every knock-down come up smiling. Not every defeated player, however, has the will or the power to take so pleasant a revenge as a certain Duke of Nivernois, sometime French Ambassador to Britain. Walking one day in Norfolk towards the baronial hall at which he was staying, he was overtaken by a heavy shower, and applied for shelter at the only house within sight. The occupant, a poor country parson, heartily welcomed his unknown visitor to a seat by the fire, and lent him slippers and a pair of stout worsted stockings while his own foot-gear was drying. After a minute or two the duke spied, hanging in a corner, an ancient chess-

board, and enquired of the clergyman whether he played. "Tolerably well," was the reply, "but opponents are rare in these parts." "I am your man," said the duke. "With all my heart," said the parson; "and if you will stay and take pot-luck, I'll see if I can't beat you." After some hours of play the clergyman rose victor in every game. The duke showed no vexation, but expressed his pleasure at having met with so good an opponent in his favourite pastime. He remained for some time in amicable conversation, and with careless art elicited the information that his host, like Amos Barton, had six children, that his stipend was but £80 a year, and that he eked it out by taking a few pupils. The duke left without disclosing his name. Some months afterwards, a letter was brought to the house by a lackey, and the clergyman opening it read: The Duke of Nivernois presents his compliments to the Rev. Mr. -, and in remembrance of the good drubbing he received at chess, begs that he will accept the living of -, of the value of £400 per annum, and that he will wait on the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next to thank him for the same.

So pleasantly let us leave chess, echoing Mrs. Battle's maxim: "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game."

GEORGE H. ELY.

## THE CRAZE OF THE COLOURED PRINT.

THE man with money to spend, who is so often found in the salerooms where the changes are rung from season to season on a few thousand impressions of a particular period of English engraving instead of in the studios of contemporary etchers or painters, has very little excuse for the misguided use of his opportunities. Oracular utterances on artistic matters are no longer confined to elaborate treatises and ponderous reviews as was the case five and twenty years ago. month brings a score of magazines devoted to the interests of artist or A perennial flow of connoisseur. criticism on almost continuous exhibitions provides the amateur with a generous guidance in such matters. There are even professors ready to furnish him with daily "appreciations" with his egg and muffin, to warn him of the dangers of the Italian art of the Renascence, and to point out the narrow way to an orthodox faith in the pen-drawing of to-day and the magazine woodcut of the last generation.

It is to be feared, however, that the greater part of this eloquence falls upon deaf ears. For one humble dilettante who saves up his half-sovereigns and makes an infrequent pilgrimage to one or other of the few establishments where original modern work is to be had, there are a hundred plutocrats who rub shoulders with dealers and shopkeepers whenever a collection of eighteenth-century prints is dispersed at the leading auction rooms of the West End.

If good Mr. Edward Evans, who compiled that precious CATALOGUE OF

ENGRAVED PORTRAITS, could revisit the scene of his labours and note the prices which rule whenever the same wares change hands in public, the joy of his resurrection would inevitably be saddened by the sense of having lived and laboured half a century too One looks down his list of soon. "nearly twenty thousand portraits" with the melancholy conviction of having been born half a century too One feels conscious of a taste in such matters which would have led to a preference for the prints he had to sell to what was being produced at the time, the new lithograph for instance, or the laboured steel engraving which sold so much easy writing in the Keepsakes and Annuals of fifty or sixty years ago. Some of us might now be enjoying an old age of ease and affluence on the proceeds of a very moderate investment in the mezzotint portrait and the coloured fancy subject which Mr. Evans held at the disposal of the intelligent amateur in such quantities and at such absurd prices. For was not "Lady Hamilton as Sensibility" to be bought for three shillings, and as "The Seamstress" for five; and "Lady Smyth and her Children," "Elizabeth Farren, Lady Derby," "The Duchess of Devonshire," and scores of other plates after Reynolds and Romney. Gainsborough and Lawrence for the same ridiculous sum? And are not our ears still ringing with the persuasive tones of the auctioneer which reached us at the back of rows of merchantprinces competing with each other for single proofs of the same plates, in sums ranging anywhere between fifty and four hundred guineas, at the last auction in King Street or the Strand?

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For the present taste for one class of these engravings, which has led to such a prodigious rise in their value, there is, it is true, a certain reason or excuse. Mezzotint engraving and printing at their best are seen in these portraits of the latter half of the last century, and mezzotint engraving and printing at their best are to-day practically lost arts. There is a combination of strength, delicacy, and freedom in good mezzotint which is found in few methods of pictorial expression. It is a fact also that the work of some of the great portrait-painters, notably of Reynolds, is often better preserved in a fine proof of a contemporary engraving than in the original painting itself, which in a deplorable number of instances has vanished with the evanescent pigments employed by the painter. It is also true that a fine mezzotint was the result of the united labours of the masters of portraiture and engraving, two sections of British art then at their zenith; and we may add that the subjects are almost invariably men and women who were prominent figures of a very picturesque period of English society. Yet with all these plausible explanations of a rise in value of these prints of from one thousand to three thousand per cent. within living memory, it is difficult to believe that the purchaser of a proof of "The Ladies Waldegrave" or of "The Daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland" for four hundred guineas, which after all is not unique, has got value for his money; and there is no explanation, plausible or otherwise, for what is a fact, that a fine male portrait will assuredly not reach ten guineas, and that a female portrait, especially if the subject was breathed upon by the scandal of her time, will just as certainly run into fifties and hundreds. The beauty and the vice of one sex, in fact, are at present at a most immoral premium in the sale-rooms; and that leads us to a proposition which we put forward with all diffidence, that a love of art, which is supposed to be part of the qualifications of the connoisseur, has little to do with his taste for certain of these productions, and the interest in scandal, old or new, which is perennial in human nature, has a great deal.

For good mezzotint engraving, nevertheless, we have the highest possible respect, and the only feelings which the sight of a three days' auction of these prints inspire are those of envy. It is fair also to admit that subjects other than those we have mentioned are sharing in the wonderful appreciation in value; and it may be that a refined taste for what is good alone produces fifty or sixty guineas for the first state of a Lucas plate after Constable, and ten to fifteen for some of the choicer impressions by Ward, or Smith, or S. W. Reynolds of the rustic subjects of George Morland. It seems probable indeed that these last named will follow the same engravers' translations of the work of the great portrait-painters in favour with collectors, and with quite as much justification in the case of at least a score of the best plates. The engraving is of the best, and the subjects engraved are often the finest specimens of a master in his own field.

It is the rage for the possession of another class of engraving of the same period which has suggested our subject. The collection of engravings printed in colour, whether in mezzotint from a plate often more or less worn by printing impressions in black or brown, or from plates produced by the ladylike process known as stipple engraving, is surely a craze maddest

among the mad, which will rank hereafter with the search for the black tulip, or with the cult of the varied colophon and the altered title-page of the bibliomaniac.

Early in the last century it occurred to an ingenious Frenchman named Le Blond, to attempt the reproduction of paintings by engravings giving some suggestion of the colour of the originals. He appears to have worked with methods which have survived and are followed in all successful colour-printing to-day. He used a separate plate for each of his primary colours, and depended upon the mixture, or superimposition of his transparent inks upon white paper for the secondary and tertiary tints. In his later plates he got depth by a more or less complete preliminary printing of the light and shade of the subject in monochrome, and by a final printing of the high lights in opaque white or yellow, using altogether five plates in mezzotint for each subject. The whole process was intelligent and logical, if not particularly artistic, and the rare impressions of Le Blond are as satisfactory as any colour-printing from a copper plate can be. is a varnished impression of a Correggio in the Print-Room of the British Museum, which is hardly distinguishable from the latest production of coloured lithography.

Le Blond's prints attracted some attention in France, and the Court gave him patronage of doubtful value, but he ended his life in a hospital. He left pupils, however, who carried on his methods, and the new fashion of printing in colour was eventually carried to England by Ryland, who learned it from Duterreau. Most of the engravers of note who were working during the early years of George the Third tried their hands at it, and it became the practice to print a few impressions in colour from many of

the plates which were being produced at the time.

The English printers, however. adopted a plan which inevitably denied to their productions the merit of the impressions of the early French school. They worked on lines which were radically false. Instead of engraving a series of plates, each for its own colour, they relied upon a single plate, engraved originally for the production of an impression in black and white, and upon an elaborate collection of stencils, dabbers, and brushes with which they practically painted the picture on the copper plate. process was laborious and unnatural altogether; an ill-assorted union of painting and printing, with the difficulties of each and the advantages of neither. Any approach to a true rendering of natural colour was impossible; how could an artist judge of the effect of his tints on white paper when he was employed in dabbing them on a surface of bright copper? The saving of time and labour in the multiplication of impressions of a given design, which is or ought to be the reason of all reproductive engraving and printing, disappeared from the process; and the difficulties of pictorial expression in colour were increased tenfold by the tools and mediums and methods employed. is not surprising that the best of the coloured plates produced in such circumstances as these are utterly unsatisfying to anyone possessing the most elementary sense of colour. scheme of colour was practicable by such a process, and no two impressions from the same plate are alike. There are of course degrees of goodness or of badness in these impressions from the mezzotint plates. The best are those in which the colour is merely hinted at; but even here the colour of the shadows is almost invariably destroyed by the preliminary

printing of the light and shade in black or brown ink. In some of the interiors after Morland or Ward. where this more or less suggests the colour of the subject, the effect produced is fairly satisfactory; but the result is usually spoiled by some patch of glaring red lead or vivid blue, which destroys whatever of tone there may be elsewhere in the picture. most cases the colour degenerates into the hollowest of conventions. sky we know is often blue, but that is no reason why the trees should be in a darker shade of the same colour. The sunset, too, ought surely to be brighter than the building it illuminates, which is seldom the case in a coloured mezzotint of such a subject.

Such considerations, however, weigh lightly with the collector; and if a generous quantity of crude and unnatural colour has been smeared over a plate adapted to produce a really excellent print in monochrome, he is always ready to pay thrice or four times as much for the result as for the black and white impression, as may be seen any day at Christie's or Sotheby's when specimens of both impressions from the same plate are offered at The sapience of the collector also appears in his shyness of handpainted colour on the print. In such a process as we have described, a more or less elaborate touching up of the impression in water-colour was necessary to produce such effects as these prints display. But the amount of hand-painted colour to be found on a print is the measure of its worthlessness to your true collector; magnifying glasses are produced amidst prodigious shakings of heads over such specimens, and biddings shrink to quite modest proportions.

The collector, however, does not confine his efforts to mezzotint in colour; he is nothing if not eclectic, and impressions from the stipple-plates

of the last part of the last century have an even greater place in his affections. The stipple-plate within limits has its uses and even its beauties. It was admirably adapted for the production of small bookillustrations and of light trifles generally; it rendered the texture of flesh with some truth, if with little freedom. But the process itself was destructive of anything like individual artistic expression. It was a soul-destroying occupation, one would think, to sit punching holes in a copper plate or pricking them in a layer of etching wax, till all was as smooth and as pretty as a three months' academy study from the antique. It was a base mechanical method of reproduction at the best, where the engraver left all the joys of the living line of the etching and the noble breadth of the mezzotint behind him, and became a photographer born before his time. If he got his tracing properly on to the plate, and had patience to keep his punched holes the proper distance apart, he could not fail of producing a pretty plate at last; and he could go on the housetop and fire a cannon to celebrate his delivery from the bondage, as was the invariable custom of Mr. Woollett, who worked in a freer method.

The objections to the coloured mezzotint apply with equal force to the coloured impression from the stipple-plate. It was produced by a false method, and the plate which produced it was engraved for a totally different object, namely, for the printing of a monochrome impression at one As in the mezzotint, there operation. are degrees of success or failure, the simpler the effect aimed at, the better being the result. In the reproduction of light portraits of the miniature type it is sometimes passable; but when all is said in its favour, the more or less uncertain production of a

spurious prettiness by a roundabout method is its greatest success. The portraits of Cosway could have been reproduced in colour more cheaply, and infinitely more satisfactorily, by a preliminary printing in faint grey to give the outline and modelling, and by a finishing in water-colour by hand on the paper; and the very engaging damsels of Ward and J. R. Smith are more attractive in brown ink than when smudged over with false colour.

If we leave technique and examine the subject represented, the taste of the connoisseur at Christie's or Sotheby's is even more astonishing. Taken in the lump, the stipple-plates represent a banality and a triviality past belief. Ladies feeding chickens, contemplating miniatures, playing with their children, or with hands clasped and gazing up to heaven, are the subjects which gather the connoisseurs together in the sale-The last attitude, it would seem, was much in vogue in the days of George the Third. Ladies whose husbands were at sea, parents whose children were lost, watermen captured by the pressgang, and boys caught robbing orchards, all clasped their hands and gazed up to heaven.

Then there is Angelica Kaufmann, at present in the highest favour, whose gods and goddesses, Mentors, Telemachuses, Calypsos, Eloisas, and Abelards trip and simper about her sham classical backgrounds in the plates punched by Mr. Bartolozzi. It needs a long study to distinguish one plate from the other, or to tell Mars from Telemachus, or Venus from But they are precious to the true enthusiast in the brown and red copies; and when the colour-printer has provided him with an amber Calypso and purple Ulysses, with Prussian blue trees and black clouds all on the same print, his enthusiasm

and his biddings know no bounds. He will rise too, like trout at a Mayfly, at the meaningless abstractions of Cipriani and Cosway (always if printed in colour), the Infancies, Geographies, Beauties, Harmonies, Apotheoses of this hero or that musician, Grecian Daughters, fat nymphs in every shade of ochre and purple, but without a trace of real flesh-colour. The more humble flights of painters like Wheatley are equally acceptable; in fact the "Cries of London," representing phases of life which never existed in such a form at all, probably display the taste of the collector at its meridian. A fine set of these prints, thirteen in number, with their crude greens and blues and purples, have frequently realised over three hundred guineas at auction. The record was probably reached when one odd impression of the series was recently knocked down for forty-seven guineas. Even when he turns to the more manly work of Morland, the same taste prevails. What some dealers call "decorative," and others "pretty" subjects are the plates which produce the contests of the sale-rooms. No sane critic, one would imagine, would contend that Morland is seen at his best in the mere prettiness of the "Tea-Garden," or the sham sentiment of the "Leetitia" series. Yet the first named, printed in colour, will fetch anything up to fifty guineas, and the set of six Lætitias, if in a satisfactory state, will bring a hundred. But a perfect impression in black and white from the plate engraved by Ward after such a typical Morland as "The Farmer's Stable," in the National Gallery, can always be bought for a quarter or a third of the prices of the plates we have named.

Of the best of the portraiture it is possible to speak with greater respect, though some of it is bad enough. There are the portraits of Cosway, with the backgrounds and accessories printed in a modest and retiring grey, and the faces alone in colour, bursting with purple like over-ripe plums. There is Mrs. Fitzherbert too, now and then tolerable when printed in pale-coloured greys, but usually with a vinous flush in her cheeks which assuredly never captivated George, Prince of Wales; she must be dear at fifty guineas.

There is no denying the prettiness of some of the stipple-plates of the beauties painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney, or of the faintly tinted impressions after the Downman drawings. Even Angelica Kaufmann is tolerable in such a portrait as that of "Lady Rushout and her Child," and the coloured print from Bartolozzi's plate with its terra-cottas and blues in a low key, and its quiet flesh tints is a pretty possession. But it surely cannot be worth the sixty guineas it usually commands, any more than the "Lady Smyth and her Children" is worth the fifty which it recently brought, although on an old stretcher and riddled with worm-holes. Even these prices fade into nothing by the side of the three hundred and ten guineas each realised by "The Douglas Children" and "The Hoppner Children" at a recent sale. plates are eminently pretty, it is true; but then you can get a whole quire of printed prettiness now-a-days for a shilling, or gratis in the excellent advertisements of soap and other merchandise.

There is one aspect of the traffic in these goods which must by no means escape mention. The plates of a considerable number of these costly impressions are still in existence, and in some cases in excellent condition. They are used quite honestly and without any concealment for the production of modern impressions, both plain and in colours. It was recently rather naively admitted by authority of the trade, that an expert would be clever to distinguish the modern reproduction from the real article, when the former is put under This seems rather like admitting that the modern print at thirty shillings is equal for all artistic or decorative purposes to the old print at thirty guineas. The same idea has occurred to dealers less scrupulous than the printers; and the modern prints, duly provided with old frames and artfully made up with old backboards, old brown paper, and old nails, have sometimes changed hands at comfortable prices.

Such briefly is the present state of the Craze of the Coloured Print. There is no question of real art about it, as in the case of the mezzotint; and although it is always unsafe to prophesy, it is difficult to believe that the bubble can be blown much bigger. escape an inevitable pricking. Meanwhile the fashion provides food and raiment for a most deserving body of men. The dealers, through whose hands these old prints pass and repass with the certainty of death, are most intelligent and delightful men to talk to, and are very properly drawing large incomes from the traffic. What lawyers call the fee simple of this class of property has already been divided over and over again by these gentlemen and the auctioneers. auctioneers, too, are urbanity itself; and they have their reward in a steady toll of twelve and a half per cent. on a regular and mighty turnover.

#### AT THE CONVENT OF YUSTE.

I was much touched by the conduct of Don Juan of the Plasencia inn. With a foreigner's customary resignation to the inevitable, I had entreated him to negotiate for me with a muleman about the ride to Yuste and back, a two days' enterprise. It seemed only natural that Don Juan should show more sympathy for a man of his own town than for a native of that Anglo-Saxon race which under Wellington had irritated his great nation by tarnishing its glory in wresting it free of the Napoleonic incubus, and which, across the Atlantic, under President Cleveland, was at that very moment playing a most vexatious part in regard to Cuba. But little did I understand the noble Spanish mind, and Don Juan. The stout small man returned from his expedition and saluted me on his balcony above. "It is arranged, Señor," he declared and pointed with a thumb over his left shoulder at a long lean tawny person wearing a crimson waistscarf, who followed him with downcast looks. The two joined me in my airy apartment, with the prints of local Virgins in gala attire upon its whitewashed walls, Don Juan aggressively triumphant, Diego, the muleteer, in the depths of despondency. And then, in the presence of his hireling compatriot, the innkeeper spake as follows: "As I have said, Señor, it is arranged. You are to pay this man four dollars for the two beasts, both of the best. You are not to pay him a centimo more than four dollars. He will provide for himself at Cuacos, and he will pay for the feed of the beasts. And that is the best I have been able to do for you, Is it not so. Diego Batista?"

The muleteer cast an appealing eye

at Don Juan and then spread out his long fingers and heaved his shoulders. He could not deny anything. quently he scanned me and seemed to revive a little, especially when, in reply to Don Juan's enquiry if I were satisfied, I said that I was more than satisfied, that I was even surprised. Don Juan caught him in that change of face and promptly dismissed him, bidding him be at the inn-door without fail the next morning at six o'clock. with the best of beasts and the best of saddlery. Afterwards, Don Juan lectured me about my stupidity. It was plain that he cared nothing about the Cuban imbroglio, nothing about Wellington's impertinent theft of Spanish laurels in the Peninsular War. though I admired his cleverness, I relished his tongue no more than anyone else, if I might judge from the faces of his dependants; and at the first opportunity I stole off among the I did antiquities of his aged town. not return to Don Juan until bedtime. The plaza of Plasencia had amused me much, with its electric lamps, old-time costumes, sauntering citizens, and frolicking children; and then I accepted with serenity my candle and the intimation that I ought to have gone earlier to bed, considering the morrow's programme. But with my head on my pillow I thought of the luckless The exchange had given me Diego. thirty pesetas apiece for my sovereigns, and for a mere matter of four dollars he was to risk an excursion of sixty miles into the mountains, with two quadrupeds, and every prospect of rough weather into the bargain.

It was in the month of February, three hundred and forty years ago,

that, having done with his crown, Charles the Fifth journeyed with his gout into these same mountains, hugging a chafing-dish, and determined, one might suppose, to die prematurely, even as he had begun to be an old man far before his time. The disestablished Emperor was in no humour for such feasts as Plasencia would have prepared for him. He did not therefore make for Yuste by Diego's route and mine. One may hope also that his introduction to the mountains was made under more cheerful auspices. We started with black skies and a lusty ringing of the cathedral bells. For a time I thought Diego was going to decline his bargain; he lent so ready an ear to the church-music and frowned so sternly at the clouds. But a word from Don Juan set him moving in all humility, and we were soon across the pellucid Jerte and climbing between vineyards and orchards to the first of a series of watersheds to be passed ere Cuacos, the coarse but comely, was reached. Once we were fairly remote from the city, to my joy Diego showed that he was not the spiritless rustic he had seemed. He changed his posture on his mule to sit womanwise, enquired if I had some cigars, accepted two or three with equanimity, and then began to sing, smoke, and chatter like a true-born son of the soil. He found great ease of mind in a character-sketch of Don Juan; and he made it clear to me that I was under no obligation to adhere rigidly to the absurd terms laid down in Plasencia. "We are comrades, Señor, for two days; is it not so?" he enquired gaily. "What I have is yours, and it is only right that it should be so." With these words he let me peep at the bread and meat in his haversack, and at the same time he glanced at my saddle-bag, which Don Juan had filled generously. be sure," I replied; "we are comrades, for better or worse."

From a stony highway we rose to a wet track between dewy meadows, with trees sparsely set, and no houses in sight. There were occasional showers, but nothing enough to hinder the butterflies flashing across our path, or to affect Diego's loquacity. The farther we got from Plasencia, the more exuberant he became, and it was now that he confessed he was a relation of the vicario of Cuacos, and that he expected to be warmly welcomed by "One does not his Reverence. often obtain so convenient an opportunity of visiting one's friends, companion," he avowed in an unguarded moment.

The air here had something of highland sweetness, though it was both moist and warm. We rode on at a walking pace through oak scrub and pleasant patches of flowering broom and asphodels, and the mountains to our left grew hourly more delightful in their thick garniture of woods. But in the third hour Diego could hold in his appetite no longer. I had hitherto replied with indifference to a course of hints, but now he asserted himself. "It is necessary, Señor," he said, "to preserve one's strength, and it is foolish to wait to put coal on the fire until the fire itself is out." And so we loosed the girths of the quadrupeds, and with a wink the rascal said it would not matter if they ate a little of the barley in an adjacent field. ever, in the midst of our meal, a yellow-toothed cattle guardia strode up to us with his gun and lifted Diego's heart to his mouth. By what right were the beasts feeding among the barley, &c., he demanded, and he certainly looked both villanous and formidable with his head-gear of red and white kerchiefs, his sallow complexion, protruding tusks, unshorn chin, rude leather suit, and general

To him Diego bent the knee in a moment. He apologised for the accident of the barley, begged the *quardia* to accept a share of the Señor's repast, or at least one of the Señor's cigars (for which he could vouch), while he proceeded immediately to capture the erring mules. But the guardia, though oppressed by fever and the trials of a hard life, declined solace of any kind. "Is not that Batista the shoemaker, who was lately before the judges for a little affair?" he asked me, as he nodded after my guide. I could not think it possible and said so; but it turned out that I was wrong, and very soon the two men were in a heated and cordial agreement in their unmeasured execration of the ways of Spanish justice. Their parting was of the heartiest, and Diego kicked his mule onward with a burst of song for which his lungs and his empty wine-gourd were about equally responsible.

For the next couple of hours we conversed mainly about the defects of women, Diego's own wife supplying the origin of this tedious and impolite colloquy. But for her, I gathered, I should never have got Diego and the beasts for four dollars. "I tell you the truth, companion," said the wretch; "Don Juan is not so clever as he thinks. For three dollars and no more, I would have made this excursion. It is not the injustice of the money-payment that I talk about; it is the gratification I feel in being separated from the señora, though but for so many hours." Hearing all this, I told him of Charles the Fifth's discontent with the Cuacos' women, and how he bade the crier proclaim through the Cuacos' streets that any damsel found within a certain distance of the convent-gates should receive a hundred lashes. This intelligence delighted him, and he made enquiries about Charles the Fifth, enquiries which terminated with regrets that so judicious an emperor had been so long dead.

In spite of his ungallant diatribe, however, when, on the second watershed, we came to a desolate little red-roofed, white-faced inn, Diego straightway began to say honied words to the dame who served us with the wine he declared that it was our duty to order and drink. Hence the view south over the plain of the Tagus was broad and soothing. Though we were in dull weather, with the green of the forests showing strongly under the dark clouds, far below all was sunny and bright. The road to Badajoz and the river gleamed through the illumined purple of the plain. I preferred the landscape to the inn. or even to the wine. It had been wise if my guide had had the same harmless preference for scenery.

And now for two or three hours there was much to admire. We had risen some fifteen hundred feet gradually. Passing under the charming dull red village of Arroyo Molino, completely beset with trees, rocks, and falling waters, we had to cross several rough water-courses and then climb sharply through the chestnut woods to the village of Pasaron. Hereabouts it it was impossible not to feel some sympathy with the great Charles's fondness for these remote sierras with their sequestered hamlets. The sun shone through the clouds and all was soon blue above the wooded mountains. Our track in the forest was lit up by the gold of the blossoming broom on both sides; honeysuckle hung in wreaths from the trees, and bracken and many a flower made the undergrowth. The air was invigorating, though it was June, and the babble of falling waters chimed in with the faint broken song of the birds. Thus we ascended to Pasaron, of which the church-spire above the trees had long been in sight.

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We did not tarry in this most picturesque of hamlets, but stumbled over its stones towards its higher extremity. The houses of Pasaron are of three stories and more, quaintly balconied, with overhanging eaves, and engagingly dilapidated and stained by time, the weather, and the smoke of fires. From their balconies swarthy souls in crimson and black looked down upon us as we splashed through the mud in the many hollows of their streets. I never saw a place more eloquently suggestive of old times, and tleas. One pretty maid cast a flower towards us; I believe it was meant for me, but Diego caught it. acknowledgments were of so florid and conceited a kind that I yearned to rebuke him. The wine-jars, some six feet high, lolling in the street corners and in the shadows between the houses, were just as palpably not component parts of the present century; they belonged to the epoch of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Only the smells and the filth scattered by our mules' feet were indubitably actual. The village came like a dream, and like a dream it was forgotten.

Hence we worked over the last and most lovely ridge of our route, and from among an enchanting thicket of chestnut trees looked down upon the Vera valley, with the sierra of Vera beyond and two or three russet-red groups of villages among the forests on the mountain slopes. It was as winsome a view as I had seen in Spain; but the day was already far spent, and the depth and breadth and evident roughness of the valley to be crossed were, in conjunction, rather alarming. Add to this the undoubted fact that Diego's head had become untrustworthy, whether from wine, fatigue, or the mountain-air. We halted briefly by the trunk of a mighty chestnut full thirty feet in circum-"Yonder is Cuacos, Señor," ference. said the man, pointing at a remote blotch of red in the woods; "but I do not know how to get to it. It is long since I have visited my cousin." This being so, it was only natural that we should hit upon a track that in half an hour brought us into trouble. We retraced our steps with difficulty. Diego cursing his mule instead of his own thick head. After much brawling we got into communication with a woodman, and then started afresh from the great chestnut tree, which proved to be both a landmark and a guide-post.

For pictorial value and filth Cuacos surpassed even Pasaron. There was no sense in refusing to recognise its graces, since they were all the consolation to be had at so late an hour. Diego looked askance at me and crossed himself as we drew up to the inn-door where four fat dames sat at the threshold eyeing us with a sort of disinterested appreciation. The ladies moved with reluctance when we made known our needs, yet they were gay, friendly creatures and jested lightly with us as we unsaddled in the main room on the ground-floor. A broken wooden stair ascended from this apartment towards the black rotting rafters above. Here were two or three other rooms, one of them a kitchen and another with a red bed in an alcove, the floor of the chamber profusely perforated. The red bed was offered to me; Diego was to sleep with the mules. It was poor accommodation, but delightfully medieval and Spanish. Besides, there was a majestic carved eave to the house, and this overlapped my bedroom window so that the swallows, which swished to their nests under the eave, seemed about to dart into the room at each movement. And across the street was a house as comely as the inn, with, inscribed over its portal, the very words of greeting used by Diego for our hostess, Ave Maria Purissima! Actually too there were signs of a stork's nest on a roof farther up the street, and a long-legged shadow dropped to the nest in the gloaming.

"What think you, Master," said Diego, as I joined him on the earthen floor of the room downstairs, where he was leaning against the hindquarters of his mule; "shall we go and see the vicario? I have ordered your worship's supper for afterwards."

I assented; one might as well see the Vicar as anything else. And I am glad that we did so, for it was delightful to mark how Diego (still full of wine) fell first upon the neck of the priest's housekeeper and then upon his Reverence's own neck. He took them both by surprise and suffocated their ejaculations (whether remonstrative or not) by his caresses and exclamations. I am sure I wrong neither the Vicar nor Diego in saying that the former turned to me with relief, and left his relative to explain matters to his housekeeper, whose inflamed face showed more anger than joy in so warm a greeting.

I spent a diverting hour with the Vicar, who was a man of much information, considering the isolation of Cuacos. He was as distressed as any other Spaniard about the Cuban war, the recruiting lures having already drawn several useful youths from his parish. Moreover, he had studied English sufficiently to perceive that a certain advertisement in a certain provincial paper had something to do with my nation. "I shall find it for you, Señor," he said. It took him and his domestic some time to discover a copy of the paper, but they succeeded at length. It was only a notice of Holloway's Pills, yet I contrived to signify pleasure at the sight. We were further entertained with oranges and wine, the latter being brought forth willingly for me, but less willingly for Diego. My man, however, had put aside all modesty, and his praises of the Cuacos wine were florid and eager. I began to understand the disesteem in which Don Juan held him and he his wife. It was in fact left to me to make the move from the vicario's humble chamber. The priest and his housekeeper both upheld their hands in dispraise of Diego as they stood at the head of the stairs to watch our exodus.

Night was now upon Cuacos. There were stars over its mellow ill-kempt houses, just light enough to declare the groups in the rudely colonnaded public square with a fountain in its midst. From an open door came the tinkling of a guitar, and voices whispered in the cool gloom of the arcades. A haggard old dame ambled to the fountain with a great jar on her hip. Such was the quiet scene upon which my guide now intruded with a tipsy shout. The noise echoed about the place and fresh faces showed pale at the doors. But the fellow's outbreak was short as well as sharp, and he was not interfered with by the alcalde, nor yet by the sereno. and by we supped together on egg soup, ham, cherries, and biscuits, in my den of a room by the light of a long, lean tallow dip. Already the Cuacos fleas had aroused themselves for the opportunities thus presented to them. But they were worse later, when I had dismissed Diego to his beasts and lay in my ragged, illsmelling bed, listening to the chorus of the falling rain on the village roofs.

The next morning, in continuing rain, I was awakened by the voice of my guide: "Master, Master, it is time!" My surroundings provoked an

immediate shudder when viewed in broad daylight. I have seldom slept in a more detestable hole; but the chocolate was good enough, and being refreshed by it I was ready for the convent, rain or no rain. First, however, there was mass to be heard, my precious guide having no idea of beginning another full day without the Church's blessing. We accordingly splashed through the streets, accepting and proffering salutations. "It is expected of you, Señor, to salute people in Spain," said Diego when I kept myself to myself; but I was more concerned about the weather than about Spain's expectations.

Our friend the Vicar had no mean congregation at this six o'clock service, and very pretty the parti-coloured headgear of the women looked in the morning light. But the church, like most Spanish village churches, sadly needed repairing. I had been asked beforehand to admire the Cuacos organist, and one thing about him I could truthfully admire; the courage with which he introduced Highland reels and other extremely secular pieces into his improvisations at the most impressive epoch in the service, making noise enough almost to lift the roof. After the mass I had only time to shake the Vicar's hand and examine the disestablished choir-seats of Yuste, degraded to the west end of this uncouth little church. For their carving and general beauty of design they would dignify any cathedral in any land. I am speaking at random, yet I believe a capitalist could buy these historic seats out of a day's income without feeling it. Charles the Fifth often sat in them with the brethren of Yuste, and one may see in fancy the poor gouty old fellow (yet not really old) clutching his Lenten taper with his misshapen fingers, and subsequently flogging himself in the darkness until he had stained the scourge red with his imperial blood. The devices to the seats are both coarse and incongruous.

But I had much to do and could not tarry with the Vicar. The convent of Yuste is not now Church property; it is a mere landed estate of the Count of Mirabel, whose permission must be obtained ere it can be inspected. This permission I had already secured, and a small representative of the Count was waiting to escort me thither. I decided not to put Diego to the pain of needless exertion; he might, if he pleased, return to his relative.

Of old Cuacos found much profit in Charles the Fifth's presence at Yuste. The Emperor, on system, spent one hundred ducats a month in charity, and this nearly all went into the village; but the ruffianly rustics showed little gratitude. They seized the royal cattle when these strayed upon their fields, caught the royal fish, and stole the royal fruit. Worse than all, in January of the year of the Emperor's death, they broke into the royal residence and carried off several hundred ducats. On his part, the Emperor was at length moved to retaliation. He issued injunctions against the Cuacos folk, and especially the young women; it seemed to him a monstrous thing that these damsels should, as they did, gravitate of evenings towards the convent gates and there hold open communion with his servants, or with any other male persons whom they could ensnare.

The boy who led me the remaining half league to Yuste was not making a special journey for my sake. Daily, before school-time, he was accustomed to the excursion. It was his duty to feed the convent chickens; that done, all was done for the day at Yuste. Ford, during his visit here in 1832, was lucky enough to find the place still in monastic hands. He could

breathe the atmosphere that Charles the Fifth himself breathed: it was his privilege, or otherwise, to sleep in the Emperor's death-chamber; and he heard mass in the stately convent chapel, which is now as desolate as the rest of the establishment. The modern pilgrim must be content with a flying visit, and when the chickens are fed he must turn his back on the place.

Our ascent from the village was constant, with the mountains looming thickly through the rain. We struck upon an enclosed wood; a weatherworn cross appeared; faded heraldic arms decorated a porch; and then we stopped where the trees were densest, and where a large rambling building with more shields of arms to it and a glorious tangle of orange and other trees showed through a gateway. Hard by the entrance was the decrepit walnut tree under which the Emperor was wont to sit. Its base is enclosed and protected, but though bent, rotten, and gnarled with years, it still puts forth noble leaves. Ford was serenaded by nightingales as he lay courting sleep in the imperial death-chamber. I had to be content with thrushes, but they made a glorious hubbub among the lichened trees and in the charming gardens which exhaled sweet perfumes under the rain.

Curious indeed in its contrasts was the life lived by the Emperor here. It does not matter much whether, as Sandoval says, he had with him only a few pieces of plate and those of the plainest kind, or whether, as others say, he was accompanied hither by thirteen thousand ounces of gold and silver. He ate and drank with the same imperial appetite and disregard of consequences as before. Only four months previous to his death he is said to have begun his dinner with a large bowl of cherries, or strawberries

and cream, and to have gone on to highly-seasoned pasties, hams, &c., and to the last he could not be persuaded that pickled salmon and tunny were bad for an invalid to sup upon. Sweet raisin wine also was one of his peculiar fancies, and at all costs he As his faithful servant, drank it. Quixada, said, he seemed to imagine that, being a king, his stomach was not made like other men's. Phlebotomy, sarsaparilla, liquorice, barleywater, and rhubarb were also the royal portion. He slept in a room fifteen paces square, hung cheerfully with black cloth; he dressed in rusty black and sat usually, according to Sandoval, in an old armchair with but half a seat and not worth four reals; but he had good store of eiderdown quilts and cushions for the cold nights. Though he had resigned his vast empire and entered a convent (Your Paternity was the muddled title with which the abbot greeted him on his arrival) he was not by any means a mere monk. The time he did not spend at mass he loved best to spend at table, where he preferred to do his own carving. His doctor and his confessor were his favoured attendants on these occasions. latter discoursed on ancient writers, or read improving chapters of patristic literature; the former could only raise his eyebrows, like Quixada, as he beheld his royal patient's voracity. The Emperor had a staff of fifty or sixty persons at the convent, men to wait on him, men to edify him, and men to amuse him. Among the last was the ingenious Italian, Turriano, who delighted him with his various mechanical inventions, albeit much disconcerting the monks with his moving and flying puppets, and especially with the figure of a lady who danced on the table to the sound of her own tambourine. But he helped the Emperor to get through the days

when gout kept him from shooting pigeons on the hill-sides or strolling in the gardens. The imperial taste in beverages was nearly as homicidal as the imperial appetite; at breakfast his Majesty liked syrup of quinces; he drank abundantly of Rhine wine at dinner, and of beer at all times.

It was under stress of gout and inevitable peptic disorders that, in August, 1558, Charles the Fifth realised that his end was near. He made life cheerful for the monks by a request for funeral services and masses for the dead day after day, several of his relations dying opportunely for the purpose; and in these lugubrious chants he would join, devoutly holding a tattered prayer-book. On the 30th of August he went a step farther and had his own obsequies celebrated, watching the performance in sable weeds and with a taper in his hand. His premonition was justified the next day, for the first thing my little guide pointed out to me in the convent was an airy covered terrace with a tablet in the wall announcing that it was here his Majesty was seated when at four o'clock in the afternoon of August 31st he felt the first approach of death. Three weeks later he died, with the words, Ay Jesus / on his lips; and on September 23rd they lowered his body from his bedroom into the church, where it lay in state for three days. He was afterwards buried quietly enough, though not according to his own wishes. And then Yuste's brief period of importance ended.

My guide drew my attention to the host of roosters in the convent-yard. Were they not fine birds, and did they not know him intimately? They certainly paid him the homage of extreme interest in him as they scuttled across the rubbish towards us. Then we entered the empty building that was once a sort of palace. From the ter-

race with the tablet we looked over the vineyards and orange trees of the garden and beyond the lower mountains to the blue plain of the Tagus. For the rain had ceased and I was to see modern Yuste at its fairest. was only a man, and all men die," said the boy to hurry me. The dining and reception rooms were as damp, white, naked, and gloomy as they were bound to be. Then came the imperial bed-chamber, red-flagged, low, with rough rafters, a window opening upon the garden and a door towards the church. Titian's "La Gloria," which was once on these walls and is now at Madrid, is not more eloquent a mock at mortal greatness than are these walls themselves. There is an inscription by a Duke of Montpensier telling how a certain picture, which is not now here, was given by him to the monastery in memory of his glorious ancestor. But from the room itself one looks across the church at an alcove in the north wall, with a chestnut-wood coffin mounted in it on supports. The Emperor lay in lead in this coffin for sixteen years, until in fact he was wanted in that now gorgeous mausoleum of the Escorial. Four granite steps connect the imperial bedroom with the church, good sound steps still, such as even a gouty man might look at with confidence.

As for the church, though a beautiful building, it is now of course a mere shell. Its black-and-white granite walls and groined roof may stand for centuries; and the lovely old Moorish tiles of the choir dado and the twelve steps from the nave to the altar are also good for a few generations more. The aisle wore the look of a carpenter's yard; and there were earthen pots, pea-sticks, and much other profane rubbish on the flags. Our voices echoed in the bare enclosure, this empty church of the mountains upon which such good work had been lav-

ished. So recently as 1860 the arches were completely restored, though for what purpose it were hard to say; Cuacos will not attend divine service at Yuste, and who is there at Yuste? But it was a meritorious enterprise, by whomsoever undertaken.

"You see, Señor, that there is little to see," said the boy, as we returned to the courtyard and the fountain with the heap of soaked mallows in it, drying for remedies as I was informed. He was a most intelligent lad, for he admitted that he did not want to be late for school; but ere leaving we looked also into the more strictly conventual chambers. I have seldom seen anything more affecting in its way than the long room of the old botica, with its multitude of majestic blue and white jars, bearing the names of their ancient medicinal contents, and evidently two or three hundred years old. Some of them were broken, but most stood calm in the dust and dirt of a generation or two of neglect. In the Emperor's time (and also both before and afterwards) the Cuacos villagers relied on the monks of Yuste for their doctoring.

On leaving I picked up a fragment of one of the jars, "for the memory's sake," I remarked to the boy. He, however, would not countenance even so faint a concession to sentiment. "It is not permitted, Señor," he declared; "not even the smallest thing may be removed." Nor would he be persuaded that the china morsel and a cobweb were about on a par in value. Later, I tried him again with a bit of a Moorish tile, and this time on persuasion he yielded, though with

extreme diffidence. Truly, a most deserving little boy!

Of our return to Cuacos and thence during the ten hours' ride back to Plasencia, I prefer not to say much. It rained again when we started for the long journey, and it rained most of the way, with savage earnestness. The streams we had forded easily the day before were now roaring and foaming torrents. I know not which of us, Diego or I, travelled in the greater discomfort; for though he had more cargo, he had also a convenient hooded cloak, whereas I had but a common rug, which held the water so amazingly that in an hour or two I felt as if I were sheeted in lead. We were a compassionable pair at the end of the day, when we rode up sodden and streaming to Don Juan's door. All Diego's gaiety had long ago gone from him; when Don Juan questioned me about his conduct, he paid no heed, but stood humbly waiting for his dollars, with the rain drops still coursing off the tip of his nose. I gave such good report of him as I could; and I also ventured upon a word or two of advice as I offered him (behind Don Juan's back) a dollar over and above our bargain. next morning I saw him again. was introduced restively by Don Juan on the sworn plea that I had paid him a bad dollar; it may have been so, or it may not. On reflection, however, I am inclined to think that, with better weather, Diego Batista would have got quite as much pleasure and profit as myself out of our ride to Yuste.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

## THE DUEL IN FRANCE.

DESPITE her constant love of change, France has always remained faithful to one institution,—the duel. has made trial of half-a-dozen governments in a century; she has revised her political theories as other nations vary the fashion of their coats; she is always ready with a new gospel of literature to supersede the old. But with a determined loyalty she has encouraged the appeal to arms, and it is at the sword's point that her gentlemen have always decided the slightest "Place three Frenchmen in the deserts of Libya," wrote Montaigne with a prophetic eye upon the Court of Menclik, "and they will never live one month together without brawling, falling out, and scratching one another."

Though the duel was born amid the barbarians of the north, France and Italy have been its true fatherlands; and though for a while the Italians were better skilled in the use of weapons, it is the French who have most loyally respected the laws of the combat. At the first the battle of two did not touch the point of honour. It was but a means of economising human blood. When Sohrab and Rustum stood before their gathered hosts, they were bent not upon avenging a private wrong, but on saving the lives of their countrymen at the sacrifice of their own. Nor was the judicial duel of the Middle Ages a legitimate ancestor of the modern contest. It was rather an appeal to God's Providence. When human justice confessed its inability to decide a quarrel, the law ordained a battle, confident in the belief that fortune could not incline to the side of

the evil-doer. This institution was rougher in its method even than trial by jury, since Providence can hardly be expected to watch the issue of every combat, and since a consciousness of wrong might be supposed to increase the vigilance of the guilty He at least had nothing save his own strength upon which to rely, and virtue might easily be lulled to carelessness by an over-confident belief in the necessity of its triumph. philosophers and lawgivers conspired to defend the practice: it is impossible, said they, that fortune should allow the honourable arm to be weakened; skill is but impotent when it opposes rectitude; and so in the name of justice much innocent blood was spilled. Nor did the vanquished cherish any hope of reprieve. scratch was sufficient to condemn him, and the gallows stood ready to finish the work begun by the sword.

But the duel was not yet; indeed, it was not born until the practice of chivalry made honour sensitive, and courage became the first duty of a gentleman. Even then the combat had a special character, which is unknown to-day. The lust of battle spurred the opponents no less than scrupulous claims of honour. They fought as much to display their prowess as to resent an injury, and the presence of kings and fair ladies gave a zest to the performance, which the mere determination to drive a lie down another man's throat could never impart. In fact, this ardent love of fighting for fighting's sake often overcame the scruples of interest and diplomacy. When the Earl of Charolois had defeated the French under Louis the Eleventh, he declined to take advantage of his victory, but preferred to fling his gauntlet on the field in the vain hope that one or other of the retreating champions might pick it up, and so gratify his sense of sport by a useless combat. And for centuries after the duel was governed by a code of honour, it was still pursued as an end in itself, and soldiers were still ready to go on to the field for the mere joy of proving their superiority over all comers.

However, at the beginning of the sixteenth century the institution was firmly established, and soldiers and scholars were equally ready to punish the smallest incivility with a challenge. So far back as the reign of Francis the First, Italy deemed herself injured, even as to-day, by the lightly spoken word of a Frenchman, and sent a champion to fight her battle. The pages of Brantôme are packed with a similar interchange of courtesies and deathwounds between the nations. ellers especially were called upon to show their skill. Frenchman was pitted against Italian, and Italian against Spaniard, and wherever swords were drawn the roving Scot was there to play his part in the contest. But in Brantôme's time the duel was still a savage act of war. One champion there was who prepared for his enemy not only a gallows but a fire, resolved that, if his sword did not kill, he should complete his vengeance upon the wounded foe. Happily for his reputation, he was himself left dead on the field, and the victor disdained to fling his mortal spoils to the furnace. Stranger still, the dauntless Bayard is singled out for praise, because, having killed his man, he gave the body to his friends, when he might have dragged it in triumph from the field, or sent it off inglorious upon the back of an ass. However, the Kings of France early anticipated the sentence

of Napoleon that a good duellist made a bad soldier. Henry the Third, aghast at the decimation of his favourites, denounced the combat as a capital offence, and in revenge his murder at St. Cloud was followed by the most fantastic duel recorded in history. A courtier. one Marivaux, furious at the death of his sovereign, flung a challenge into the air, and was speedily killed by the adventurous gentleman who picked it up.

The King's edict availed not to check the progress of the single combat, which presently became the sole sport worthy the pursuit of courtiers. Even the chase was forgotten in the more vivid excitement of pitting life against life, and strolling duellists wandered from Court to Court winning money and repute from their skill at arms. was such a one that Crichton encountered at the Court of Mantua, and killed with three thrusts so accurately disposed that, lines being drawn between them, they formed a perfect isosceles triangle. Now, this duellist had made the tour of Europe, sword in hand, and long was the tale of his conquests. It was his simple practice to back himself for the sum of four hundred English pounds against all comers, and his arrogance had already discomfited Mantua, when the Admirable Scot arrived at that city. The conditions of the contest savour something of the prize-ring; and Crichton, in killing the monster, conferred an immense benefit upon the Court, at the treacherous hand of whose Prince he was soon afterwards to lose his own life. When a wager was on the issue, the dignity of the battle was destroyed by the suspicion of professionalism; but none the less the character of the braggart soldier, whose sword was at any man's service, is not without its attraction, and his wit, when backed by courage, was sparkling enough. What could be more magnificent than De Bussy's refusal to fight after sundown? "Neither the Moon, nor the Stars," he boasted, "are worthy to look upon my valour, and it is only in presence of that glorious orb, the Sun, that I will condescend to draw my sword." The type culminated in Cyrano de Bergerac, that renowned ruffler who detected an insult in the demeanour of every passer-by. Should a man look at him, he was impertinent; should he not look at him, he was neglectful; and it is small wonder that Cyrano's nose, renowned for half-a-century, was slit and hacked to pieces. But he was a warrior of dauntless courage, with a perfect hunger for the fight. Not content with making innumerable quarrels for himself, he must needs espouse the quarrels of his acquaintances; and once upon a time, rushing into an ambush laid for another, he put to flight a hundred men with his own sword.

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Such being the temper of the combatants, no obstacle was sufficient to check their ardour, and Henry the Fourth, though he passed the sternest laws, never ceased to take an interest in the duel. He even went beyond the limit of approval, and himself challenged the famous Bassompierre to an encounter. The cause of the dispute was the royal jealousy of Mile. d'Entragues, a beauty of whom both monarch and subject grew presently tired. But the meeting took place with all possible solemnity in the Louvre, near the Salle des Suisses, and Monsieur de Guise, who fought as proxy for his King, gravely wounded his adversary. Bassompierre tells the story with his usual simplicity. Monsieur de Guise had the lower end of the slope, and rode the smaller horse, so that he was able to get under the guard of Bassompierre, who was superbly mounted upon a giant charger, the gift of the Comte de Fiesque, and whom only medical skill and a perfect constitution saved from death. With this august encouragement France became a nation of duellists. Within ten years (from 1598 to 1608) more than eight thousand men were slain upon the field. quarrel was necessary: the smallest difference of opinion was sufficient to provoke a cartel; and not only did the principals draw their swords, but the seconds also espoused the cause and fought the battle of their friends. Women escaped the contagion no more easily than the clergy; the legends of great ladies who rivalled their lovers in the management of the sword are innumerable and authentic, while Rancé, the renowned Trappist, was never known to brook an insult. Though the Place Royale was the favourite meeting-place, the belligerents were not fastidious, and they were content to fight in the public street under the eye of day, or by moonlight beneath the forest trees. Had the passion been allowed to grow, France would have marched straight upon suicide, and it is not surprising that Richelieu and others continued the rigorous laws for the preservation of the army. Gallows were set up in every quarter for the punishment of duellists, and still the law was evaded. The Great King himself again imposed the pain of death, but that the sensibilities of his subjects might be the better cared for, he appointed the Marshals of France a Court of Honour. Thus, under stress of compulsion, the duel softened its character. Gentlemen were as quick as ever to repel an insult, but henceforth they fought rather for their honour than for display, and while challenges were more frequent than before, the combat lost all its barbarity and much of its risk.

From France the duel travelled to

England, where it was understood in its most savage phase, and where it did not long remain a national institution. After the Restoration the Court of Charles, borrowing its manners from Fontainebleau, was as stern in its quarrels as it was light in its loves. When Buckingham met Shrewsbury, each was accompanied by two friends, and of the six five were wounded and one killed. Throughout the eighteenth century the duel remained bloodthirsty rather than refined, though of course the seconds no longer deemed it part of their duty to mingle in the fray. But to fight meant to kill your man, and it was this pertinacity of disaster rather than the edicts of the War Office that brought the single combat to an end in England. However, Sir Alexander Boswell, the biographer's son, was killed as late as 1822, and years afterwards the Duke of Wellington was reluctant to abolish the custom. But it died of inanition. Always an exotic, it ceased to exist because its qualities were misunderstood; and its disappearance has had no better effect than to encourage the law of libel, and to give a greater license to the jests of amiable companionship.

Meanwhile, in France, the duel had survived the Revolution, and assumed the qualities which it has kept until this day. That it should be a characteristic and august institution is no more than it deserves, for truly it has survived the ordinances of a hundred ministers. But no longer is it a sure means of death and destruction. day the combat is not à mort, but au premier sang. It is, in brief, a symbol of the savage contest as Brantôme knew it, and it is this adaptability which has given it a long career, and an honourable history. If for a word spoken in haste a distinguished citizen was certain to forfeit his life, the State in her own

defence would be forced to interfere, for to-day the world is thrifty of distinction and would protect the reckless even against themselves. But let it not be thought that the duel in France is without risk. If swords be used, blood must flow on one side or the other, and there are few men in this age of terror, when even the dentist affrights his patient, who will face with equanimity the naked steel and the certainty of receiving or of giving a wound. Humorists have been indefatigable in their ridicule of this ancient and honoured custom. have pictured the luxurious combatants driving to the place of meeting in an indolent landau, and returning to breakfast fresh and unperturbed. But they have forgotten the inevitable anxiety, the consciousness of a risked life, the necessary shedding of blood. True it is that two accomplished swordsmen, in the full possession of their skill, are not likely to court death in a battle which is fought only till the first blood be drawn. Yet there is always the danger that the first blood may never be stanched, and the bravest duellist has sometimes to reckon with careless inexperience. He who is unused to the management of the sword may thrust it where his well-skilled adversary could never expect it, as General Boulanger discovered, when, making no allowance for his opponent's awkwardness, he walked upon M. Floquet's point, and lost his cause in ridicule.

Given the risk, which is the sanction of the fight, it would be difficult to devise a more dignified method of solving a dispute. Argument is interminable and ineffective; right and wrong are separated by so fine a shade of difference that no court of arbitration can carry conviction or authority. But set two men opposite each other with silenced tongues and naked swords, and there is no dispute so

obstinate that it refuses settlement. And above all things, the duel has been admirable as a school of etiquette and manners. The tedium, if not the fear, of a combat induces a certain courtliness of demeanour, and when once a quarrel is launched nothing could be finer than its management at the hands of accomplished seconds. For the first essential of a duel is a perfect correctness of behaviour, and in these days of bustle and self-seeking how often do we find time to worship correctness? Even the costume is prescribed by the code. From the moment that a principal has consulted his seconds he ceases to play a speaking part. Silence and order are imposed upon him by the strictest ordinance. As he may no longer open his mouth a brawl becomes impossible, and a brawl is the ugliest thing in nature. His opponent exists for him only in an academic sense, as a personage who will presently be armed with sword or pistol for his discomfiture. Should he meet him in the street, he may do no more than raise his hat with ceremony, and how can we praise a custom too highly which makes a renewal of verbal hostilities impossible? This. then, is the triumph of the duel, as practised in France; it has taken away the right of quarrel from those most intimately concerned, and has replaced what might degenerate into a vulgar interchange of scurrilities by a definite and dignified solemnity. For instance, a quarrel arises between A. and B.; words, perhaps blows, are exchanged; A. deems himself injured, and instead of pursuing his adversary, or harbouring resentment, he sends two friends to call upon B. B., in his turn, appoints his seconds, and the four meet, to discuss not only the terms of the combat, but the ground of quarrel. Should the ground be deemed unstable, a statement is carefully drafted and solemnly published, and neither of the

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disputants may renew the contest or question the authority of the seconds. If, on the other hand, a meeting is inevitable, the seconds are responsible for the order and conduct of the fray. The offended duellist has the choice of weapons, but when the choice is made his lips are sealed as the lips of his opponent. Though the duel is outside the law, it is none the less governed by a set of rules, well understood and incontrovertible. The responsibility is lifted on to the shoulders of the seconds, and the principals must obey or be disqualified from the intercourse of their fellows. Even when the fight has been brought to a conclusion, silence is still exacted. None, either second or principal, may go behind the published account. And thus the most perilous disputes may be brought to a proper and a tranquil conclusion.

The duel, then, is not only a useful method of resenting an injury, it is an admirable school of manners as well. Its effect upon the seconds is no less beneficial than its effect upon the While these require combatants. courage and address, those are lost without vigilance and tact; and the law which blinks at the illegal duel so long as it is fought in strict accord with the code of Chateauvillard, would instantly punish an accident caused by the carelessness of properly appointed seconds. The director of the combat must give the signal (Allez, Messieurs,) with scrupulous propriety; he must watch the fight with untiring zeal, and if his cane do not intercept the combat at the first shedding of blood, or at the instant of "inferiority," then blame rests upon them all. other quality which hitherto has been deemed indispensable to the combat of honour is discretion. Doctors and seconds should be the only witnesses, and no incident of the fight should ever be revealed that is not publicly described in the official report. But,

alas, we live in an age of journalism, bicycles, and instantaneous photography. That which is done to-day in secret must be proclaimed to-morrow upon the house-tops; and as the reporter has constituted himself a spy upon the actions of others, the duel which survived the edicts of Richelieu, and the ferocious displeasure of the Great King, is likely to disappear under the flash-light of modern impertinence.

In brief, the discretion which is the first necessity of the duel has during the last six months been rudely in-The infringement is the fringed. more dangerous because the duel, no longer fought for its own sake, is sternly and seriously a court of Where there is no display, honour. there should be no spectators; and if two men meet privately in the forest of Saint Germain to settle a dispute, the crowd should still preserve the good feeling to avert its But the crowd is generally lost to good feeling, and a well-advertised duel is fast becoming a kind of bank holiday. In the morning the stealthy journalists watch the house of the seconds, and when they set forth in the landau ordained by tradition, the journalists are ready with their bicycles, and will follow to the world's Nor will they keep the secret to themselves; instantly their friends are informed, and straightway an immense mob sallies out armed with notebook and camera. Women too, eager for a new sensation, are among the camp-followers, although the code expressly states that no duel may take place in their presence. So that nowa-days gentlemen may not even settle their differences undisturbed by prying The publicity of ancient times did not disturb the contest. the duel was a means as well as an end, it was not strange that the Court should be witness of her knights' prowess. But at least the spectators were picked and chosen, while to-day an irresponsible rabble gazes at the skill, or laughs at the awkwardness, of the unhappy combatants.

But the rabble is not content with watching. It hastens back upon its detestable bicycle, that the evening paper may have the first intelligence, and that the weekly review may exult in a reproduced photograph. Some time since the Prince de Sagan fought a popular dramatist, and on the following Saturday everyone in Paris might gloat over a representation of the duellists, each with his collar turned up, his cuffs concealed, his pistol outstretched, and his body twisted sideways to his opponent, that the target should be as small as What custom is there. however reputable, that can outlast the ridicule of this publicity? Nor is this the worst. A fight between two celebrated swordsmen took place at St. Ouen in the presence of a vast, enthusiastic crowd. Every pass was applauded, every parry approved, and no one appeared to realise that the contest was either serious and personal, or a sorry farce. Columns of comment and criticism followed in the newspapers: the duty of the seconds appeared immaterial; and where all the world knows the smallest detail, the official minute is plainly unnecessary. Again, two fashionable poets are embroiled, and the same indiscretion re-A vast procession of carriages and bicycles follows the disputants, to their manifest shame and inconvenience, while the newspapers are full of the accustomed pleasantries. But the climax of impropriety is reached when a dispute arises on the ground between principals and seconds, and when every word and gesture is reproduced in print within Yet this happened a few hours. some weeks since. One of the disputants, unused to the duel, followed the tactics of Tom Sayers in his famous battle with Heenan; he gave ground, and continued to give ground, until his opponent flung away his sword, declaring that he had no intention to die of fatigue upon the highway!

Doubtless such incidents took place in the ancient days, when the reporter was unknown and the kodak was not. Indeed it is rumoured that Sainte-Beuve with unpardonable levity insisted on fighting a duel with an umbrella held over his head. answer to expostulation, he declared that he did not object to being killed, but refused to catch a cold in the However, so long as secrecy and discretion were deemed necessary to the honourable conduct of a duel, no tidings were brought back of familiarity or impertinence. But as the ancient victor might drag his lifeless victim round the ring harnessed to a horse, so the modern crowd would involve both conqueror and conquered in a common outrage of publicity. And the outrage has only to be continued to bring obloquy upon the most ancient institution. Since the two adversaries know that honour certainly, possibly life, is involved in the encounter, it is an obvious scandal that a hundred strangers should disturb their contest. For those who hasten to intrude an unwelcome presence there is the fencing-school, and (under happier auspices) there might be the prize-ring. But assuredly they must take their note-book and kodak elsewhere, or they will bring upon the appeal to arms that ridicule which alone will avail to destroy it. have they yet done their worst. is still possible that human ingenuity may organise excursions, and delight innumerable tourists with the cheap spectacle of two gentlemen defending their honour. To frustrate the curious seems impossible. What would it profit if the contest took place behind locked doors? There are still keyholes and windows left, and the reporter must be omniscient or die. No; the duel must follow the other elegancies of life into the night of forgetfulness. And perhaps it does not matter; for when the instantaneous photographer inherits the sovereignty of the earth, what need will there be to respect politeness or to vindicate honour?

### A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

### By MRS. FRASER.

### CHAPTER XV.

THE marooned cockneys on the Warren wandered about for some time, like the Babes in the Wood, before they found a seat. The resemblance of course ceased with the wandering, for they certainly were not babes, and woods there were none. rain, which began to beat on them cruelly, was not enough to drown Mrs. Barton's appreciation of Harry's society. It was so much to have him all to herself for a long quiet hour. It would be quite that, she was sure, before Kitty returned, for the Midget was well out of sight now. Harry was most provoking, constantly craning his neck and straining his eyes in that direction, trying to catch sight of a returning sail. So far nothing was to be seen.

"I am afraid she's gone too far and may have trouble in getting back," he said, bringing his head gingerly in under the edge of their one umbrella.

"We are very well here, I think," Lily replied, with a bright smile and a pretty flush of colour on her cheeks. She had got over her despairing qualms now.

Harry felt inclined to tell her to speak for herself, for he was suffering considerable discomfort. They had brought up against the side of a hut where a scrap of bench made a seat just out of the worst lashing of the rain. The hut itself was inhospitably closed from within, and they had to make the best they could of its out-

side. Mrs. Barton, well wrapped up in the only cloak, sat close in the only corner with the only umbrella over her head, and her feet raised from the ground on an empty tin which Harry fished out from under the bench. Harry got a few inches of the outer end of the broken seat, the drippings of two corners of the umbrella down his neck, and no shelter at all for the rest of his person. If ever there was a situation where a man might be excused for losing his temper, even for telling a few brutal truths, it was this!

But poor Harry was a gentleman, and made one or two manful efforts before giving way. "I am glad you are all right at any rate," he managed to say; "but I am afraid you are very wet already."

"Oh dear no, as warm as a toast," Mrs. Barton declared. "Here, let me put my cloak over you." And she gingerly turned about three inches of one corner over Mr. Surtees's poor wet knees.

"Don't trouble about me," he said shortly, and flicked it off again.

"You never think of yourself," she said; "it is so strange to find a man so utterly unselfish as you are." He turned and looked at her in surprise. He had never thought of himself like that at any rate; but she took no notice and went on, with her eye gazing straight before her as if she were talking to herself. "I have seen so many men, and one learns to appreciate that sort of thing, you know. Unselfishness ought to come naturally to women."

"I suppose it ought," said Harry dubiously, between two sneezes,—he dreaded nothing so much as catching cold; "but it precious seldom does, all the same."

"What do you know about the silent sacrifices, the murdered ideals, the long heartaches of a woman's life?" Her voice thrilled with something like feeling, and she was enough in earnest to let the umbrella drop forward as she turned to look at him.

"For goodness' sake don't do that!" he cried, seizing the handle and hoisting it over their heads again. It was not of much use, for the rain was splashing up finely in their faces from the surrounding puddles, and the wind, whisking treacherously round a corner, brought buckets in its train.

"But for you," Mrs. Barton went on, "for you, with the world at your feet——"

"I wish it were!" he exclaimed devoutly, looking at the discoloured nettles and last year's thistles battered to the earth by the heavy rain, and then at his wrecked boots. "Only I think I would take it dry, if you please?"

"Don't be cynical, Harry. A man like you can go anywhere, be anything, marry anybody. Do you think I don't understand how dear and good it is of you to give me so much of your time, to take so much trouble just that one rather friendless little woman should not feel too alone in the world?"

Here her hand came nicely and timidly out from under the cloak and rested on his two, clasped firmly round the wildly swaying umbrella. He could not of course let go of that, but—he might bow his head and just kiss the fingers. The only thing Harry would have liked to kiss at that moment would have been the edge of a glass of hot brandy and water. He took no notice of the small caress, and said carelessly: "Oh dear no, not at all.

All the other men would do the same, I'm sure; probably they have."

"Nobody has ever been in the least like you, Harry," she murmured, "and nobody ever could be. You know that no other—friend—could ever take your place, don't you?"

"Upon my word I almost wish they could!" Harry cried, irritated beyond all patience by her persistent sentimentality. "This one is too wretched for anything. I am wet through! What on earth made you ask Kitty to put us off here?"

"Horrid cross creature!" replied Mrs. Barton, pouting; "you were quite as glad to get on dry land as I was."

"Call this dry land?" scoffed "If so, I don't agree with Harry. There, I don't mean to be horrid, but I'm a regular cat about getting wet, you know, and you dear, nice women always will start talking sentiment, sentimental shop, just when a man is shivering all over and longing for a pipe and a fireside. I suppose Providence made you that way, for you all do it; but it has been the cause of all the quarrels that ever The co-respondent, and the alleged misconduct, and all the rest of it come afterwards as a matter of course."

"Oh, if that is your view," said Mrs. Barton in icy tones, "I have nothing more to say. You did not accuse me of talking 'sentimental shop' last year, when you used to come and—sit for hours—oh, how can you be so unkind? Only last night—when you kissed my hand—"

"Oh, please don't cry, and please don't remind me of what I said last year or last night either!" cried Harry, giving vent to all his pent-up bad temper. "It's the one thing no fellow ever can stand. You feel warm, and pleased, and comfortable, and a nice woman is awfully good to you and gets you to tell her all sorts of things

about yourself, and you like it, of course, and perhaps you kiss her hand—I'm sure I've done it to dozens of people who didn't exact interest on it afterwards like a confounded mortgage. And a regular jolly woman, who knows what's what, doesn't go and remember it for three years or for three hours; and she doesn't set you up on a pedestal on one leg and forbid you to come down on pain of death, and oh-there are fifty things she doesn't do, and you are always doing them, Lily, and the one thing a man wants, you never will learn to do if you live to be a thousand,—and that is, to leave him alone."

"Oh, oh," wailed Mrs. Barton from behind her clasped hands, as soon as he took breath. "After all that I have done for you and given up for you, this is too dreadful!" and she seemed to be weeping bitterly.

"For Heaven's sake be reasonable," he said, not a bit softened by her tears; men seldom are, unless the fair weeper be a stranger to them. "You certainly have been very nice to me, and asked me to dinner, scores of times, and your dinners were always admirable. But, since I am being a brute for once and talking plainly, I must say that I have done my best to repay you in any small way that was in my power, and I cannot for my life see what you have ever given up for me. Please don't cry; I am talking seriously. have just been good friends who thought they could count on each other. I have never compromised you in the least, and there has never been an atom of scandal about us; I took jolly good care there shouldn't be! I swear I have never made love to you for a minute, and---"

"And what," she asked, looking up at him with flaming eyes. "Go on; pray don't mind me."

"No, I won't say it," said Harry,

setting his teeth, and remembering what unblushing opportunities for love-making had been afforded him. "You've made me behave like a brutalready, scolding you like this. It's the first time I ever said a hard word to a woman in my life; but upon my soul, Lily, I think we had better understand each other at last. We went on as jollily as possible till poor Barton died, and ever since then you're either ragging me or buttering me up till I really think,—upon my word, I don't know what to think."

Mrs. Barton was very quiet now, and answered gently: "It doesn't in the least matter what you think. I have made a mistake; but I'll never make any more. I'll leave you alone to your heart's content in future, and we'll put up the shutters in the sentiment shop."

"And that will be all the better for you," said the worldling Harry with conviction. There was no anger in his voice now, and he really was thinking of her as he spoke. "You talk about my having the world at my feet, and you know it's bosh, and that I am just a poor devil like fifty thousand others, with all the disadvantages of having been born a gentleman and none of the advantages. We're an army of expensive wretches with expensive tastes carefully rubbed into us from the time we can toddle, and younger sons' incomes to get to our gravehonestly with. There never was a cresture more limited and handicapped an. generally knocked about by fate than a poor gentleman!" Lily had never heard him talk so earnestly in his life, and he compelled her attention. in spite of two storms which were raging, one without and one within He went on: "It's you who have everything you want,-liberty. and money, and your place in society, and all sorts of things that women care about. Why can't you be satisfied with them? You ought to be down on your knees thanking Heaven for what you have got, and instead of that, you try and get material for tragedies out of it all. It's too bad."

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"Too bad, of course, that material comfort and a roof over one's head shouldn't flood every corner of a woman's heart with active gratitude! We are held up to scorn for wanting a tiny ray of idealism to light our dull lives with."

"A roof over one's head and a little material comfort would be a regular bonfire of idealism just now," growled Harry, provoked at himself and her. "And as for hearts,—do you really think, if you had the first beginning of one, you would be trying to talk metaphysics to a soused wretch, who has had influenza twice, at a moment like this?"

"I have borne everything from you, Mr. Surtees," said Mrs. Barton, "but you are really going too far. I will go home. Give me my umbrella."

"How do you propose to get there?" asked Harry, transferring the dripping black thing to her hand. "Were you thinking of swimming?"

Mrs. Barton turned pale. "Do you mean there is no way round?" she cried, forgetful of all the brutal plain-speaking with which he had favoured her. "I thought there was a connection with the shore—" and she tried to see through the storm to where the mainland loomed dark and very distant to her frightened eyes.

"Only at very low tide and in fair weather, they said. What can have become of Kitty?" Harry also was gazing out to sea.

"You never ought to have let her come out in such weather," snapped Lily. "You knew it was against her father's wishes!"

"And you?" said he. "You knew it as well as I, and you begged her to bring you."

Mrs. Barton went on, heedless of the

reproach: "And if her boat is upset,
—one may stay here for days! Would
anybody think of coming for us?"

"And who cares if they did or they didn't ?" cried Harry, stamping the wet ground as he stood close to her, and sending a shower of mud into the "Who cares if a couple of useless, tired-out people like us stay here for ever, or starve to death, or get washed out to sea? What are we worth to the world in comparison with that dear, fresh little girl just starting to enjoy herself? seen everything and done everything and are dead sick of the whole blessed show, and you say, 'Suppose she's drowned,-shall we get home in time for dinner?' Talk about hearts!"

"Go away," said Mrs. Barton, returning majestically to the corner of her bench and taking the umbrella with her. "I should prefer not to speak to you again."

The bench creaked as she sat down, and she almost fancied she heard a movement within the shed. But the next moment all was still, and she wrapped herself in her cloak and turned an impenetrable dome of streaming black silk towards Harry.

He hesitated for a minute and then turned away making a wry face, but much inclined to laugh. It looked so funny, the umbrella crowning a bundle of dripping flounces from which hung two sadly muddy feet, for the bench was high and far from the ground. He obeyed her and went a few yards away, to stand on a little eminence and look for signs of Kitty and her boat. As the sheets of rain buffeted him, he had to confess that he had been a brute; but then, as he told himself, it would have had to come some time. This poor Mrs. Barton was becoming a daily trial to him, and self-protection was certainly the first duty of every man.

It is surely a little to poor Harry's

credit that Mrs. Barton's fortune, and comfortable house, and good dinners, did not tempt him for a moment to become the successor of the departed Ebford, even though the post was clearly indicated to him as a desirable vacancy. It may have been selfrespect, but was more probably sound good sense, which bade him hold a union with an unsympathetic woman, older than himself, as a far worse fate than impecunious but fairly lighthearted liberty. No, if Harry ever married at all, the bride must be somebody one could be proud of,somebody like the enchanting Kitty, whom everyone would turn to look at in the street; but where, and oh where, was the enchanting Kitty now, and why had she left such an ardent admirer and friend on a desert island for two hours, alone with Mrs. Barton, in a storm like this? Why had she called him Robinson Crusoe as she pushed off? Why—? And then it all flashed across him, as the rain washed once more through his drenched clothes, and the shricking wind made his wet coat-tails crack like pistol-shots as it tore them hither and thither. Harry leaped in the air and put his hand to his eyes when he understood. Desert island,—he had said something about being alone with her on one! He had said it again to Mrs. Barton in a moment of despair last night; and that imp Roy had of course been listening, had seen him kiss her hand most likely, and had told his sister, and this was the way she had chosen to punish him! Oh. woe, woe! Who would ever make Kitty understand the awful pressure on his brain at that moment; who would convince her that he had had no more desire to kiss the lady's hand than to kiss Roy's or Sir Francis's? That explained her cool manner this morning. Oh cruel, cruel Kitty!

## CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY wandered up and down in great trouble of mind and wretchedness of body. Once or twice he came and stood before Mrs. Barton, wondering if there were anything he could do to lessen her discomfort; for in spite of all that had passed between them he was really sorry for her. But she refused either to speak or move, except that from time to time she started nervously, because the storm seemed to be shaking the hut in a strange jerky manner; indeed if the door had not been securely fastened, she could have thought that her first impression was a correct one, and that there really was someone within.

As it happened, this was the case. On the other side of the battered plank against which she was leaning crouched Mr. Walker, listening for every sound that could reach him through the boards, and grinding his teeth in rage to find that his shelter seemed about to become a trap. Who were these extraordinary people who chose such an hour and such a spot for their explanations and squabbles' He had a shrewd suspicion that the lady was Mrs. Barton, for he had been obliged to come within sound of her voice more than once before in the course of his researches diamonds. But who was the man with her? A swell of course; one could tell that from his voice. they tracked him hither and were they going to starve him out? there others wandering about the place, ready to pounce on him if he should try to make a run for it? He could not attempt that till towards seven, when the tide would be out again and he could get back to the shore on foot.

When Harry had tried to enter. the thief was holding the door with all his might, but as soon as Harry desisted from the attempt, the besieged man did what he could, in silence, to make things safe for himself. There was a rusty latch which he put in place, and then he looked round for something wherewith to build a barricade. Dried firewood and lobster-creels were too light to be of any good. The storm seemed on the point of tearing the whole place down, and the door jumped and rattled on one hinge in a most alarming way; he had to stand with his back to it to keep it in its place at all. However, one of his anxieties was somewhat lightened, for he could not hear any more talking, and soon made up his mind that his besiegers were gone, had probably given in to the stress of the storm and had hurried home. Surely he could sit down a little now, well wrapped up in those old nets which would cover him completely; he would also allow himself a pull from the flask in his pocket.

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But those other two were not gone, as we know. The hours that followed were the longest and the most utterly wretched in both these persons' lives. The storm raged in blinding rain and tearing wind; the sea beat up almost over them again and again; the noise was so great that, had they wanted to talk, it would have been almost impossible; and between them was the misery of strife and scorn and hideous truths which had taken shape in speech and could never be dematerialised again. Poor Mrs. Barton, unconscious that she was within a few feet of her precious diamonds, sat speechless for hours after she had taken refuge behind the umbrella; and Harry, noting that she was sheltered from the worst of the storm in her corner, was thankful enough to leave her to herself. He meanwhile wandered across and around their island-prison, and discovering a few boards still standing under a hedge, crept in to get such shelter as he could. There were dripping brambles and rotten scrub all round him which made it a thorny resting-place; and he found that, the moment he was out of the wind and rain, his clothes felt twice as cold and wet as they had felt before.

So he crept out again, resolved to face the elements for a little longer. Night, or the storm's counterpart of it, was coming down, and he saw that very likely he and his silent companion would have to wait where they were until many hours had passed. To do him justice, though he was not, as Mrs. Barton had declared, an utterly unselfish man, the dreadful question as to what had become of Kitty alone in her tiny boat, threw such terrors as wet clothes and a night without shelter into the second place; and remorse at having been, as he felt himself, responsible for her situation, was actually making Mr. Surtees forget his own misery. As he wandered recklessly from one wind-beaten point to another, peering out at the dark grey wall which shut them in on every side, straining his ears for a voice, and now and then shouting her name to guide her to the shore should she be anywhere near, he cursed himself again and again for a heartless, selfish wretch, a sinful brute, a murderer, who had sent the poor child to a dreadful death. Even to his inexperience it was evident that, unless Kitty had gone straight home when she deserted him and Mrs Barton, she could never have done it afterwards in the face of this gale; and, far from going home, he had watched her for at least twenty minutes sailing up channel with the wind, till she disappeared behind a headland. How he had wished at the time that he were going with her, even though the water was a bit rougher than he quite liked! He wished it more than ever now; he would have made her head at once for home; only then of course Mrs. Barton would have remained alone,—and a good thing too,—Mrs. Barton was always in the way! It was his duty now to go and see if he could do anything for her comfort,—comfort, with Kitty hanging about on the rocks somewhere, or gone to the bottom of the sea!

Mrs. Barton, when he addressed her (timidly because of all that she had made him say two hours ago), replied icily that she now agreed with him; it did not in the least matter what became of her, and he might as well understand at once that she never wished to be reminded of his equally useless existence again.

Harry had recovered his equanimity, from pure despair, and replied: "That's all right; just as you please, But you might hate of course. me just as thoroughly under shelter, don't you see? I believe I can break this door open." And once more he rattled and shook the crazy planks. They had resisted all his efforts before, but now some fastening seemed to burst quite easily; the door flew open, and Harry peered into the opening. All was darkness within. "Oh, come," he cried, cheerfully, "this is better! We shall have a roof over our heads at last!"

"Thanks, I shall stay where I am," said Lily turning her head away.

Harry had already entered, and was trying to make out in the dim light what the place contained, feeling cautiously along the rough walls. Some fishermen's nets seemed to be hanging there, and they were comfortingly dry and warm to the touch. There was a rude hearth in a corner and some brushwood was stacked beside it. Harry had never lit a fire for himself in his life, but now, if ever, was the time to try. His silver matchbox was waterproof at

any rate, and the vestas out of it snapped quite successfully when he struck them. In a few minutes a cheerful blaze was crackling up under the sticks, and though its smoke choked and blinded him, he was thankful to kneel down before it and hold out his chilled fingers to its warmth. Once more he tried persuade Mrs. Barton to enter, but she would not even answer him. began now to realise how wet his coat was. Why should he not take it off and dry it at the flame? Since Mrs. Barton would not come in, why not make use of his opportunities! Off came his coat and waistcoat, and had he dared he would have divested himself of his shirt too; but he would dry all that he could while he was about it, and meanwhile would wrap himself in the warm, if somewhat rough, folds of an old net to prevent the chance of a chill. The net came up with difficulty from the mass which lay in a corner, but he drew one end round him, and sat on the floor as far from the door as he could get, holding up first one garment and then another to the flame, and a little disturbed lest Mrs. Barton should come in and catch He did not think she would. however, and, encouraged by immunity, dragged a limping chair with a broken bottom out of a corner, and hung his poor coat over it to dry more speedily. To such straits had the dread of influenza reduced the best-dressed man in town!

Alas, even here she could not leave him alone! Just as he had turned his coat inside out to dry the sleeves a little, Mrs. Barton pushed open the crazy door and stood on the threshold. Harry peeped round the side of his chair-screen and saw her from where he sat cross-legged on the ground, quite interested in the success of his methods. She paused, and Harry ducked behind the chair and wrapped the folds of the net closer round his person.

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"You might have called me," she said in an aggrieved manner. "I suppose I may be allowed to come in and dry myself a little?"

"Oh, pray don't, I mean, do," Harry replied, making himself as small as he could and hoping that she would not notice anything in the uncertain firelight. "It is frightfully smoky; I don't think it is at all good or safe, you know."

But Mrs. Barton had caught sight of a chair and she was not going to be turned back. "I think I will risk it, thanks," she replied coldly, and, dazzled by the firelight after the outer darkness, she took hold of the chair without noticing what hung on the back, turned it round and sat resolutely down with her toes stretched out to the flame. Harry could just imagine what she was calling him in her mind for not coming forward and placing the seat for her. Edging away he tried to blot himself out in the furthest corner of the hut. His waistcoat lay on the floor where he had dropped it when she came in. How should he get his garments back without her seeing him? How could he present himself before her in a costume resembling that of a Christian martyr disguised as a Retiarius? choked by the smoke which suddenly puffed in her face, she jumped up and ran towards the door, and he came one step out of his corner towards his unlucky coat, but she turned before he could reach it, and once more sat solidly down on the The fire was getting shaky chair. low, and he tried to throw some more fuel on it from one side, so that Mrs. Barton should not see him.

But the weariness! The alternate drip and roar of the storm, the choking smoke which went whirling in gusts into every corner of the little refuge, the discomfort and the hunger, the stealthy efforts required to keep the fire going without bringing his strange costume under his companion's notice,—above all, the prospect before him! It really says something for his character that his thoughts went out from it all to Kitty, and that, had he been in the habit of praying, he would have prayed more earnestly for her safety than for his own deliverance.

And so the time went on, in darkness and wretchedness, and in dead silence, for Mrs. Barton did not speak; indeed, she was overcome with anger and humiliation, poor woman, and wept silently again and again. As for Harry, he had said so much to her that it would probably have to last for the rest of his life, and besides he did not wish to attract her attention,

Suddenly it struck him that the storm was subsiding, and that it might be well to look out to see if any hopes of rescue could be entertained. He had given up all thought that Kitty would herself return, but if she had been able to land at all she would be sure to send someone to seek her abandoned passengers. Certainly the wind was falling, and hope for Kitty's safety sprang up again in his heart.

He thought it better not to disturb poor Mrs. Barton, who seemed to be dozing with her head on her hand, and instead of getting back his coat, tried to loosen some more of the net, and detach it from the others. It would serve as a temporary covering while he went to What was his surprise on look out. trying to pull the rough meshes apart, to find that they were firmly held down, and then to note that on the side furthest from him a grimy hand, holding a pistol, was cautiously working its way up from under the heap so as to get free of the encumbering folds!

Suddenly Harry understood. Here was the robber; the jewels must be on him, and he was armed. Harry was no coward, for all his self-indulgent He dropped on the man's chest, and wrenched the weapon out of his hand before he had time to use it. Then he tried to find the creature's throat with his other hand, and screamed to Mrs. Barton to keep the door. She, terrified, ran towards it and then ran back to Harry, who by this time was wrestling furiously with the burglar. The man was swathed and encumbered with the net, and Harry had the advantage of being comparatively free. "Lie still!" he shouted, his face purple with excitement and his eyes glaring, "You skulking scoundrel, give them back or I'll shoot you!"

Mr. Walker seemed to be pondering, for he lay quite motionless for a As the fire flamed up, moment. Harry could make out a heavy pale face with gleaming eyes looking up into his. He thought the man meant to yield. Mrs. Barton shrank into a corner with her hands to her face, and the door swung in with a gust of cold wind. Charles Walker saw his opportunity. With a quick turn of his body he threw Harry off and sprang to his feet, but stumbled in the long twists of the net. As he stooped to free himself, Harry pounced on him like a cat, and got a tight grip of his collar, trying the while to keep the muzzle of the pistol close to the thief's head. But Walker dodged it, turned, and hit out wildly, still encumbered with the net. They were nearing the open door, Harry still clinging to the man like a vice, but he had been obliged to drop the pistol and use both hands to keep Twisting and struggling, with short hard breaths, they had reached the threshold, and then—Harry fell over backwards with Mr. Walker's coat in his hands. That ingenious individual had wriggled out of it, and was flying away into the darkness. As Harry scrambled to his feet again, still clutching the coarse garment, something metallic was dashed to the ground; there was a flash and sparkle of jewels in the low firelight, and Mrs. Barton flew forward with a wild cry, and then fell heavily in a swoon to the floor.

Harry tried to lift her, but was almost more eager to gather up the recovered gems. He was trembling violently now that everything was over, and he had to steady himself against the wall, while he raised Mrs. Barton's head on a pile of nets. Then he picked up the pistol, stuffed the diamonds into his pocket ready to be restored to her as soon as she should open her eyes, and standing between her and the door, kept guard over the unconscious woman.

As for Mr. Walker, he got away, cursing freely. The efficient Inspector never even caught sight of him, and so far his luck had not quite deserted him; but he was obliged to admit that he had "made a mull of it" for once, and on his conversion by the Salvation Army some years later, informed his captors that on this particular occasion the devil himself had taken the place of his absent friend, and had "let him down shemful" afterwards.

### CHAPTER XVII.

THERE is always least to say about the most moral characters in a story, and the necessities of this veracious tale have obliged me to leave young Jimmy very much to himself. He was a retiring person, except where the honour of the Minx obliged him to come forward, and it was with hesitation bordering on reluctance that he made up his mind, on the day after the burglary at Ryestock, to go and impart to Sir Francis Marston the conclusions arrived at by himself and Kitty on the stairs the night before. Having mixed little in society he was still a good deal burdened with prejudices, and one of these imperatively forbade his having any more talks with his little sweetheart until he had laid matters before her papa. Papa, who was notoriously short-tempered and crusty, would probably order him out to South Africa, or some such handy spot, for at least two years, until all the tucks had been let down in Miss Kitty's skirts, and she could be supposed to know her own mind. as certainly she would be forbidden to write to him during the whole time, and he would come home, like a friend of his the other day, tired to death, with his cuffs all ragged at the edges, to find that his lady-love had got married to somebody else. No, not that,—Kitty was Kitty, and would always be true, however long her stern old parent should keep them apart. Heaven knows how Jimmy came to that conclusion, but he was quite certain that it was the right one.

He would not go in the morning, thinking that they would all be tired and cross after the events of the night, so he drove over in his cart towards four o'clock, when Sir Francis might be in a mellow afternoon temper and would perhaps let him stay to tea. He noted the signs in the sky as he went, and was glad to reach Ryestock and get the mare under cover before the storm broke.

When he threw the reins to the groom and jumped down on the steps at the hall door, he felt full of courage, but it dwindled a little when he was shown into the library, where the master of the house had fallen asleep after lunch with the newspaper over

his face. He was dreaming, poor man, that he had just laid hands on Mrs. Barton's robber, and jumping up as Jimmy was announced, exclaimed, "You scoundrel!"

"I say, Sir Francis!" protested Jimmy.

"Oh, I really beg your pardon, Jamieson! I was dreaming of that brute who got in last night. Come and sit down." And Sir Francis waved his newspaper in the direction of a deep chair.

"I am afraid you all had a very disturbed night," said Jimmy. "I hope nobody is any the worse for the fright?"

"Oh, I don't think so," replied the host; "but they all seemed very unwilling to show themselves this morning. Most unpleasant to have that kind of thing happening in the house; gives one an unsettled kind of feeling."

"Of course, most awfully unpleasant," assented Jimmy, who thought he had better begin to come to the point; "and,—er—that reminds me —there's something I want to ask you, if you don't mind, sir,"—Jimmy felt like a poor little schoolboy before a stern master—" something I most particularly want to ask you."

"Well," replied Sir Francis, "ask away! What is it you want? You are welcome to it if I have got it."

"Oh, indeed you have got it, sir, and I want it badly, only I know,—I'm afraid you'll think it awful cheek of me, asking!"

"As a rule," said Sir Francis, smoothing his chin, and eyeing Jimmy critically, "I don't care to lend guns; but you're a careful sort of man. Which is it!"

"It's something a good deal more valuable than guns," said Jimmy getting very red, "and you've only got one. It's Kitty, please. Oh, don't say anything yet, Sir Francis,"

he went on, finding his tongue as soon as he had spoken her name; "you are perfectly right; she's fifty times too good for me, and as you say, I mean, as I said, I know it's awfully cool for a chap who hasn't done anything, and hasn't got any particular fortune, and isn't a bit clever—to come and say he wants to marry a girl like Kitty. But I-I care for her, I can't tell you how much—and I think she likes me a little bit, you know, and it isn't as if I wanted to take her a thousand miles away; her home would be close here, almost like it is now." stopped to take breath, having shot out all his arguments at once.

Sir Francis had stared at him, first in surprise and then in anger; but the anger melted under the effect of Jimmy's impetuous speech, and besides, the man's modesty pleased him. He listened patiently, and then folded up his newspaper very carefully in all the original creases before Jimmy braced himself answering. for the worst. Then Sir Francis turned round and looked him well in the face and spoke. "See here, Jamieson," he said; "Kitty is—well, my only daughter—and I don't consider that she has finished growing up as yet." "Now for Africa!" groaned Jimmy to himself. Sir Francis was drumming the table with his fingers. "But when she does grow up," he continued, looking kindly into the young man's face, "I really don't know that there is anybody else I'd so soon she married as yourself, Jamieson. But you'll have to wait, you know."

"If only you won't send me away, sir!" pleaded Jimmy, radiant. "If I may see her sometimes——"

"What should I send you away for?" exclaimed Sir Francis. "A little waiting will give you a chance of knowing a little more of each other, and——"

"But we have known each other all our lives," exclaimed Jimmy, getting happier and happier. Really Sir Francis was behaving like a trump.

"My dear fellow," said the poor gentleman very solemnly, "you may know a woman all your life, all my life which is about three times as long, and yet be humbly thankful for a little more information about her character. Lucky you, if you get it before marriage! and now,—suppose you go and tell her to come and speak to me? There, you needn't take my fingers off!"

For Jimmy was wringing his future father-in-law's hand with agonising enthusiasm. He rushed out into the garden to find Miss Kitty, but she was not there, although usually she was sitting in some shady nook all the afternoon. There was an ominous whistle of wind, and one or two drops came down on his head. Of course she had been driven in by the coming storm. He sought for her in the school-room, in the library, and came back to Sir Francis rather crestfallen.

"I can't find her anywhere," he said; "the servants say she has gone out."

Roy burst in at that moment, in a fine state of indignation. "What do you think Kitty has been and done!" he exclaimed.

"Nothing very bad, I am sure," said Sir Francis; "if it were, you would have been in it, you know."

Roy smiled kindly at this appreciation of his merits, but replied with modesty: "It was a shade too bad even for me this time, sir. She has gone to sea, with Mr. Surtees and Mrs. Barton in her boat!"

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed his father. "That is to say, I beg your pardon, Roy, I didn't mean to imply that you were telling an untruth—but you must have made a mistake. Kitty would never do such a thing after I had expressly forbidden it."

"What beautiful trust!" thought Kitty's brother, but he only said: "Then Mrs. Barton and Mr. Surtees have taken Kitty, sir. Bridle saw them pass over towards the Warren, and the boat is gone out of the boathouse."

Sir Francis seemed very much annoyed, and Jimmy's face looked as grave as a passing-bell. Sir Francis walked to the window and looked out. "There's a nasty squall coming up," he said, and then he began to tremble a little, and sat down rather suddenly, his face looking very grey and old. Kitty was as the apple of his eye to him.

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"I'll go and see," said Jimmy, preparing to leave the room.

"I am coming too," said Sir Francis, collecting himself and rising from his seat.

"All right," said Jimmy; "don't you be frightened, Sir Francis, we will have her in before the storm breaks. Roy, send Bridle round to me at the docks, I am going to get the tug."

"The tug?" asked Sir Francis bewildered.

"Yes, of course. I could never get at her with the Minx; the wind is rising every minute."

The tug was an efficient and very seaworthy little steamer, kept to tow big vessels, laden with pine from Norway or oil from Batoum, into the river port. She was a screaming, snorting, swearing craft, hideous to look at and worse to smell, but she was just what was wanted now. Jimmy was right, as usual, and in less than half an hour he and Kitty's father and brother steamed out from the wet docks to the heaving sea in search of the truant Midget.

By this time sky and sea and land were mixed in inseparable confusion, and the rain was coming down as if it meant to drive the little steamer to the bottom of the bay. They went slowly, keeping a keen look out on all sides for Kitty's boat, but no trace of her was to be seen. They steamed round the Warren, tossing most frightfully, poor things, but there the surf-beat shores were empty; and as, by that time, Harry and Mrs. Barton were housed in the hut, their best chance of rescue went away again without their having known that it was at hand.

"Had we not better explore here?" said Sir Francis. "They may have taken shelter, and the boat have been carried away from its moorings afterwards."

"If so, they are safe, and we shall find them later," replied Jimmy; "but if they are knocking about up channel before this breeze, we have no time to lose." And he started to follow where they must have gone. The wind would carry them only one way.

"Don't be down about it, sir," said Roy, standing close to his father with his feet planted wide apart on the slippery deck and his hands in his pockets; "Kitty's an A. 1 sailor and the Midget's another. We shall catch her up directly, you'll see."

"And here have I been talking about a gale for days," said Sir Francis; "it's a judgment on me! This is one, and Kitty is out in it."

They could not contradict him, and for the next hour or two little was said. It was dark, and they could hardly see anything more than a few hundred yards away. The storm seemed to be lessening, or else was pausing to take breath; the sea was still running high.

It was Roy who first sighted her. "There's something there!" he cried pointing wildly out to sea. "Look look, I am sure it is a boat!" Then he yelled, "Kitty, Kitty!"

Of course there was no answer; but in a moment they were steering in the direction of a dark streak which rose and fell helplessly on the chopping waters. Jimmy, leaning far forward in the bows, drenched with spray, was watching it as they drew nearer, his heart like to burst with anxiety, and his eyes starting from his head.

"There's no one in her," said Roy suddenly.

Sir Francis staggered and then caught at the bulwarks.

"There is, though," shouted Jimmy, "there's an oar, working! Kitty, Kitty darling, we are coming! Hold on!"

"For God's sake don't run her down," gasped Sir Francis, but already they were slowing off, and had almost stopped. The boat they had sighted seemed very near now, but they could make out nothing but a dark heap fallen forward over the oar.

"She's holding on," said Jimmy, "or that wouldn't stay in place. Kitty, Kitty! Hear we are, dear! Lower the boat, Bridle; we shall have to row to her."

They had all forgotten that there should have been three passengers in the poor cockleshell. It was Kitty they had sought and found.

It was no easy matter even for those strong men to reach her where she tossed and sank, showed and vanished, among the watery hills. The lights from the steamer gleamed on the boat's wet side, on a snapped mast, then as it cautiously approached, on a girl's white dress and bowed head. The dress was clinging in wet folds to her arms and limbs, and her hair was dark and dripping with the sea water. She seemed unconscious, and her face was turned away from them, bowed on her hands that still held the oar.

"Easy,—now,—where's the boathook? Try not to bump," cried Jimmy to Bridle as they came up with her. Then he had caught the side of the Midget and scrambled on board. "Kitty darling," he shouted, "look at me, it's all right, dear." He steadied himself by the broken mast, and stooping tenderly, raised her head, but it fell heavily back and her face was deathly While Bridle and the other man kept the two boats side by side, Jimmy tried to lift her from her low "Oh, you plucky little thing!" he cried, as with trembling haste he loosed her cramped fingers from the oar; then, helped by Bridle, he lifted her over into the larger boat. Towing the Midget behind them, they tried to approach the steamer, but the pleasure-boat threatened to swamp them, and they had to let her go long before they reached it. What mattered anything now that Jimmy had his little love safe in his arms, warmed in his coat, consenting to open her eyes and to swallow small sips of brandy from his flask, and holding his hand, where it clasped her, as if she would never let it go in her life?

"I held out till I saw the lights," she told them when they had her safe on board, scolding, kissing, petting, almost crying over her, though they were men and Englishmen into the bargain. "Then I knew it was all right,—and all of a sudden there came about five thousand lights all round me, and my head went bang down on the oar—and—that's all. See what comes of prophesying gales, daddy?"

"See what comes of going to sea without me!" remarked Roy. "Would it be too inquisitive to ask where you drowned the others?"

"Oh!" Kitty started to her feet, shaking off all the rugs and coats which had been laid over her as she leaned against her father on the bench of the tiny cabin. "How could I forget? Oh, how furious they will be!" And she sat down and began to laugh rather hysterically.

"Well, where are they?" asked her father, as he drew her to his side again, and Jimmy, kneeling before them, wrapped the rug round her feet.

"They are on the Warren; they have been there ever since four o'clock," said Kitty penitently. "Mrs. Barton felt bad, and Cousin Harry was always talking about desert islands; I thought he wouldn't mind trying it for once. It was awfully wrong of me, I know."

"They are not there now," said Roy; "we went all round the Warren to look for you."

"But they must be," cried Kitty in remorse. "Where could they go to, unless they had got washed off? Oh dear, what have I done?"

Shaken by all that she had passed through, she put her head down on Sir Francis's shoulder and sobbed bitterly. He had not the heart to scold her, greatly as she deserved it. "They couldn't be washed off, Kit; they must have taken refuge somewhere. We must go and fetch them at once."

So for the second time that night the tug made for the Warren. The wind had changed, and the landing on the deep-water side was easier than they had expected to find it. Kitty was not allowed to move from her warm corner, where she was left in charge of Bridle, but Sir Francis and Jimmy, accompanied by the ubiquitous Roy, went in search of the lost lambs.

Roy led the party straight to the hut, which his young senses managed to find in the darkness. Mrs. Barton had come to herself, and was weeping for joy over her recovered jewels; and Harry, hearing steps, ran to the door and very nearly shot the first of the new comers, mistaking him for Walker returning to pay them another visit. When Roy gave a whoop, and called to the rest to follow, Harry was so relieved that he rushed out into the arms of the rescuers, bareheaded, half dressed, his collar torn off in the recent struggle, and the pistol waving

wildly over his head. They thought at first that he had lost his reason; and it was only when Mrs. Barton explained, with incoherent enthusiasm, that he had behaved like a "perfect hero" and had, as she expressed it, "conquered the villain and recovered her diamonds at the risk of his life," that they began to understand what had happened. Harry, warm with the sense of having acquitted himself extremely well and of having done poor Lily a signal service, spoke very kindly to her, and told Sir Francis that she had shown great sense and courage; thus the pitiful quarrel of the earlier part of the day was momentarily forgotten, and something like friendly relations made possible for the future.

Roy, full of envy for Harry's luck in meeting the robber face to face, helped the hero into his coat with much respect, and then they all got back to the tug, where Kitty, in the depths of shame, entreated forgiveness of her two victims. They were so happy in their different ways over the recovery of the lost property, that they quite forgot the miserable hours passed on the desert island, and were even ready to thank the naughty girl for having taken them there.

Lady Marston, whom nobody had thought of twice, had suffered some hours of intense and painful suspense. She loved her own with an undemonstrative faithfulness which went to the very foundations of her being. The dull round of daily life seemed to leave no room for its expression; but during the long hours when her husband and son were out on that stormy evening seeking her only daughter, some bands round the poor woman's heart were broken and shed away; and when at last her three returned to her in safety, she cried and laughed over them, and kissed and scolded, and held Kitty to her with a love-light in her eyes that had not shone there for many a year. Sir Francis was so softened at the sight that he actually patted her shoulder before them all, saying huskily: "Poor mother, poor mother, I am afraid you had a bad time too!"

Harry received rather a severe blow from seeing Jimmy say a very tender good-night to Kitty in the shadow of the stairs before he would let them carry her off to bed, but he was overcome with fatigue, as they all were, and perhaps felt the discovery less than he might have done earlier in the day. He saw at that one glance that they must be engaged, and went to his room despondently, but did not forget to take proper precautions for warding off the dreaded cold.

None of the women had appeared the next morning when towards ten o'clock Harry came to find Sir Francis in the library. He had a telegram in his hand, and his eyes were shining with triumph; but he tried to moderate his tone to a decent sadness as he said: "I am afraid I must go back to town to-day. My poor aunt died very suddenly, yesterday afternoon, and I am left sole legatee, executor and all that, you know. I must go and see to things."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Sir Francis, trying to be sympathetic; "but she was a very old lady, was she not? I hope it won't make a great difference to you."

"I hope it will," said Harry piously.

"She was awfully good to me always, and she was very delicate, and I am sure it was quite a deliverance to her, and she has left me everything, you see. I am so sorry I sha'n't see Lady Marston and Kitty, to say good-bye. I must catch the eleven up."

"I am afraid you have not had at all a pleasant visit," said Sir Francis, shaking his hand. "You must forgive Kitty; she'll learn wisdom in time. Jamieson seems to think she's old enough to be married, but she is nothing but a child, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Harry rather hurriedly; and then he had to go and see to his things, and was very busy until the moment he left.

"There's a sovereign for you, Roy," he said as that young gentleman put him into the railway-carriage. "I hope the ghost is permanently buried. Don't go and give me away now!"

"No fear!" said the delighted Roy.

"Are you sure you won't take those twenty kisses?"

Harry winced, but the train moved out just then and Roy had not the satisfaction of watching his victim.

"Just as well that I didn't have to see her again," said poor Harry, tossing his stick and coat up into the rack. "I suppose it's none of my business, but I hope that d—d red-faced chap will be good to her! He'd better!"

They had to leave some tucks after all in Miss Kitty's wedding-gowns, for Jimmy was importunate, and Sir Francis got tired of putting him off. In the course of the next season the young lady called once on Mrs. Barton very solemnly, in sign of her true repentance, and went to have tea with Harry in his rooms. On both occasions she was accompanied by a tall young man who looked so absurdly proud and happy that Harry would have liked to kick him; and they were pompously announced as Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jamieson.

"She is the prettiest little girl in the world," said Harry to himself, as they drove away from his door; "but I dare say it is all for the best. I don't believe my constitution would have stood any more practical jokes."

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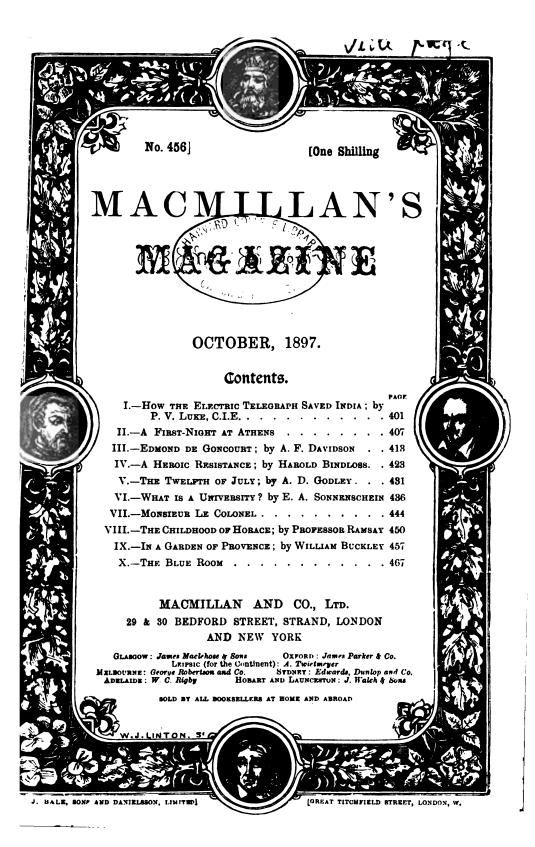
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#### HOW THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH SAVED INDIA

In some interesting letters lately published in THE STANDARD on the subject of disaffection in India, it has been represented that the telegraph and the sub-marine cable are the curse of modern India so far as the administration of the country is concerned; the writers meaning to convey that the close control, which is now exercised from the head-quarters of the Government over executive officers, tends to cramp that promptness and freedom of action so necessary in dealing with sudden emergencies, either within or beyond our Indian borders. Inasmuch as it is contrary to human nature to accept responsibility when, by obtaining orders from superior authority, it is unnecessary to do so, this is, no doubt, true to a very great When the dogs of war are assembled, as they are at the present moment, for one of the numerous frontier expeditions so frequently forced upon the nation, they are never entirely let loose; the leash that holds them is the telegraph-wire, terminating in the controlling hands of the Viceroy or Secretary of State. though this system of centralisation has possible drawbacks in that it may lead to indecision, hesitation, and delay, qualities very likely to be mistaken by uneducated people for weakness, on the other hand, it has the advantage of controlling and restraining impetuosity which might easily lead to rash and regrettable acts. Certainly it would be quite wrong to depreciate the undoubted value of the electric telegraph because of the assistance it may lend to over-centralisation.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the assistance which the telegraph renders, not only in the administration of the country, but in the conduct of every military operation that is under-The field-telegraph is now just as much a part of every mobilised force as the commissariat; no body of troops is ever moved without it. India especially, where the distances are so great and means of locomotion slow, does the telegraph-wire play an important part, and in no country has more attention been given to the telegraph-system, internal designing and perfecting a thoroughly practical field-telegraph. How successful these efforts have been is shown by the regularity and promptness with which authentic information of what has happened, it may be, on the very fringe of the Empire reaches So accustomed have the England. readers of our daily journals become to this that they think nothing of telegrams from some lonely outpost in the Swat Valley, or on the Samana Range, dated sometimes on the same They have ceased to wonder how it is done, and give no thought to the difficulties that have to be overcome, the toil and exposure and danger undergone before such results can be obtained. The balance of usefulness is so greatly in favour of the telegraph that it would be a thousand pities for an impression to get abroad that it is in any sense the curse of India. reliance that is placed upon it is due to no sudden appreciation of its value, but to a gradual growth which year by year has increased until it may now be called absolute. To show how true this is I propose to relate the part that the electric telegraph played at the time of the great Mutiny, when it was in its infancy in India, and its practical value had not yet been fully recognised. It is a story which has been already told by Kaye and other writers, and told with much graphic and picturesque detail of circumstance, but not hitherto, I think, in England at least, with perfect accuracy. recently as last February a short summary of it was, indeed, published in that excellent Indian paper, THE PIONEER, on the retirement from the public service of the signaller who actually despatched the "fateful telegram." But Englishmen, insatiable devourers as they are of their own journals, have not, as a rule, perhaps, much time to spare to those of other countries, and, so far as India is concerned, are mostly content to take their news from the English Press, whereby they are sometimes the losers.

Mr. William Brendish, the officer in question, who has just retired after forty years' service in the Indian Telegraph Department is the sole survivor of the telegraph-staff present in Delhi at the time of the outbreak in 1857, and the story, as now told, is taken chiefly from his statements. As I have already said, various more or less correct, but exaggerated accounts have been given to the world. In one it is related that the young signaller stood in the office with his hand upon the signalling apparatus until the muti-

neers were almost upon him and he could hear their shouts growing nearer and clearer as they swept up the street. Still he went on with his work, and flashed up to Umballa and the Punjaub this message: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead and we hear several Europeans. must shut up." The writer goes on to say that the mutineers burst in on the devoted lad, the last click died away, and in the performance of his duty the signaller was slain. touching and exciting story, but unfortunately not quite true, as the signaller in question is still alive, and able to recollect what really did happen, which, stirring enough in all conscience, lacked the final tragedy of the popular version.

Many have no doubt heard of the fateful telegram which led Mr. Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjaub, in reporting on the events of that anxious time to write, "The electric telegraph has saved India"; but few can know the real facts of the case, and it may be as well to relate the story of what actually occurred on the authority of the man who played a principal part in the immortal drama of the fall of Delhi.

The actual outbreak of the mutinv in the Punjaub took place at Meerut, on Sunday the 10th of May, 1857. The custom then, as now, was to close all telegraph-offices, except at a very few important stations, on Sundays between the hours of nine in the morning and four in the afternoon. On that Sunday morning the signaller at Delhi, before closing his office, was informed by the assistant in charge of the Meerut office of the excitement that prevailed there owing to the sentence that had been passed on the men of the 3rd Cavalry for refusing to use the new cartridges. He was told that eighty men had been im-

prisoned and were to be blown away This, of course, was an from guns. exaggeration, but it was quite true that the eighty men had been degraded and sent in irons to the jail. exaggerated gossip which passed over the telegraph-wire only emphasises the indifference engendered by confidence in the large force of European soldiers stationed at Meerut, or by ignorance of the widespread feeling of discontent that prevailed in the Native army, and makes it the more extraordinary that, notwithstanding the excitement and possible danger, the telegraph-offices both at Delhi and Meerut were closed as usual at nine o'clock. One would have thought that, considering the grave condition of affairs, the authorities at Meerut and Delhi would have desired to keep in touch with each other; but such was not the case, and the same spirit which actuated those who attended morning church at Meerut, or went for their afternoon drive as usual, led to the customary Sunday routine being carried out, and consequently to nothing being known that day in Delhi of the terrible events at Meerut. For when the Delhi office was opened in due course at four o'clock in the afternoon. communication with Meerut was found to be interrupted. As a matter of fact the telegraph-wire was cut by the mutineers near Meerut some time in the afternoon, though of course this was not known at Delhi.

The telegraph-office at Delhi was situated outside the city walls, about one mile from the Cashmere gate, and the same distance from the Flagstaff Tower. The staff consisted of Mr. C. Todd, assistant in charge, with a wife and child, and two young lads as signallers, Brendish and Pilkington; all Europeans, with the usual native subordinates. Pilkington, it should be said, had a withered leg and wore a special boot, but was active not-

The telegraph-line to withstanding. Meerut, almost immediately after leaving Delhi, had to be carried over the Jumna, a large river crossed by means of a cable, with a cable-house on either bank where the overhead line was joined on to the cable through One of the a lightning protector. chief difficulties besetting telegraphy in India in those days was the number of large rivers that had to be crossed. Those that were too wide to span had to be cabled, and owing to the ever changing beds of the rivers, and to the deterioration in the insulating material with which the cables were constructed, they were a source of constant trouble. So much was this the case that whenever a circuit containing a cable broke down suspicion fell upon the cable, and the first thing to be done was to test it. Accordingly on that Sunday afternoon, when it was found on opening at four o'clock that the communication with Meerut was interrupted, Brendish and Pilkington were sent for that purpose by Mr. Todd, across the bridge of boats, to the other side of the Jumna. They found that they could signal through the cable back to the office at Delhi, but could not work with Meerut, which proved the line to be interrupted beyond in the direction of the latter place. It was too late to do anything further that evening; the two signallers therefore returned to Delhi, and Mr. Todd made arrangements to go out himself next morning to endeavour to restore communication.

Accordingly about eight o'clock the following morning, that is, on Monday morning, the 11th of May, he started in a gharry, or carriage drawn by two ponies, and never returned. His fate is not accurately known, but it is believed that when crossing the bridge of boats he must have met the first detachment of the mutinous 3rd

Cavalry on their way from Meerut, that he must have been pulled out of his gharry and murdered, and his body thrown into the Jumna. At all events he was never heard of again, and his wife looked anxiously and in vain for his return.

The 11th of May thus found the telegraph at Delhi in charge of two lads, encumbered with the wife and child of Mr. Todd, and surrounded by native servants who were doubtless only waiting to see how things went before taking the lives of every European in the office. At that time there was published in the city a newspaper called THE DELHI GAZETTE, and in order to prevent delay in conveying telegrams for the press to the publishing office, messengers belonging to the latter were posted at the telegraph-office, and from these men Brendish and Pilkington were able to obtain information from time to time of what was going on in the city about a mile away. The information thus picked up they telegraphed to Umballa, whence it was passed on to the Chief Commissioner at Lahore. This was done unofficially, be it understood, mere signaller's chatter; for all that Monday morning not a single telegram was sent by any official at Delhi, though the line to Umballa and northwards was in perfect working order. In this way information was given of the mutinous 3rd Cavalry having crossed the bridge of boats and entered the city. From the messengers of THE DELHI GAZETTE the signallers learned that the regiment of Native Infantry, which, with two Horse-Artillery guns, they had seen go past the telegraph-office to oppose the mutineers, had, when ordered to fire, fired in the air, and how their officers had been shot down by the troopers of the 3rd Cavalry. All this was communicated to Umballa and duly passed on to Lahore.

About noon young Brendish went out on to the main road leading past the office, where he met a wounded officer making his way from the city to the cantonment, who said to him, "For God's sake get inside and close your doors." Native shopkeepers from the city also passed as fugitives, and said that the Sepoys were even murdering them, and that there would be no chance for white men. After this the lads naturally felt very insecure, isolated as they were, and wanted to get away to a place of safety. Todd, however, was very unwilling to leave, uncertain as she was as to her husband's fate, and expecting him back at any moment. They succeeded at length in persuading her to leave, and about two o'clock the two lads with Mrs. Todd and her child made their way from the isolated office to the Flagstaff Tower, distant about a mile, where the other refugees from the city and cantonment were congregating. Before leaving the office Brendish despatched a final report to Umballa ending with, "and now I'm off," meaning that they were leaving the office, which significant words usually appear as concluding what is called the fateful telegram.

Now the most curious thing in thistory is that no civil or military officer came to the telegraph-office during the whole morning of Monday, the 11th. to despatch any telegram in his own name, nor was any telegram sent by messenger for transmission to Umballa. Mr. Brendish accounts for this by the supposition that the dominant idea in everybody's mind was that the British troops from Meerut would be over at any moment, and therefore no one thought it worth while to report the outbreak at Delhi to the authorities in the Punjaub. This may be so; but another reason no doubt was that the administration in those days was not centralised to the extent that it is now, and that local officers did not think of asking for orders but acted on their own responsibility. Besides, the telegraph was then quite a new institution, and people had not got into the habit of using it, and placing reliance on it, in the way they do at the present day.

Mr. Brendish, however, remembers that shortly after arriving at the Flagstaff Tower about three in the afternoon, a military officer gave Pilkington a telegram and sent him back to the telegraph-office with an escort of Sepoys. He does not know whether Pilkington actually sent off the telegram, but believes he must have done so, as there was time, and he saw him again afterwards the same day on the way to Kurnaul, though he did not speak with him.

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Kaye, in his HISTORY OF THE SEPOY WAR, relates that young Barnard rode from Umballa to Simla on the 12th of May, with a letter from his father to General Anson, then Commander-in-Chief, informing him that a strange, incoherent message had been received from Delhi to the following effect: "We must leave office, all the bungalows are on fire, burning down by the Sepoys of Meerut. They came in this morning. We are off. Mr. C. Todd is dead, I think. He went out this morning and has not yet returned. We learned that nine Europeans are killed." This is evidently the signaller's chatter aforesaid, and gave the Commander-in-Chief his first intimation of what had happened. Later in the day the following message was received: "Cantonment in a state of seige-mutineers from Meerut-3rd Light Cavalry-numbers not known. said to be 150 men, cut off communication with Meerut; taken possession of the bridge of boats. 54th Native Infantry sent against them refused to Several officers killed wounded. City in a state of considerable excitement. Troops sent down, but nothing known yet. Information will be forwarded."

Mr. Brendish is certain that the first of these telegrams was signalled by himself. The second telegram, he says, was written neither by him nor by Pilkington, and he believes it to be the one which Pilkington received from a military officer at the Flagstaff Tower and went back to the telegraphoffice to signal at about three in the afternoon. This appears likely from the wording of the telegram. Its carefully guarded language was evidently meant to avoid anything of an alarming character; while the reference to the state of excitement prevailing in the city shows that the authorities were even then ignorant of what had actually taken place, or else altogether underrated the importance of the outbreak. This is only one more example of the absolute disbelief which existed among Europeans at that time in the possibility of a general mutiny of the troops, showing how little we knew then of the real feeling of the native army towards us. And yet we were in a better position to know in those days than we are now, for the personal relations between the governing and governed were more intimate and cordial than at the present day. recent murders at Poona, and the fact that a very large reward has failed to bring forward any one to denounce the murderers, shows how little sympathy is really existing between the

Mr. Brendish remained at the Flagstaff Tower, assisting the non-combatants, including ladies, to load muskets till sunset, when he set out with others with the intention of going to Meerut, where there was known to be a large force of Europeans. In the dark, however, the ford over the river was missed, and he with a party reached Kurnaul on the morning of the 12th. There he found Pilkington and Mrs. Todd, who had come on in the postmaster's carriage, and they all went on together to Umballa on the next day.

On reporting themselves at the telegraph-office they were met by the assistant in charge who exclaimed, "My God! I thought you had all been killed." It appears that late in the afternoon of the 11th there were movements on the needle at Umballa as if someone at Delhi was trying to signal, but as no answer came to the usual question, ("What is your name?") they suspected that it was somebody unfamiliar with the apparatus, and that all the staff had been murdered. The telegraph-office at Delhi shared the fate of most other European houses and was burned, but it is not known how long after the despatch of the last message which Pilkington was sent back to signal.

As regards the value rendered by the telegraph on this occasion, let us hear what Sir Herbert Edwardes said at Liverpool in March, 1860. "Just look at the courage and sense of duty which made that little boy, with shot and cannon all around him, manipulate that message which I do not hesitate to say was the means of the salvation of the Punjaub. When the message reached Lahore it enabled Mr. Montgomery and the General to disarm the Native troops before they had received one word of intelligence on the subject. The same message was flashed from Lahore to Peshawar, and we took our measures there in the same way, and before any of the mutineers or Hindustani regiments had the opportunity of laying their plans, we had taken all ours and were able to defeat them when the hour of difficulty arose."

From Umballa Mr. Brendish was transferred to the office at Loodiana. While there he heard of a Volunteer Cavalry corps being raised at Meerut, which was called the Meerut Light Horse. He resigned the Telegraph Department in November, 1857, and joined that corps. In 1858 he was transferred to the Bengal Yeomany Cavalry, with which he served in the Nepaul Terai until its disbandment in July, 1859, when he was re-engaged in the Telegraph Department.

This is the true story of how two lads were able to render a great,-it is difficult to appreciate how great-s service to the State. One of them, Pilkington, died many years ago, after not too successful a career. The other, Brendish, has lived to reap the reward of his devotion to duty. The Government of India has recognised his special services by granting him a pension on retirement equal to the full pay of his rank, and the Governor-General in Council has expressed his appreciation of his work and congratulated him on the special service he was able to render to his country on that ever-memorable 11th of May, 1857.

P. V. LUKE.

#### A FIRST-NIGHT AT ATHENS.

THAT a country's happiness varies in inverse ratio with its historical interest is a truth that, by repetition and practical demonstration, has almost sumk to the level of platitude. Such demonstration has been given to it of late in the case of Greece, which, in proportion to its area and population, has received an undue and unenviable amount of attention since the beginning of the year. During these last few clamorous months Athens has seen many phases of popular excitement; mobs that assembled in front of the royal palace to shout the Greek equivalent of à Berlin !, so does history repeat itself, and to cheer themselves hoarse for the King; mobs that gathered in the same place to complain of treachery and to mutter sedition; regiments starting with light hearts and sublime selfconfidence for the front, and the remnants of regiments straggling back to fill the hospitals and swell the ranks of the disaffected. But it is a less gloomy picture of Athenian life that we wish to give. However persistently thoughts of struggles, past and to come, with his hereditary foes may beset the Greek, he requires amusement as one of his means of subsistence; and it is one of his most popular forms of amusement that we propose to describe in the following pages.

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It is not then the first night of a tragedy by Euripides or a comedy by Aristophanes with which we have to deal. We are gifted with no retrospective second-sight, and our first night was a night of last year in what one might call Modern Athens, had

not that designation been appropriated, we will not say usurped, by a nearer and more familiar city. A contemporary account of the first performance of MEDEA or THE CLOUDS would undoubtedly be interesting; but not less undoubtedly may we assume that the Athens of Pericles is, in a manner, more familiar to us than the Athens of this present year of grace. Despite the facilities of modern travel, despite the coupons of Messrs. Cook, the number of English tourists who visit Greece is relatively small. Possibly they have read Edmond About, and have conjured up visions of a forced sojourn with the King of the Mountains; possibly they fear that the air of Greece is too redolent of past and painful memories of the lexicon and grammar of school-days. However it may be, the fact remains; comparatively few have followed the advice that Mr. Ruskin gave his Oxford students in 1870. "Which of us," he said, "knows what the valley of Sparta is like, or the great mountain vase of Arcadia? Which of us, except in mere airy syllabling of names, knows ought of 'sandy Laidon banks, or old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar!' 'You cannot travel in Greece!' I know it; nor in Magna Gracia. But, gentlemen of England, you had better find out why you cannot, and put an end to that horror of European shame, before you hope to learn Greek Alas, very few of the gentlemen have found that they can visit Greece to their intellectual and asthetic profit, and for the others therefore this brief account of a typical Athenian institution may have some interest.

It is of a summer theatre in Athens that we have to speak. Athens does indeed possess theatres as we know them in Western Europe, nearly all, it may be mentioned, either subsidised by the State or the municipality. There is a large playhouse in the Plateia Tu Ludovicu, for instance, built some fifteen years ago by a well-known Greek millionaire called Syngros, who tried to win immortality for himself (after a fashion not unknown in Western Europe) by giving it his name, and handing it over as a free gift to the city of Athens. It holds fifteen hundred persons, and with respect to safety, comfort, and stage appliances vies with the best continental theatres. Externally, however, it is somewhat lacking in architectural beauty, especially in comparision with the National Theatre, which stands in the street called The latter, a Aghios Constantinos. stately edifice built of pure Pentelic marble, is very fair to look upon, although in Greece, the sunny and clear-skied, its dazzling whiteness is less remarkable than it would be were this national theatre on the banks of the Thames. Yet to dwellers on the banks of the Thames its existence is partly due, for it was built from the proceeds of a fund raised, at the instance of King George, from Greeks at all the ends of the earth; and Greek merchants in London subscribed no small portion of the cost. other winter theatres and music-halls are of small importance.

But in these theatres, excellent though they may be, the traveller eager for local colour will not happen upon that "something rich and strange," which he naturally expects in a country so different from his own. For something more essentially native to the soil, or rather to the climate, he must repair to one of the summer theatres of Athens. If indeed he

visits Athens during the height of the summer, these are the only places of amusement he finds open; it is far too bright and beautiful out of doors for there being any chance of a good and satisfactory attendance in a build-The luxurious modern Athenian, notwithstanding his great love of music and amusement, could never endure to remain pent up in a stifling theatre, however great might be the attraction offered. It has been found necessary therefore to adopt something which combines the two essentials, comfort with amusement. Useful suggestions from the past are not wanting in Athens. One has only to go round the Acropolis to see how the ancient inhabitants solved a similar difficulty; the theatre of Dionysius, or that of Herodes on the southern side of the Acropolis, and Stadium further east, furnish excellent examples to the modern Athenian. A theatre, then, consisting of a wooden stage and temporary wooden seats, is erected inside a yard or enclosure, with no high walls to keep out the welcome cool breezes and no roof to obstruct the view of the beautiful starry sky. Such a theatre on a clear quiet night, pleasantly cool after the intense heat of the day, is always well patronised by Athenian playgoers.

One such theatre, standing hard by the historic Ilyssus and the fountain of Callirrhoë, bears the name of Paradisos, and bears it with good reason, for beautiful gardens of sweet-scented orange trees lie round about it. Oranges, one remembers, are the favourite sustenance of the "gods" of Drury Lane, but the "gods" of Greece, if one may use the phrase, are more highly favoured beings. To them it is given to pluck their fruit from the parent stem (provided the eye of the law be not upon them), instead of having it doled forth from

the basket of a dingy and raucous dame of forbidding aspect. A quarter of a mile nearer the city one comes on another summer theatre also embowered among foliage, in this case of pines and pepper-trees, called the Garden of Orphanides, which generally used as a café chantant; while a third, the Olympia, is to be found near the columns of Olympeion. The last has for some time past been used as a circus, but the traveller will visit it in vain for any trace of the ancient Olympic games or the medieval hippodrome of Constantinople. will find only a modern circus of the type familiar to Western Europe, lightly-clad ladies, affable ring-master, clown and all.

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The general internal arrangement is very simple, though some care is taken in the decoration of the stage which is generally of a fair size. Greece, as a country that lives on its past glories, loves to perpetuate ancestral tradition, and the summit of the stage is always crowned by a plaster bust of Pallas or of one of the ancient dramatists, whose name the stock company bears like that of a patron saint. The scenery must appear somewhat primitive to one accustomed to Shakespearian revivals at the Lyceum. Perhaps the poverty of scenic effect is the cause of the management's apparent disinclination to illuminate the place too brilliantly. A few foot-lights suffice for the stage, and the auditorium is lighted by an arc-light on the top of a high post. All the space in front of the stage, levelled but unencumbered with anything more than sand, is divided into first and second thesis or classes. advantage of the first thesis is that it is nearer the stage, while its disadvantages are that, the floor being quite flat, those occupying the back seats have only a scanty view of the play, and that, from their proximity

to the stage, those in the front can hear the words from the prompter before they are uttered by the actors. The prompter, it must be explained, is a very important person in theatres such as we are describing, and is located, as in opera, in the middle of the stage. Owing to the fact that a fresh play is produced nightly, the actors, as a rule, have but a fragmen tary knowledge of their parts, and without his assistance, would fare badly. The second thesis, the seats of which are on steps, is certainly better as regards both these points; but the defective illumination and the noises from the neighbouring streets must try the eyes and jar the ears of the spectators rather too much for full appreciation. There is no other difference with respect to seating accommodation, except that on the wooden seats of the first thesis there are placed small movable cushions, stuffed with hay or straw and about a foot square in size. Primitively luxurious as the cushion may be, it is certainly an improvement on the rough wooden benches, and worth the extra penny that is charged for it.

The prices of admission to these theatres are very low. From fifty lepta to two drachmas (that is, in English money, for from three to eleven pence) you can hear the best Greek actors in the native drama, or a tolerable French or Italian company in opera or burlesque. It may be added that, if you happen to have friends whose windows overlook the enclosure, or if you are tall enough and have sufficiently good eyes to see over the wall, you need pay nothing for your night's amusement.

The low prices and the popularity of the performances naturally give the entertainment a character of peculiar interest to the foreigner. The different types of faces,—handsome types are certainly abundantand the variety of costumes, white linen military uniforms predominating, make the audience of a gay and motley aspect; garments of all shapes, colours, and patterns, are to be seen mingled together, and there seems but little distinction of class. An English gentleman, as a rule, keeps clear of all public amusements on a Bank Holiday; but the democratic Greek dandy, his portentous collar and varnished shoes notwithstanding, thinks nothing of being wedged between two persons of doubtful cleanliness. And the ladies are just as indifferent as the men. You see them at such entertainments in great numbers, young and old, in white or brightcoloured dresses, some in their picturesque native costume, others in Parisian frocks of the latest fashion. ever the costume, they seem to enjoy themselves to the utmost. You hear them all round you, laughing and talking with the gaiety and freedom characteristic of Southern Europe. Indeed the whole audience is in groups, either standing or sitting, and there is such a buzz of conversation that, had you not paid a drachma or so and not been surrounded by a wooden hoarding, you might think you were enjoying the evening in the Zapeion, the Bois de Boulogne of Athens. The crowd is thickest round a refreshment bar at the end of the enclosure. Here you may fortify yourself with solids and liquids, the most favoured of the former being that glutinous dainty known to Englishmen as Turkish Delight, of the latter thick, black Turkish coffee which is retailed at a penny a cup.

At last, about nine or half-past nine,—nobody knows beforehand the exact time of commencement, and the orchestra, as a rule, plays two or more overtures—the traditional three knocks on the stage are heard above the murmur of conversation, and announce the beginning of the performance. It is only at this signal that the audience appear to realise why they are there, and rush to their seats at the first words of the actors, with the natural consequence that the preliminary dialogue is entirely inaudible.

The problem-play, with which we are familiar in the West, has had only slight popularity in Greece. Ibsen does not appeal to the man in the Athenian street, and there is no Second Mrs. Tanqueray à la Grecque, for Greece is not yet civilised enough to be neurotic and have problems. In any case one would not expect in a theatre like this a drama of a subtly analytic nature; everything would militate against its success. The mere fact of the performance being in the open air causes the sounds of the world beyond the fence to form, as it were, a muffled ground-tone to the dialogue, and prevents an over-nice rendering of shades of accentuation. Then the audience has come as much for social as for sesthetic enjoyment; and social enjoyment in Greece, as elsewhere, consists largely in small talk. So the plays produced must evidently be of a stirring kind with less fine dialogue than exciting incident, if the spectator's interest and attention are to be gained and kept. Incident was certainly not lacking in the drama of which it was our fortune to witness the first performance on the particular evening in question. There was a general background of brigands, the chieftain of whom had become converted from his evil ways and had won the young affections of a simple village maiden. The reformed bandit however, to contend respectability by birth, in the person of a rival, the local landed proprietor, -the Greek equivalent for the wicked

baronet so dear to British melodrama. The village maiden was so guileless as to be unaware of the business from which her lover had recently retired, and apparently did not think it necessary to enquire into the source of the means with which he proposed Finding his suit a to keep house. failure and his competitor in possession, the squire was base enough to betray him to the authorities as being a man with a considerable past. Of the remainder of the play we have but There was a vague recollections. fight in which the squire met a justly deserved death, and towards the end a deus ex machina in the form of a heavy father (whose we are not quite certain) appeared on the scene to dispense poetic justice and bring things to a satisfactory conclusion.

The cast was a strong one, and the actors made the best of their parts; but the play itself seemed to be too naive for even an Athenian open-air audience, and it was evident from the first that it was not liked. majority paid not the slightest attention, but went on talking with sublime indifference to what was passing on the stage; others kept up an animated and critical commentary on the play, while a few, easily contented mortals, appeared to derive some gratification from it, and glared indignantly but ineffectually at their chattering neighbours. They watched intently every gesture of the actors, and bent eagerly forward so as to drink in every syllable that was For this purpose they uttered. folded and refolded their cushions, in order that they might sit an inch or two higher, with a bland unconsciousness that they were obstructing the view of those behind them.

In front of us, for instance, sat a stoutly built fellow, with a tremendous hat (which he persisted in wearing throughout the performance, as

though he were an English lady at a matinée) who evidently thought that we had paid our drachmas only to view his Herculean back and towering head-gear. Just behind us again were two officers with two ladies, and the quartette kept up such a conversational din that, in their immediate vicinity, it was impossible to hear a word of the play. This naturally caused protests from some of their neighbours, and sharp words were more than once exchanged with those around them. For our own part we were not interested in the play at all; but, as we grew tired and were about to leave, we unexpectedly witnessed the original and effective method of theatrical criticism that we have ever seen. As has been already mentioned, the play was not liked; indeed, to be frank, it was a total failure from the first act. Perhaps this accounted somewhat for strange behaviour of the audience; for lack of civility and consideration for others are unusual in the naturally polite Athenians. But what had particularly impressed us was the entire lack of any expressions of disapproval, although it was an occasion on which almost any other audience would have brought down the theatre (one cannot say the house) with a storm of hisses and hooting. These Athenians, however, took it very coolly, and went on talking quietly and uninterruptedly; now and then you would hear an ironical evyeh! or a thump on the floor, but practically nothing worth mentioning. Thus the performance approached its end, and one would have taken the Athenians for the most patient and ' enduring of audiences; when suddenly, while the stage was full of actors, a loud cry of Folla ! Folla ! arose from the back seats, and was succeeded by the flight of a cushion to the stage.

Standing at your window on a day when the atmosphere seems overcharged with storm, have you ever watched the outburst of the pent-up fury of the skies when flash follows flash, and peal after peal of thunder reverberates through the heavens, and when hail-stones, like bullets from a battery of celestial Maxims, pour down upon the earth? What happened in the theatre resembled these natural phenomena on a small scale. To vary the metaphor, one might say that the first cushion had somewhat the same effect as a spark in a powder magazine. The spectators, hitherto so patient and indifferent, were now hissing, shouting, howling to their utmost, and at the same time keeping up a constant volley of cushions, which fell upon the stage with a storm-like violence, entirely stupefying for some seconds the poor actors, who fled behind the scenes for shelter so soon as they were able to realise the position of affairs.

The public, however, after the first outburst of indignation, remembering that the real offence lay with the author and not with the actors, called loudly for him. "Author, author!" cried a voice from the back seats; "author. author!" exclaimed the whole audience in chorus, "the author out!"-and out they would have him. What induced the poor man to come forward at such a time it is difficult to say, but come he did, and boldly faced the infuriated public. He had better not have done so. "Kürii," he managed to say, but he could get no further; the rest was lost, buried like himself in a fresh storm of cushions. After a few minutes not a single cushion remained on any of the seats; they were all strewn in front of the stage thick as the autumnal leaves of Vallombrosa.

When no more cushions were left and the lights on the stage were

darkened, the audience, still bubbling over with excitement and evidently highly delighted with their evening's entertainment, especially the latter part of it, began to pour out into the street, the process being a somewhat slow one owing to the fact that in such theatres there is only one way of egress. Outside one is not surrounded by a crowd of cabs and carriages, for Athens is a compact city and nearly everybody goes home on foot; nor are one's ears assailed by newspaper boys bawling the latest murder in the latest edition. As a substitute one finds a sort of Oriental muffin-man. clad in dingily gorgeous Turkish costume and vending peculiar ringshaped rolls, which, taken with cheese and washed down with raisin wine, are a favourite refreshment after the theatre with Athenian play-goers. Next day the new play and its burial among cushions were the general topics of conversation. A friend of ours. resident in Athens, told us that this was by no means the first time the Athenians had used the cushions in this way. He knew people who were in the habit of attending first nights, expressly with the hope of being able to take part in this drastic method of criticism, and who with time and practice acquired a deadly aim with their missiles. "It has been very beneficial," continued our friend, "both to the stage and to the public. bad play is thus promptly disposed of, and the public get the full value of their pennyworth of cushion, if nothing else."

When at the recent Olympic Games it was proposed to place such cushions on the marble seats of the auditorium, it was suggested that it would be advisable to attach them firmly, in case the spectators might be moved to cast them about, and thereby alarm foreign competitors unaccustomed to such demonstrations.

#### EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

It cannot be said of all prophets that their honour increases with distance from their own people. The reputation of the De Goncourts was mainly a French one; even in France it did not spread much beyond the circle of personal followers. In England where, as we are constantly being reminded, familiarity with French literature has become a matter of course among all educated people, it is remarkable how little notice the death, last year, of Edmond De Goncourt evoked.

He was chiefly interesting, to judge from the newspapers, by reason of his curious legacy of antagonism to the French Academy,—that other Academy for which he left the endowment, and which, we hear, is soon to emerge into existence. Otherwise it seems to have been the famous Journal which made him best known, or most notorious on this side of the Channel. To say this much is merely to state a fact; theories will readily follow to one recalling a few details in the career of this novelist, historian, and critic.

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Before all things Edmond De Goncourt was a prophet (the word was used advisedly just now), - a prophet of course in the didactic, not in the predictive sense. No one ever preached more assiduously the principles of literature. How many prefaces, how many sententious maxims recur! To him we owe the origin of those long-since familiar watchwords, "the human document," "the study of the true, the living, the crude (le mai, le vif, le saignant)," and that distressing phrase "rummaging the entrails of life (fouiller les entrailles de la vie)." The application of these principles is the history of the naturalist school, with its cold scientific analysis, concerned (as De Goncourt said it must be) with the brain rather than with the heart.

Personally Edmond and Jules De Goncourt began their work in 1851, their first publication En 18-, coinciding unluckily with the more exciting coup d'etat of December 2nd in that year. The works of this first decade seem to show that the Goncourtian mind, which must be considered one and indivisible, turned at first rather to history than to fiction. Their conception of the subject was not quite the ordinary one. were convinced that the unconsidered trifles of history deserved consideration; and so they dealt not with war, diplomacy, and high politics, but with the boudoir, the alcove, and the antechamber. They resolved history into society, society into individuals, and individuals into their psychological elements. Hence came the importance attached to minute and tediousseeming details; hence the pains expended on searching out and procuring unpublished memoirs, autograph letters, old engravings and every kind of "document." It was no light labour to compile the H18-TOIRE DE SOCIETÉ PENDANT LA REVO-LUTION, the HISTOIRE DE MARIE AN-TOINETTE. LA FEMME AU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE. PORTRAITS INTIMES DU XVIII. SIÈCLE; but it was not the labour that brings fame or popularity. professional historian is apt to look askance at a cult of particulars which he has either left alone as irrelevant, or, not knowing, regards as not knowledge. The public is not greedy of history. It tolerates the traditional style: it even has a fondness for those highly-seasoned memoirs which abound in French literature; but the De Goncourts' work, --- sociology illustrated by persons taken from history --- was neither the one of these things nor the other. There remained to wonder at and admire all this research. the small class of leisured and curious amateurs,--- the class which, in this country, supports works "printed by subscription," or "for private circulation only." There is nothing surprising in this, nor does it, let me hope, argue very bad taste to confess a certain sympathy with the vulgar opinion. Admitting the zeal and industry of the authors, their profound knowledge of France in the eighteenth century, and the value of some things that they brought to light, it is still difficult to avoid an impression of triviality about many of these elaborated details, an impression that it is easier to exhume dry bones than to make them live. We know, for example, that Louis the Fifteenth was a weak and worthless king; we are not much better for evidence (in some rather dull pages) that he was a disagreeable and peev-Similarly LA FEMME AUX DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE, her history traced from the cradle to old age, and her surroundings in different grades of society displayed, is a quaint mixture of philosophic speculation with discourses on toilet and fashion, catalogues of dolls, fans, and puff-boxes. The De Goncourts, in short, strike us as deficient in the selective faculty. Homo sum, &c.; imbued with this principle, they forgot that all things are not of equal value, and that in literature, as well as in practical affairs, the Terentian maxim must be limited somewhere.

The cold reception of their books was of course a disappointment. They

had expected their countrymen to be interested in what interested them, or at least they had hoped to create that interest. The Journal reflects their feelings; a tone of martyrdom, not without complacency, begins to pervade it. "If we two cannot conquer the public, we ought to write for ourselves alone." . . "We have today been selling some stock to pay for the printing of HOMMES DE LET-TRES." . . "We have sold for three hundred francs the copyright of Portraits Intimes, in compiling which we spent two or three thousand francs on the purchase of autographs." The brothers were, needless to say, wealthy and could afford the luxury of publishing at their own It was not money they expense. sought, but appreciation.

With 1860 begins the series of their novels. In passing from historical to imaginary subjects the transition was very slight. Psychology was equally the foundation of both, and to the De Goncourts' view it mattered little whether the analysis was of real or hypothetical persons. "History," they said, "is Romance that has been; Romance is History that might have been." And again: "The novelist is the historian of the people who have no history." It was all a part of the great "social enquiry (l'enquête sociale)" which was the purpose of their life. But, though there be no change in the author's aim and method, there is bound to be a considerable change in his position towards the public when he comes forward as the writer of professed fiction. He has appealed, it seems, from the serious few to the frivolous many,that multitude (most numerous of all in France) with whom novels are a necessary of life, other literature a luxury easily dispensed with. Let us recall therefore the nature of the novel-market at that time, and the

wares in most common demand. voured in the highest circle, and widely-read through the fashionable world were the genteel stories of Octave Feuillet, at whose popularity, like that of Edmond About, less fortunate rivals were equally astonished and in-Far - removed from social dignant. vogue the fame of Victor Hugo, enhanced by exile, was soon to exceed itself with the appearance of Les MISERABLES. The elder Dumas, though past his prime, still flourished by book and feuilleton in the affection of Parisians; nor must the author of MADEMOISELLE DE MAUPIN be forgotten. On a large section of the public Balzac, then lately dead, had made his impression, and the laborious founder of Realism was still being read as well as talked about. He had. moreover, left in Flaubert a disciple whose MADAMB BOVARY had been the literary sensation of more than one year, and who was now just completing his more ambitious, but less successful, romance of ancient Carthage. And over novelists of every school hung the fear of a certain stout little man with keen eye and inquisitive nose, whose mission was to remind authors gently of their imperfections, and whose name was Sainte-Beuve.

Into such an arena, occupied by such competitors and countless lesser ones, the De Goncourts entered with the publication (in 1860) of CHARLES DEMAILLY. The setting of this novel is the literary and journalistic world The hero, on the staff of of Paris. LE SCANDALE, marries a pretty actress who proves to be devoid of any qualities more amiable than vanity and vulgar ambition. Reversing the usual order of things, it is here the man of fine feelings and high aims who suffers from the coarse spitefulness of his wife. The medium of her persecution is supplied by the jealousy of a literary colleague who admires her; and at last poor Charles Demailly ends in Charenton, a hopeless idiot. The book was not very successful, nor could have been. The first part of it, devoid of incident and taken up with the professional "shop" of literary men, while it tries the reader's perseverance blunts also his capacity for recognising whatever interest and pathos belongs to the story proper,—the story of Demailly's gradual deterioration and the crisis which deranges his brain.

But while CHARLES DEMAILLY languished on the bookstalls its authors were busy in another direction. were making daily visits to the Charité hospital, absorbing its painful sights and sounds, and constructing the story of Sœur Philomène. The large publishing firm of Lévy, to whom the book was offered, declined it on the ground that the subject was too lugubrious and harrowing. In the mortification of this repulse Flaubert condoled, quoting his own similar experience with MADAME BOVARY, and observing that it was bad enough for a publisher to reject you, but it was adding insult to injury if he presumed to "appreciate" you. Sœur Philomène, however, had not long to wait. It appeared in 1861, and without being phenominally successful its circulation was steady and continuous. True, the subject was a painful one, but it was eminently human. A girl, whose religion from being self-centred has widened into the desire of doing good, adopts the life of a hospital nurse. Amid the horrors of it she is sustained at first by the illusion of every novice that she is doing something to combat and check death. Fortitude comes by habit, but tenderness remains, and the gentle sister is beloved by all. She has her own love-passion too, and upon the larger scene of suffering the tragedy of two hearts intervenes. It was natural that the sister and the young surgeon, whose skill and humanity promise him

a brilliant future, should be attracted But accident, misunto each other. derstanding, the difference between a religious and a sceptical temperament, keep them apart; and her love is only avowed when he lies dead and she

prays in silence over his body.

In no other book have the De Goncourts touched more nearly the "sense of tears in mortal things," unless indeed it be in the one which comes next in time to Sœur Philomène,in Renée Mauperin. On these two, at any rate, their reputation as novelists hangs; on one or other of them the admirer takes his stand. MAUPERIN is the more elaborate of the It contains more characters: its contrasts are more sharply defined, and contrast is the salt of fiction as of Renée is the merry light-hearted girl whose education (advanced as it seemed in those days) has left her sensible and amiable. Henri, her brother, represents the priggish young man of "brilliant mediocrity (médiocre avec éclat)" who, for the sake of selfadvertisement, affects an absorbing interest in social science, and writes heavy articles on political economy, popular education, and so forth. parents, again, are equally distinct Mauperin père is a good downright man, who, after being a keen reformer in 1830, has retired from politics, established a sugar-refinery, and become wealthy; Madame Mauperin is quite the bourgeoise, of few ideas, vastly proud of her clever son, and indifferent to Renée who is the In trying to prevent father's pet. her brother from contracting a marriage of a peculiarly repulsive nature, Renée unwittingly brings about a duel in which Henri is killed. No one but herself knows that she has been the innocent cause of this disaster, and the circumstances make it impossible for her to reveal the fact; but the consciousness of it takes all the joy out of her life, and developes a malady of the heart, symptoms of which had appeared before. The rest of the book is a long-drawn study of the mental phases which her illness involves, its turns for better and worse until the There is the unceasing care of the father trying to nourish a hope he knows to be vain; there is the mechanical kindness of the mother who has been crushed by the loss of her All this is done with marvellous skill and unequalled detail. Save for being marred by the insertion of a chapter describing a purely medical operation, the whole is a masterpiece of analytic art.

From the hospital ward of Sceur Philomène and the sick-room Renée Mauperin we must now descend to the kitchen and follow the misfortunes of a servant-girl whose temperament, "lymphatic but capable of strong affection and jealousy," makes her the victim of an unkind world. The atmosphere of GERMINIE LACERTEUX is very much that which was afterwards employed by M. Zola for L'Assommoir; and the decline and fall of Germinie is, roughly speaking, similar to that of Gervaise In the preface of the Coupeau. book the authors affirm that thev "desire to create an interest in the tragedies of the humblest life, in these days when the novel is extending its scope and becoming the history of the manners and morals of the time." It is doubtful, however, whether they quite succeed in this object. There is a certain perversity about the character of the hapless bonne which makes us feel that she was mostly responsible (allowing any human responsibility) for her own troubles. By no means friendless, for she had the best of kind mistresses in Mademoiselle De Varandeuil, she might by natural confidence in this lady have steered

Indeed at the end a fairer course. of all it is the mistress, rather than the servant, with whom we sympa-Mademoiselle De Varandeuil (born in 1782) is an excellent portrait of a type arising from a mixture of two ages, the old régime and the Revolution. "She had no esteem for kings, but she detested the rabble; she favoured equality, but loathed the parvenu; her tones were abrupt, her language free." She had withal a good heart. She had suffered much: her friends and kinsfolk were all gone, and the chief occupation of her old age was a weekly pilgrimage to the cemetery wherein were the tombs of her family. The servant, whom she trusted and protected, was her last living interest; and even the knowledge of Germinie's deceit, coming after her death, did not prevent the kindly old lady from journeying through the snow to try and find where her servant's remains had been laid, and provide them with a decent grave.

During the remainder of their joint labours the De Goncourts produced their drama Henriette Maréchal (the stormy reception of which at the Comédie Française and its compulsory withdrawal are narrated in the Journal), various monographs and works of criticism (chief of which is L'ART DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE), and two more novels, MANETTE SALOMON and MADAME GERVAISAIS. The former of these is a pendant to CHARLES DEMAILLY; it deals with the artistic, as that did with the literary, life; in one the career of a writer, in the other that of a painter is destroyed by a woman's influence. But the most notable figure in the Bohemia of Manette Salomon is that of Anatole Bazoche, idle, irresponsible, and reckless, a personification of these untranslateable qualities which the French call blague and gaminerie. The doings of this young man, and his pet monkey Vermillon, serve to lighten an otherwise rather ponderous book.

In 1870 died Jules De Goncourt, the younger of the two brothers; and to Edmond's sole authorship belong those studies of Japan (L'Ari Japonais du dix-huitième Siècle) which may have had something to do with the Japanese mania in art and fashion so successfully worked afterwards by Pierre Loti. The elder brother wrote also four novels, the most important of which are La Fille Élisa and Les Frères Zemganno.

It is, perhaps, a doubtful compliment to public taste to observe that the former of these must have been, judging by circulation, by far the most popular of all the De Goncourts' books. The story, however, is not quite what its title might suggest. It is concerned, of course, in a subsidiary way, with the life of an unfortunate woman of the lowest class; but its principal object is to hold up for reprobation the iniquitous system of prison discipline which condemns the criminal to "perpetual silence." It is, in fact, a novel with an avowed purpose; and in this respect it differs from other works of the same school whose authors are wont to disclaim any immediate philanthropic aims LA FILLE ÉLISA had best, therefore, be regarded from the practical point of view, though it would be superfluous to attribute its popularity to that cause.

LES FRERES ZEMGANNO is in quite a different vein. Weary, the author tells us, of the painful subjects of his other novels, finding himself in one of those moments when the "too true truth" is even repugnant, he has sought relief in a "poetic realism," he has indulged in "fancy, dream and memory," just as afterwards M.

Zola did, moved no doubt by a similar reaction, when he wrote LE REVE in the midst of the Rougon-Macquart series. There is a pathos, too, in that word memory, which no one will fail to understand, reflecting how intimate, how identical, the life of the two De Goncourts had been, and comparing it with the story of LES FRÈRES ZEMGANNO. this case the brothers are two circusclowns, or acrobats. Inheritors from their mother of Bohemian blood, they regard their calling as an art not a mechanism. They are devoted to one another, eight years' seniority giving to the elder the protective rôle. They perform always together; each supplies something to the other; their By patience and fame is mutual. practice they reach an engagement at Le Cirque, where their ordinary turns are well received. But the elder brother is ambitious; his brain has long been at work, and he has at last perfected his scheme. It is a novel and perilous feat, sure if successful to be the talk of all Paris; if otherwise-well, failure was not contemplated by the trained gymnast. The night came. Advertisement had filled the circus with an expectant Slowly these elaborate preparations were made which intensify the suspense of spectators. At length all was ready; the word was given; there was a vision of a figure flying through space. Alas! partly through mischance, partly through a tampering with the apparatus (afterwards discovered and traced to the jealousy of a rival acrobat) the great leap miscarried, and the younger brother, instead of alighting on the other's shoulders fell badly, breaking his Then followed weeks of susleg. pense. Would the cripple be able to resume his work? The doctors knew, but glossed over the truth until it defied concealment. The poor boy might walk on crutches, but never more be an acrobat. It was the end of their life and their hopes. The elder tried to resume his occupation, but he had little heart for it, and the younger could not bear that brother should perform without him. Thus closed the career of Les Frères Zemganno. So brief an outline can convey little idea of the romance and pathos interwoven in this pretty story, this "poetic realism." And to think that the author should consider it necessary to apologise for the fact that there never really were two such circus-clowns as Gianni and Nello!

It remains finally to add that Edmond De Goncourt continued the Journal after 1870 and printed it. Intended originally to be a posthumous publication, its appearance during the author's life-time was due, he says, to the representations of friends, especially of M. Alphonse Daudet. first volume was issued in 1887, and at intervals the other eight followed. This autobiography and record of literary life has been the mark of some severe criticism on the score of egotism, malice, credulity, indiscretion. and what not. It may be justly charged with degenerating, as it proceeds, into a tedious prolixity not so apparent in the first two or three volumes. Certainly it contains much that was hardly worth saying, and much that might better have been left unsaid; but when all this has been subtracted enough remains to "revive for posterity ourselves and our contemporaries." It is also the natural text-book for estimating the author's position.

Edmond De Goncourt was, as has been already said, the chief spokesman of his school. He was the first to set the fashion, or at least the first to proclaim it, of going about notebook in hand for professional purposes; and on nothing did he pride himself so

much as on the paternity of the "human document." For that useful, -nay, blessed-formula let him rereceive all credit, so long as the invention is understood to be of a phrase, not of a thing. The limitation is necessary, in view of certain extravagant pretensions which would assign to the founders of realistic fiction an honour and glory similar to that which, in physical science, belongs to the author of the Novum Organum. both cases, we are told, there was a change of method; in both the importance of particulars was emphasised. Unfortunately the comparison can hardly be extended to the subjectmatter and the results. Nature was unknown when Bacon prescribed rules for the discovery of her secrets; human nature, the motives and conduct of men, was as well known two thousand years ago as it is to-day. No documentary novelist has added to the sum of general knowledge, or done more than dress up old truths in a few new garments borrowed from various sciences. The innovation of Realism, or Naturalism, was at most, then, one of method applied to a given body of already known phenomena, just as the same facts may be treated by induction or deduction in turns. And even as an innovation of method it has been much exaggerated on the fatuous presumption, often made by De Goncourt and others, that no novelist before Balzac had ever studied the details of life,—a presumption resting apparently on no other basis than the fact that our old friends, taking such study for granted, did not deem it necessary to be constantly talking about it.

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The psychological bias of De Goncourt deserves notice. He often refers with satisfaction to this feature of his work. "I had rather," he says somewhere in the Journal, "have contributed the smallest fragment to psychology than have been the author of

the Iliad and the Odyssey." the remark, as it is made, in all seriousness (De Goncourt indeed jested seldom and with difficulty), but I must confess complete inability to understand its meaning. The present point, however, is that, while every novelist nowadays calls himself more or less psychological, there are certain conditions required by the reader, the neglect of which involves the fatal reproach of dulness. Experience shows that, to suit popular taste, mental analysis must be connected with love or crime and must lead to something startling. The inventor of a "new shudder" will always be welcome, as M. Paul Bourget's novels bear wit-But De Goncourt's psychology is mostly concerned with the meditations of ordinary persons, and there is no sensation in prospect. plenty of thought, feeling, and talk, but very little action. Now the average novel-reader is, and always will be, prejudiced in favour of a story in which things happen. He feels this necessity all the more in proportion to the length and complexity of the analysis, and the consequent strain upon his attention. It is human nature. What else is the significance of the Derby dog,—an absurd but welcome interruption of painful expectancy? Similarly in De Goncourt's novels we often wish that a dog would appear, would bark, bite, even go mad, simply in order that something may happen. Herein may be observed by contrast the sagacity of M. Zola, to some extent the pupil of De Goncourt and having many affinities with him. M. Zola, less subtle and analytic, elaborates more the external surroundings (le milieu) of his characters. And knowing well that the milieu of ordinary persons is apt to be very wearisome, he takes care to diversify description by incidents sufficiently frequent to prevent the yawns of the

But if we ask which renders the truer interpretation of life, there can be no doubt of the answer. in life the subjective predominates, since there are a million of thoughts and sensations for a single action, the most faithful reporter of life is he who goes nearest to observing this propor-No novelist has made the attion. tempt mere conscientiously than De His virtue must be its Goncourt. own reward: for, all theories notwithstanding, the eternal law of fiction continues to be the suppressio veri and the suggestio falsi.

Lack of incident may be partly redeemed in public estimation by a sparkling wit or an attractive style. The former is not one of De Goncourt's qualities; when he diverged at all from his rigid conception of the truth, it was to pathos rather than humour that he inclined. as to style, artistic, precious, chiselled, unconventional, may all be appropriate terms, but hardly attractive. student of style he truly was, one who chose and arranged his words no less affectionately than Gautier, whom he called "the sultan of the epithet," or Flaubert, whose life-long regret was a double-genitive construction that had crept into MADAME BOVARY.

There is an old and convenient, if unscientific, division of men's minds into the creative and the critical. Adopting this, De Goncourt must be placed among the latter. His genius was eminently a painstaking one, as witness alike his historical works and the precision of detail which belongs to his novels. Les Frères Zemganno is a good instance of this minute research applied to a subject which needed study, the surroundings of circus-life and the technicalities of gymnastic. Moreover, no reader of the Journal can help being impressed with the sense of effort in literary work. La peine, la fatique, &c., de la vie litteraire—such expressions recur often, not in reference to unpleasant subjects or to expeditions undertaken in quest of "documents," but simply to the labour of composition. Writing was a toil not a pleasure; it came by application without the spontaneity we associate with the creative mind.

For criticism, in the restricted and professional sense, De Goncourt was well equipped with much special knowledge and industry unbounded. He does not seem, however, to have had the openness of mind or receptivity of the ideal critic. opinions on literature and things in general, while entitled to respect, are not always convincing. too much the professor speaking from the chair and brooking no contradic-His criticisms are often judgments in vacuo; a few depreciatory epithets, it may be, unsupported by reasons. This tendency may perhaps be explained by a rather contemptuous view of criticism which occasionally appears. After describing, for example, a tumultuous argument between several well-known literary men, he ends by observing: "Just as every political discussion comes to this, 'I am a better man than you,' so the sum and substance of every literary discussion is 'I have more taste than you." I do not dispute the ultimate truth of this sentiment. Literary likings and dislikings precede the reasons for them; still, as a matter of convention, and in order that the art of criticism may no: become extinct, it is necessary to find reasons.

With these qualifications it is possible to enjoy the scattered with and wisdom of De Goncourt. As a phrase-maker he can hold his own in a country where phrase-making is traditional. A man who spends time

and thought in "seeking the word" is bound to devise a good many striking and happy expressions. In De Goncourt's case they are not epigrams so much as grave sententious apophthegms, found with labour and when found carefully noted. writers, indeed, have shown such fondness for their own sayings or repeated them so oftem. We meet one in the Idées et Sensations; we find the same in the Journal, and we come upon it again doing duty in one or other of the novels. Good and indifferent, original and reminiscent, profound and otherwise, are mingled together, as a few stray specimens will show.

When we light upon a sentence of this sort, "What is Life? It is the usufruct of an aggregation of molecules," we may be excused for thinking it pedantic, not to say portentous. When we read that "Nature, solely concerned with the preservation of species, is savagely disdainful of individuals," we feel certain that De Goncourt has benefited by a perusal of IN MEMORIAM. "Commerce is the art of abusing the desire or the need which your neighbour has for something" is not nearly so neat as the younger Dumas's famous definition, "Business is other people's money."

Some of these aphorisms merely pretentious and paradoxical. "Nothing is less poetic than Nature and natural objects." The world is dying of civilisation; its end will be brought about by universal education." "If scepticism increases at its present rate, our children will be forty years old when they are born." "Society begins with polygamy, and ends with polyandry." Here, however, are some better ones: "The difference between a Catholic church and a Jewish synagogue is that the latter is more free and easy,—a kind of café of faith." "The idea which

some people favour of a religion without the supernatural reminds us of an advertisement of wine without grape (vin sans raisin)." "When incredulity becomes a faith, it is more unreasonable than a religion." "Religion is a part of woman's sex." "Man sometimes requires truth in a book; woman always demands from it her illusions." "Prejudices are the experience of the world." sensitises a man for observation, like a photographic plate." "Lace often seems to me as though it were made of women's tears."

Many of the sayings are, as is natural, concerned with literature and De Goncourt was one of the first to recognise and proclaim the importance of Diderot as the source of modern criticism. "Diderot, Beaumarchais, Bernardin de St. Pierrethese are the great legacy bequeathed by the eighteenth to the nineteenth century," and more to the same effect. "Every writer is inclined to despise the public which will read him tomorrow, and to respect that which will read him ten years hence." "Anecdote is the small change of history." "In literature you can only do well what you have seen or suffered." "The Beautiful in Art is that which appears abominable to uneducated eyes. The Beautiful is what your maîtresse or your bonne instinctively find hideous." "To appreciate a work of art you require more than taste; you require character. Independence of ideas is necessary to independence of judgment." "Literary property is the least legal as it is the most legitimate of all properties." "A book never is a masterpiece; it becomes one. Genius is the talent of a dead man."

Though the personal element of the autobiography is sometimes unpleasantly prominent, full space is given to many famous men (Sainte-Beuve,

Taine, Gautier, Flaubert, and the moderns), and to some (like Gavarni) whose fame is mostly due to the De Goncourts. Censure is more common than admiration. A tone of independence and isolation pervades it all; one feels sure that De Goncourt and his brother were indebted to no one. But the last sentence I have quoted illustrates a vein of discontent and querulousness so marked as to leave rather a depressing effect.

It is a pity, one cannot help thinking, that a man who so admirably resisted all temptations to what he calls "a coarse notoriety" did not philosophically accept his own superior position. That position was a high enough one surely, at least during the latter part of his life, with all those whose judgment he could have valued. It is not a bad thing to be above the public of your day and indifferent to it; but to scold it for not seeing with your eyes is less consistent or dignified. At the same time it is just to say that De Goncourt was not satisfied with himself or his own work. "We have only made a beginning," he writes; "we [that is, M. Zola and himself] have analysed the lower parts of society. The true victory of Realism will be won by the writer who applies the same method to society in its higher grades,—to men and women of the world whose surroundings are those of distinction and education. . . . The task will be more difficult as the milieu of such people is more complex. . . But to the young I wish to say that the success of Realism lies in that direction and that only, no longer in the literary canaille now exhausted."

It must be remembered also that De Goncourt deserved well of literature, not so much by what he said and wrote, as by the example of a life wholly devoted to its service. It may be, indeed it seems so to me, that he exalted literary work, and especially fiction, overmuch, making it not only equal with but superior to every other activity of life. Nor is one perhaps conscious at the present time of a necessity for magnifying the literary Authors hold their heads higher to-day than when De Goncourt's career began; the difficulty now is rather to find a literary man who thinks too little of himself. creased public recognition is a modern development, for bringing about which some share of the credit should be assigned to men like the De Goncourts. I use the plural, for the partnership of the two brothers, "the twin minds," is a unique phenomenon; a partnership so unanimous that, while it lasted, no one could lay a separating finger on the part of Edmond and that of Jules, nor after the younger's death did the survivor's work bear any discriminating mark. It was no less a rare thing that two young men of good birth and easy means should voluntarily devote themselves and their substance to a life of toil and discomfort, should stifle aristocratic instincts, should set before them a fixed idea, and should pursue it through good report and ill to the end. De Goncourts did so. This is a great and elevating fact; no disparaging criticism can impair it, no explanation can adequately account for it, save one, -absolute sincerity of purpose.

A. F. DAVIDSON.

#### A HEROIC RESISTANCE.

## (A TALE OF THE LIBERIAN COAST.)

Towards the close of a sultry afternoon the little steamer Dunlin was churning her way through the glassy roll of the Atlantic. Away to the south stretched a limitless waste of grey sea streaked with wreaths of low-lying mist; to the north lay the coast of Africa. Clusters of feathery palms, yellow beaches swept by eternal surf, and rows of native huts nestling between the cottonwood forest and the ocean, rose to view and faded astern as the steamer rolled along.

Captain Orme leaned over the bridge-rails, glancing at the approaching coast-line and grumbling at the heat, for it was the season of the rains and the atmosphere was like that of a hothouse.

"Six fathoms, sir," hailed a Quartermaster as he dipped the lead; and the Mate observed, "It's shoaling fast, and there are too many uncharted rocks about to make this a nice neighbourhood to navigate in the dark."

Again Captain Orme looked at the creaming breakers ahead; then he stamped upon the bridge, for the climate of Africa in the rainy season is trying to both health and temper. "Hang those Krooboys for bringing us into a place like this!" he broke out. "I shall be glad to see the last of them,—thought they'd take charge of the ship once or twice. Go down and see if any headman can pilot us in. We shall have to stay all night; I won't risk going out in the dark."

The Mate descended to the deck where some two hundred Krooboy labourers, returning to their native country in the Liberian bush after a labour-contract with the factories of the Oil Rivers and the Gold Coast, lay about in picturesque simplicity of Broad-shouldered, muscular fellows they were, with a blue stripe tattooed down the centre of each ebony forehead, the mark of the Kroo nation. Some were clad in crimson flannel jackets and battered silk hats, but the majority were content with the simple waist-cloth,---" a healthy and very economical garment," as the Scotch Engineer said. All about them lay cases of Hamburg gin and sharp matchets, which represented part of the fruit of their labour, wages in West Africa being mostly paid in kind.

"Any of you Krooboys fit take 'teamer in?" asked the Mate; and immediately there was a babel of voices and a crowd of eager appli-Nothing delights a negro more than the assumption of a little brief authority. The choice was made, and a broad-shouldered giant, rejoicing in the name of Old Man Trouble, stalked pompously to and fro upon the bridge, his woolly hair projecting through the place where the crown of his silk hat should have Once he laid his hand upon the telegraph, but the Mate was too auick for him.

"No nigger touches that, you're only here to show the way, not to command; savvy?" said Captain Orme.

"Not nigger, sah," answered the man; "only low bushman and Liberia man nigger." Then his mouth expanded into the broad grin of the African, and pointing to a white-walled building among the palms, he

added, "New Custom-House, sah; Krooboy burn him one time."

The Mate, who posed as an encyclopsedia in West African matters, laughed. "The old question,—Free trade versus Protection," he said. "They play it out vigorously here, sometimes as a comedy and sometimes as a tragedy. In any case it's rough on the Krooboy who doesn't want to be governed at all, to be taxed extortionately, to pay for improvements in Monrovia. I wonder how many Custom-Houses he has burned."

Old Man Trouble, who understood the speech, nodded approval. "Liberia man bushman," he said. "We fit to fight him too much."

"The Krooboys be hanged," broke in Captain Orme; "I'm sick of them. We'll have a Liberian officer aboard now to charge us five hundred dollars for landing this crowd, of which he'll pocket half. Blow the whistle for the canoes."

Three times the deep boom of the steam-whistle rang out, and echoed along the palm-clad bluff ashore, until the sound died away and was lost in the monotonous song of the surf. Then the Dunlin's propeller turned slowly astern and her anchor rattled down.

Presently a little launch steamed out from behind a point of surf-swept rocks, and, when she shot alongside, a sable representative of the Liberian Republic, covered with tarnished gold lace, strutted towards the bridge with the air of an Admiral of the Fleet. "You are fined fifty dollars for anchoring without permission, and if you desire to land those Kroomen you must pay two and a-half dollars ahead," he announced, and proceeded to climb the bridge-ladder.

"Stop where you are, daddy," said the Captain laughing. "No one A common mode of address on this

sets foot on this bridge until he's asked. You'll get no fifty dollars from me, and as to paying two and a-half each for the Krooboys, that's more than the best nigger in Africa is worth even if he is a Customs officer. However, there they are you can sail in and collect it yoursel! Don't be too exacting though, for they've all got matchets."

Hardly had the dignitary of the Black Republic reached the fore-well than a pandemonium of angry yells rose from the crowded deck, and bright matchet-blades glittered above a maze of naked arms. Captain Orme, who had been fined too many times on frivolous pretexts to love the Liberians, smiled grimly as the Customs officer hastily returned to the foot of the bridge-ladder. His teeth were chattering and his knees shook like an acacia leaf in the rush of the harmattan.

"You shall pay for this," he gasped.
"If you attempt to land one boy I'll fire on you, and advise Monrovia to put our navy on your track."

"If the Liberian navy gets in my way I'll run over the thing," replied the Captain; "it looked like an overgrown launch the last time I saw it. Is your western squadron like the other, eh? If they won't pay, the Krooboys must go on to Sierra Leone, for they shall not take my boats ashore for you to confiscate - see! Here's a word of advice. This is a hard crowd, a fighting tribe from the interior; they might fancy swimming off in the dark, for we stay here all night and we dare not try to stop them. If they do, you'd better look out. Remember too, that a little civility costs nothing; and now, good-day."

The black official answered nothing. His self-esteem was wounded, and with a feeble attempt at a swagger hekicked his sable clerks down the ladder and descended into the launch. As

the little craft steamed away a yell of derision and hate followed her, and matchets flashed along the Dunlin's rail. Then the Krooboys settled down again into their customary easy-going good-humour, and the Mate observed, "Scene one of the comedy. I wonder how it will end."

"No canoe come, sah; you lend us surf boats one lil' time?" asked Old Man Trouble. But the Captain answered sharply: "No; you all go on to Sa Leone, and get back the best way you can. Here's a dollar; get away forward."

Darkness settled down across the misty ocean with the suddenness of the tropics, and after swallowing a hasty meal in their stifling, cockroach-haunted mess-room, Captain and Mate lounged about beneath the spar-deck awnings, trying to catch a stray breath of air.

"Pah! I'm half mad with prickly heat, and that din gets on my nerves," said the former. "This deck passenger game is not worth the candle; look at them now."

A wild hammering of monkey-skin drums rose from the fore-well, followed by the rattle of matchet-blades. Then two hundred lusty voices broke out into the swinging chorus of a warsong of the Kroo nation.

"Some of their chanties are quite musical," said the Mate, "and very old too; many tell how they fought the first white men, the Portuguese, four hundred years ago."

Presently, by a blaze of torch-light, for a fire of some kind is an essential feature of a West African palaver, three wild figures danced upon the high forecastle-head, the red glare falling upon their naked skins as they flung their arms about and harangued the excited crowd below. A hoarse roar of approval went up in answer; then one of the orators appeared to dissent, and his comrades pitched him

head over heels on to the iron deck beneath. Captain Orme sprang to his feet. "There'll be murder done," he shouted, "and they're burning the new tarred gass-warp too. Tell Mac to start the big pump."

"The hose is rigged. Pairsonal cleanliness is guid, an' there's naething 'ill settle a palaver like a pickle cauld water, with eighty pun o' steam ahint it," observed the Engineer drily; and following the cling-clang of the pump below a solid jet of water swept the deck fore and aft, till the council broke up ignominiously.

"Thank goodness," said Captain Orme. "I'm glad that's over; wonder what it was all about anyway."

It was long past midnight when the harassed Captain was awakened by a loud hammering at his door. Springing out of his narrow bunk, and shaking down legions of cock-roaches from the breast of his thin pyjamas, he strode towards the entrance, and heard the rough voice of the Quartermaster say: "Them devils are a seizin' the boats, sir. They've got No. 1 half-way lowered, and are cuttin' the falls of the rest." For a few moments after he left the doorway, Captain Orme could see nothing but the luminous vapour which streamed from the summit of the reeling funnel sweeping to and fro across the inky blackness at every roll. Then he heard the Mate calling excitedly for help, and striking left and right with his revolver-butt, he burst through a crowd of negroes surging round the davits. The big Krooboy who was thrusting the boat's bows off the rail went down like a log as the heavy pistol-butt smote him between the eyes; and the mob fell back a pace or two.

"Light a port-fire on the bridge someone. Rally round all hands," he roared. "We're a comin' sir," answered a voice out of the darkness as a few drowsy seamen fought their way to their commander's side, the Krooboys giving way before the swinging capstan-bars and iron pump-handles. Then a portfire hissed and sputtered on the lofty bridge, and an intense dazzling green glare shone down on the swaying crowd below. back!" shouted the Captain. first that lays a hand upon the boats I shoot," and the barrel of his revolver glinted in the light of the port-fire. For a few seconds the negroes stood silent and irresolute, until a burly leader strode forward, saying something in an unknown tongue and pointing to the boats.

The Mate's grasp tightened on his handspike as he glanced at the rolling eyes and scowling faces before him. He knew that if the Skipper's nerve proved unequal to the task it might go very hard with every white man on board, for many of the Krooboys were armed with matchets.

"Give us them boat, whiteman, and plenty boy live for bring them back," said the spokesman. "If no fit, we chop you one time." For a moment or two the Captain made no reply but stood calmly facing the excited crowd, and glancing shorewards the Mate saw a bright tongue of flame leap up from the summit of the bluff, while a hoarse murmur ran from man to man. Then again the tread of running feet echoed along the after deck, and a hoarse voice cried, "Oot o' the way, ye brutes." The big Krooman glanced behind him, and swung his matchet, but a heavy steel spanner descended with a thud upon his woolly head, and the gaunt figure of the Chief Engineer leaped into the circle of light, while the negro staggering sideways fell groaning upon the deck. Next moment a wedge of sooty firemen and greasers with shovels and rabbles in their hands cleft the crowd apart, and the Krooboys gave sullenly back on either side.

"Now," said the Captain, "take that man away and pump on him. there's one of you left on the spar deck in three minutes I'll shoot him." The negroes went slowly forward. It was the old story; the calmness and contemptuous fearlessness of the European had triumphed over the fickle impulses of the African. The negro savage is rarely a coward: in some circumstances he is recklessly brave; but he is always loath to face a determined white man. It is not unusual to see a score of stalwart bushmen flying in terror from the wrath of a sickly white trader, who would be as helpless as a child in their muscular grip. This is the more strange, as all the traders are by no means remarkable for nerve or courage, while the negroes have probably faced swift death at the point of a barbed spear several times before.

"A wee bit firmness gangs a lang way," said the Engineer panting; "an' I'm thinkin' it's a gey hard skull he has onyway; the bit tap wull no trouble him lang."

The Mate burst out into a laugh to relieve his pent-up excitement, as he answered: "If it had been anyone but a nigger, the bit tap would have killed him on the spot."

"I'm dead tired of them anyway," observed Captain Orme slowly. "Five dollars a head from Lagos doesn't cover this kind of thing. I wonder what they'll be up to next." Even as he spoke a wild yell rose from the foredeck, followed by a succession of splashes in the sea. "Come back there! Stop them! Light another port-fire," he roared.

This time a crimson flame blazed out from the rail of the spar-deck, and by the ruddy glare the Europeans saw the Krooboys hurling their gin cases over the iron bulwarks, while already four or five sable figures were shooting through the circle of light

which fell upon the long glassy undulations, as the steamer rolled and wallowed in the steep swell. The white seamen descended the ironrunged ladder, but glistening matchet-blades barred their way and Old Man Trouble stood upon the winch-drum and lifted up his voice.

"Listen lil' word, Captain sah," he said. "We dun pay you all five dollah fer land on Palm Bluff beach: Liberia man say no; Captain say no boat. Krooboy swim; if white man say no, we chop him. Live fer quiet; we go chop Liberia man instead."

"Let them go," advised the Mate; "we can't stop them now and would only get hurt if we tried. There's no surf in Africa big enough to drown a Krooboy."

As he spoke a crowd of naked figures flung themselves over the rail, and the sea was dotted with swimming heads; man after man followed in rapid succession, until the deck was empty of all save those bound for Sierra Leone. The sight was no unusual one, for when, as occasionally happens, the canoes do not come off to meet the coasting-steamers the Krooboy passengers swim ashore half a mile or more, pushing their gin cases before them.<sup>1</sup>

"I wadna care tae be in the shoon o' that Custom-man if they devils wake him up the nicht," said the Engineer.

"It's not our business," rejoined the Mate, "and he probably deserves it. It won't be the first Liberian station the wily Krooboy has cleaned out. I am thinking most of the two French traders; I don't suppose they'll be molested, but we'll warn them anyway."

The long reverberating boom of the steam-whistle rang out four times across the misty darkness, and then all was silence again.

'I have seen a hundred or more swim a mile to the beach, and land through a surf no steamer's boats could pass.—H. B.

It is hard enough at any time to sleep in the tropics during the stifling heat of the rains, and after what had happened none of the spectators cared to return to their berths again. They sat smoking instead upon the spar-deck, listening to the welter of water along the bends, each time the Dunlin rolling heavily down buried her rusty plates in a brimming swell. At last, shortly before dawn, the Captain sprang to his feet. "They're burning the Custom-House, by George! Look there," he said, pointing to a broad sheet of red flame which roared aloft from the shadowy loom of the bluff, lighting up the fringe of foaming breakers which hurled themselves upon the sand. "That officer is probably having a bad time now, the Kroomen have no particular reverence for the majesty of the Black Republic," he "I wish it was daylight, so we could send a boat in for the sake of the Frenchmen; but she'd never get through the surf in the dark."

"I'll chance it, sir; we'll get through somehow," answered the Mate. "They were very kind last time we called; and even if it was only on account of the black officer, we can't sit here and do nothing."

"Well," said the Captain, "if you like to risk it, go. Mac is itching to go too. It's none of his business, but he's never happy unless he's putting something right."

A few minutes afterwards there was a clatter of blocks and a big surf-boat splashed into the sea. Krooboy boat-hands and white seamen slid down the falls: the Mate shouted," Shove off before she's stove alongside;" and the boat shot away from the wallowing steamer on the smooth back of a swell. Glancing over his shoulder the Mate saw a shadowy figure leaning out over the Dunlin's rail and heard the Captain's voice: "Be careful. Look out for——" and then the vessel

rolled wildly down, and the words were drowned in a gurgling rush of water.

"Paddle there, paddle," was the order, and the black boat-boys, balancing themselves on either gunwale, gripped a loop of fibre with their prehensile toes, as they swung the dripping paddles; and the big surfboat went fast inshore, now shooting aloft on the crest of a roller, now sinking deep in the gloomy trough. Ten minutes later they paddled slower, and the Mate stood erect in the sternsheets as the boat rose and fell sharply just outside the fringe of breakers. Grey dawn was coming across the heaving ocean. A red streak broadened and deepened along the eastern horizon, while beyond the parallel lines of roaring surf the feathery tufts of the palms rose dimly above the misty forest. The fire had died away, and only a few wreaths of dingy smoke were faintly visible against the bluff.

"You fit take us through surf, Frypan?" asked the Mate; and the grizzled helmsman nodded silently as he took a firmer grip of the sculling oar. "Then in you go! Give her fits! Hyah, Krooboy!" shouted the officer, and the Engineer slowly and methodically buckled a cork lifebelt about his waist. "Cleanliness is guid," he observed; "but yon's no the best place for a mornin' bath."

Then the headman raised his voice, the Krooboys broke out into a wild chant as they leaned over the bending paddles, and the foam boiled high on either bow as the boat leaped forward. Presently she swept aloft with a snowy smother spouting above the gunwale; then the paddles whirled together and she swooped wildly down into the black hollow beyond. Again she rose, and this time half a ton of yeasty water poured in over the stern, and the white men dashed the spray from their eyes and gazed

at the liquid walls rolling between them and the thundering beach.

"We're in for it now, and must face it out," said the Mate hoarsely, and the Engineer nodded with the light of battle in his eyes. Again the headman shouted, and a wild outburst of velling and whistling fol-The paddles dipped together, lowed. and the boat was swept madly forward on the crest of a breaker half hidden in a mass of curling foam, while the helmsman gasped out unheeded orders, and bent himself double over the sculling oar. For a moment or two the white men held their breath; then there was a shivering crash and a cataract of spray fell upon them; the boat's keel ground deep into the sand and the backwash roared against her bows A dozen Krooboys leaped over the gunwale; officers and white seamen were carried beyond the reach of the ebbing wave; and before the next breaker poured its mile-long ridge upon the sand the surf-boat was run up high and dry.

"All's well that ends well, and now for the Custom-House," said the Mate. Side by side the two officer-hurried up the beach, the one gripping a revolver and the other an antiquated brass-hilted thing he called a claymore; but there was neither sound nor sign of life as they brushed through the dewy banana leaves towards the smouldering ruin.

"Them Krooboy devils has all gone, sir," said the Quartermaster, a few paces in advance, and the white men came out from the gloom of the dripping palm fronds. A faint voice cried "Help!" and starting at the sound the newcomers turned their heads and saw a sight which at first moved them to pity, and afterward-to hearty laughter.

The black Customs official, his gaudy uniform stained with mould

and drenched with dew, was leaning limply against a palm-stem to which he had been loosely bound, while the two black clerks, with terror-stricken faces, occupied a similar position near by. Some woolly-haired savage, by way of a joke, had jammed a battered silk hat over his eyes, and tied a roll of landing-permits about his neck. The officer made no pretence of importance now; he was in a state of hopeless collapse.

"Been having a bad time," said the Mate removing the hat; "but why don't you get out of those

lashings?"

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"I am fast hand and foot. I call you to witness," gasped the wretched Liberian. "My rascally men deserted me, but we made a heroic resistance,—the clerks and I."

"Havers, man, havers," said the Engineer chuckling; "they draggit ye oot from aneath a couch maist likely."

"You must enjoy being tied up, at any rate," added the Mate, "for any child could wriggle that lashing slack. Get up on your feet."

The Liberian with pretended effort cast off the ropes, and desiring to stalk forward with the air of a wounded gladiator failed miserably in the attempt.

"Every sign of a heroic resistance," said the Mate; "rifles thrown away,—as I thought, they were in too great a hurry even to pull the trigger; here's a cartridge in the breech." Then he laughed and pointed to a little machine-gun which lay upside down among the trailing yams, and he noticed there was no fouling about the muzzle. "Sentries asleep, I suppose, and as usual the quarter-civilised black soldier bolted at first sight of the foe. The savage is always braver than the negro of the settlements," he added.

The Quartermaster now came up.

"Them niggers has been holdin' a high class barbecue, sir," he said; and the Mate laughed again as he approached the spot where a bonfire had been made of the furniture and stationery. The remains of a sumptuous feast lay around. Empty bottles of Worcester sauce, tomato catsup, and Hamburg gin showed that the beverages had been curiously assorted. Scraps of pickled messbeef, with which somebody's unequalled pomade had evidently been used as a condiment, lay about among empty tins of metal polish and oilground rottenstone.

"The niggers ain't partickler as to mixin' their drinks," said a grinning seaman. "Jamaica rum and Worcester sauce for a likoor, an' ships' bread with rottenstone for desert."

The officers nodded a smiling approval; they knew that whatever comes out of a tin is considered edible by the Krooboy. Then the Mate, turning his eyes seawards, saw a puff of white steam mingle with the yellow smoke rising from the Dunlin's funnel; it was now broad daylight, and the hoot of the whistle warned him that the Captain was growing impatient.

"Take me on to Sinou; you won't leave me here to be murdered,"

gasped the Liberian.

"No," said the Mate; "if you like to chance landing on Sinou beach we'll stop for you. There's ten minutes for you to find your men in;" and officer and clerks disappeared into the bush.

Then a young French lad from a neighbouring factory entered the compound. He had heard no noise in the night, but had just seen the smoke. The Mate explained, and asked after his acquaintance the agent.

"Ah," said the lad, "the poor Chatrian he die—how you call him?

—dysentery, and Canot he go back ver' sick; but you dejeune wit' us?"

The Mate refused courteously, and while they stood laughing together the representative of the Liberian Republic returned, his dozen men following sheepishly behind him with neither scratch nor scar.

"The Krooboy he will not hurt us, bon voyage," said the young Frenchman raising his hat, and the big surfboat went out on the backwash of a sea. Half swamped and battered she recrossed the breakers, and in due time shot alongside the Dunlin.

"They took us by surprise. We have drilled the soldiers on the Prussian system, and do not look for a foe that swims, climbs the verandah posts, and

drops from the thatch without a noise," said the Liberian when he related what had happened on board the steamer. "But we made a heroic resistance."

"Heroic fiddlesticks! Tell that to the Monrovians or the marines," answered Captain Orme. "This is not the first time the wily savage has been one too many for the Republic."

Then the windlass panted and rattled, the cable came clanking home, and presently the Dunlin steamed out across the flashing swell, and so westwards until the palm-clad bluff and thundering beach faded away into the azure distance.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

#### THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

Only yesterday the heavens were veiled with hurrying grey clouds, and torrents of rain, all day driven before a roaring south-westerly gale, blurred the green rolling hills and seamed the roads with water-courses and levelled uncut grass in the meadows: wind and rain holding a carnival which to anyone outside Connaught would suggest a recurrence of the Deluge, but is optimistically described by local experience as a "soft day." But to-day the new-washed sky is of an Italian blue; and all the countryside of O'Rourke's and O'Reilly's ancient sovereignty laughs with a light and clearness and colour that no dweller in the hazy midland shires of England has ever dreamed of,—from bogs of purple and rich brown, and untrimmed hedges luxuriant with honeysuckle and wild rose, to the far blue mountains that span the northern horizon between the head-waters of Shannon and Erne.

Many an anxious eye has been watching for the signs of a fine morning,—none of your days when as the local prophets predict "it'll aither rain or be fine," but a real spell of July sunshine. Not indeed from any consuming desire to commence those farming operations which every prudent man postpones as long as may be, knowing that once hay-making begins true peace of mind is fled; and indeed the Connaught peasant, be he Catholic or Protestant, is apt to think that even in July your wise man is best using the fleeting hour when he sits "on the back of a ditch" by the highroad, cheering himself and passers-by with the reflection that it is "a grand day, glory be to God." To-day, at any rate, base industry is forgotten. For it is the twelfth of July; when all Protestant Ireland, wherever fifty souls can be mustered to make a procession or "walk," assembles in its thousands to celebrate the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William the Third, and the great victory of the Boyne Water. Orangeism, it is true, has only a sentimental connexion with the Prince of Orange and the Boyne; it is, as everyone knows, a plant of much later growth, dating its birth from the last years of the eighteenth century. The Twelfth is the anniversary not of the Boyne but of Aughrim; but to the true Orangeman mere chronological details are naught. Nothing would ever convince him, at least in the rural districts, that King William did not on the very battlefield sign and seal with his own hand the constitution of the Orange Society, and the Penal Laws which for more than a century made the Catholic no better than a serf of the Protestant. Now, therefore, will he adorn himself like Solomon in all his glory, with a blue necktie of extraordinary magnificence, enwrought with a pictured representation of the victorious monarch on a prancing white charger, and an orange sash which is only on this day exposed to the gaze of the uninitiated public, -a garment compared to which all the bravery of Freemasonry is pale and ineffectual. Now shall the Dorian and Phrygian moods of drums and fifes and brazen instruments proclaim that they have not in vain made night hideous for the last two months with their practising, and the welkin shall

ring to the familiar airs of *Derry Walls* (England and Scotland, knowing no better, call it *Auld Lang Syne*) and *Protestant Boys*. The tune (an expression necessitated by the poverty of the English language) of the latter is of respectable antiquity, being none other than *Lillibullero* as whistled by Uncle Toby and many another ancient worthy,—

Lero, lero, lillibulero, Lillibulero, bullen a la—

for which Protestant Ireland now reads:

Protestant Boys are never afraid To walk in daylight with an Orange cockade.

Nor is there any reason why they should be afraid.

This is not, it is true, the Black North properly speaking, where Protestants and Presbyterians largely outnumber Papists. In this debateable land, lying between Ulster and Connaught (and, as its enemies say, partaking of the vices of both), the reformed faith numbers only about one votary in seven. Here is in fact an outpost of Orangeism, which, a few miles further west, is practically nonexistent for lack of numerical support; but what with contingents from adjacent districts there are quite enough to make a gallant show, while at the same time a certain zest and piquancy is added to the display by the sense present to every local Orangeman's mind that he is, as it were, testifying like the martyrs of old in the midst of a stiff-necked generation. He is in a minority, which like all minorities in Ireland, is nothing if not militant; and all the more militant because of its firm, if purely theoretical, conviction that the Papist population is ready at a word to rise and repeat the horrors of Ninety-Eight. Orangeism holds this comfortable doc-

trine as an article of faith; but fortu nately like many another article of faith it is quite unsupported by practical experience, and does not in the smallest degree influence the ordinary relations of life. Except in theory, Papist and Protestant are perfectly good friends. Certain conventions must be observed: traditional etiquette requires that Orange bands shall not insult the ears of particular town-lands with the sound of their drums and fifes: and violations of these unwritten rules have occasionally led to what are locally designated "Strokes." But the two sections of the population, alien to each other as they are in race, are yet united by the similarity of their habits and of the principles which govern their social and commercial dealings; by every tie, in fact, short of intermarriage, which is comparatively rare, and community of religion. Johnsons, Wilsons, Bells, and Armstrongs, whose forefathers were imported two centuries ago from Westmorland and Cumberland, live in complete amity with the representative of septs that have starved and squabbled on these rushy hills since the days of Brian Boroimhe and earlier. with O'Rourkes, whose forbears were mixed up with the complications which led to Strongbow's invasion, and O'Briens, who "had their own boat instead of the Ark." As for the Roman Catholic majority, it regardthe proceedings of the Twelfth with no animosity whatever. It works in a desultory way, and takes no notice. consoling itself with the reflection that heretics are only adding another iten. to the bill which will have to be pair in the next world, and that after all the Ould Religion will have its owr procession, with green banners instead of orange ones, on the fifteenth of August.

The climax of every Orange Walk is the convergence of representative

from various Lodges on foot or car or horse-back, with drums beating and banners flying, at some rendezvous in an open field generally close to a town or village. Here loyal Protestantism is rewarded for its dusty journey of any distance, from one to ten miles, over roads usually villainous, by copious and inflammatory addresses and draughts of what is called ginger-beer (for Orangeism is in theory closely allied with temperance), equally copious and, to judge by the demeanour of those who have well drunk, equally inflammatory; and for the inside of a day peace is banished from the ordinary placid life of a western town,every village in Connaught being a town, except when it is a city.

Of such villages that of Kildonnell is a typical specimen. It consists of a single street of some sixty dirtywhite houses, all built on the Irish square box pattern, with a door that does not shut, two windows that do not open, and a luxuriant meadow growing on the thatched roof,-a street of which the denizens usually most in evidence are pigs, dogs, and poultry, besides seven or eight strapping members of the Royal Irish Constabulary, a ridiculously disproportionate garrison for a district which is practically innocent of serious crime. But to-day Kildonnell is making holiday. and chickens have been either trodden out of existence or "hunted out of that"; the seven or eight warriors are multiplied threefold by reinforcements from adjoining stations; the street is spanned by a triumphal arch displaying the legend cade melia faltha,apparently a strictly phonetic version of the familiar cead mile failthe (a hundred thousand welcomes) with which Ireland is wont to salute her guests. Beneath this erection surges a dense mass of male and female humanity,-women in their Sunday best, men in orange caps and scarves-

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all wending more or less directly to the field where the meeting is being held. Band after band sweeps into the grassy area; loyal fifes scream discordantly; loyal drums are battered till they crack,-yet still are beaten. There is a convenient line of trees along one side of the field, a shelter for weary horses; along another runs an old ivied park wall, and the gateway is flanked by massive stone posts bearing heraldic devices,—a strange contrast to the mixed multitude that comes crowding through. For this field was once part of a great man's domain; and a mile away stands among green woods, ---woods of recent growth, for the venerable oaks that once were there fell long ago beneath the desperate axes of impecunious ownersthe grey ruin of a mansion which, in local parlance, was an "odious fine place entirely in the old ancient times."

Perhaps the whole scene is typical of the forces which have tended to make and unmake in Irish history. If it is to Protestant Ulster that we must look for the powers which shall create a new Ireland, no less is that ruin among its untended woods a memorial of changes that have passed and are still passing over the face of the country. A great house it was once; no mere squireens built that banquet hall or laid out those broad terraces of which the outline is still clearly discernible. It must have played no small part as a centre for county society in the days when there was still a resident gentry in the land. Tradition still exists of its hospitality a century ago, when its owner entertained the reigning Viceroy, and the avenue was "gravelled with wheat" for his reception; and in earlier days Swift may have dined in that deserted hall and paced those weed-grown lawns; for that blue hill only fifteen miles away is Cuilca,

under whose shadow lies the house and place which still has its memories of the great Dean. But beyond picturesque anecdotes of avenues gravelled with wheat, definite tradition or history of the rulers of this great domain is lost and forgotten. It would be a sad story enough, the tale of this Castle Rackrent. reigned in great glory, and the thriftless extravagance of one generation brought embarrassment to the next, but not more economy. Agrarian and political troubles did their work; so the trees went first, and then the house had to be abandoned, and the family scattered to the four winds of heaven. Lands indeed could be sold; but who would buy a house big enough for fifty people, with nothing in a deserted countryside to attract a purchaser? So the roof rotted in the rain, and the walls crumbled, and even a caretaker could not live there; till now the old stones are left with no tenant but the ghost of their departed greatness and the dying memory of a name. No district in Ireland but has such monuments of fallen splendour to show. different with English mansions. The old stock disappears, perhaps, but capital steps in to replace it, and the great house takes a new lease of life under a changed order. But the eyes of Ireland are still on the vanishing past, on no possible consolation of the future. The bearer of an honoured name disappears in a far land, or sinks in his own to the condition of a peasant; the green leaves die and none are born after them; and even Romance turns sadly away.

No such gloomy meditation, however occupy the minds of loyal Orangemen on the Twelfth. The fierce joys of the present are enough for them; and what more delightful than to stand for hours beneath a July sun in the society of all your

friends and acquaintances, while your breast swells with a consciousness of a patriotic duty performed, and your ears are tickled now by the combined din of some thirty bands all discoursing different tunes, now by perfervid oratory from the red-draped platform in the centre of the field! Verily he would be a hard man to please who should not be satisfied with this. Most of the speakers on the platform are clerical. Ever since the Disestablishment, it being obvi ously necessary that the pastor who is fed by his flock should cultivate their tastes, the younger Protestant clergy have identified themselves with the Orange movement and appear willingly on Orange platforms, just as their Romanist brethren are ready to ar their oratory at Nationalist meeting. "leading the people," as has been said "very much as a horse leads a cart' This is in every way gratifying : their hearers; for in the first place? adds the religious element without which to the true Irish Protestant no entertainment is complete; and next Teuton as he is, he has caught somthing of the Celt's appreciation d rhetoric; and of his own nature help a born critic of rival preachers, like his cousin the Lowland Scot whom is many respects he resembles. this audience that gathers round a unctuous little minister as he dicourses loyal and religious platitude. has not much outwardly in commor with the Papist of Ireland. Strapping and stalwart, stout youths and tal broad-shouldered men, these sons & Anak from the blood of the dalesma of Northern England are physically far superior race to the Roman Catholic of the West. first thought is, what a regiment the would make, compared with the narrow-chested Board School boys whom Britain entrusts the keeping her empire! Here you have the type

of the old Crimean soldiery, "men of tall stature, sinewy frame, wellchiselled features, keen glance, and elastic figure," men too with something of a Cromwellian temper in them. As a matter of fact, not a man of them ever dreams of enlisting, no more than in any other part of rural Ireland. The idea does not occur to them; if it is suggested they say candidly that they are afraid of being "kilt." But they are keen to get into the Irish Constabulary or the London Police, where the pay is of course higher and the prospect of being "kilt" (or at least of being killed, which is not the same thing) is more remote.

But now the speeches have come to an end, and the thirty bands once more begin their thirty different tunes before marching off the ground; one, even more loyal than the rest, attempting God Save the Queen, an air which does not somehow lend itself to a drum obligato accompaniment. Men and women, cracked drums, banners inscribed with No Surrender, and babies in orange caps, are stacked on cars; the whole posse crowds pell mell through the gate out into the village street. Here the air is heavy with much whisky and porter (the theoretical temperance rule aforesaid being only co-extensive with the limits of the field) and redolent of holidaymaking humanity. Among all the horses and vehicles, often guided by a hand none too sure, one would think that there was danger of being trampled under foot; but nothing untoward happens; the crowd, unassisted by the police, who remain prudently away from the scene of action, gets itself disentangled at length. Thirsty manhood, divided between the invitation of friends to "have another half-one" (Anglice, half a glass of whisky) and the adjurations of its womankind to "take advice and come

home," does at last fairly start on the road. So they all wend their way home, horse and foot, till the recording angel has dropped his last tear over the last expressed desire that all past, present, and future Popes of Rome may be found eventually "with their heads in a whinbush": in Kildonnell street, pigs, poultry, and police resume their ancient solitary reign; and the melancholy spirit of the land, so closely in harmony with the genius of the visionary Celt, is troubled no more by the vain janglings of an alien race.

You cannot help these displays; between the Irish Sea and the Atlantic, wherever a society exists, there must be processions and banners. But what end, it may be asked, is served by the existence of an Orange Society? Does it not feed discord and rivet the links of bigotry? Perhaps it is a dangerous element in large towns,-that is, in one large town, Belfast. But the rural Papist is not in these days at all likely to be offended by its demonstrations. to bigotry, well, the Irish Protestant is a bigot by force of temper and circumstances already, and was one before Orangeism existed. Indeed. the Orangemen's rules enjoin charity to all men, even Roman Catholics. But even were it not so (and the spirit of the rules is certainly sometimes neglected), there is after all a good deal to be said for healthy intolerance. An impartial and dispassionate temper is wont to be the parent of inaction. Anything deserves to be kept alive which tends to isolate the stronger race, and save it from being absorbed, as so many conquerors of Ireland have been absorbed, into the weaker majority. For the Celtic spirit, whatever politicians may say and even believe, will never make Ireland a nation.

A. D. GODLEY.

# WHAT IS A UNIVERSITY!

THE history and constitution of our Universities is always an interesting subject, but it assumes an exceptional importance at the present day, when new Universities are springing up all about us. Now, if ever, a true understanding of the nature of the institutions called Universities is indispensable as a guide to the action of those who are responsible for laying down the lines of future development; and the recent appearance of Mr. Rashdall's learned work on the Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages, 1—a work which throws new and much needed light on the whole question—is therefore exceedingly well-timed.

Even to many who have themselves been at Oxford or Cambridge it may seem an idle thing to ask the meaning of the word univer-Does not everybody know that a University is a place where a number of young men spend three terms a year in the pursuit of knowledge and its rewards, and in the enjoyment of those delightful accompaniments of learning which render Oxford and Cambridge the most charming of young men's clubs? Is not a University a city of beautiful and venerable buildings, of spreading lawns and shading trees, where the river, the cricket-field, troops of friends, and all the myriad enchantments of youth go to swell the happiness of a life which is not all redolent of midnight oil and musty books,—a life filled with echoes of

THE UNIVERSITIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES; by Hastings Rashdall, M.A., Fellow of New College, Oxford. Clarendon Press, 1806.

youthful laughter, of music and song, a life full of richness and colour, the memory of which warms the hear of the staid man of middle age, who has once enjoyed it! Such is the picture which rises in the mind of most of us when the word university is spoken; and it is not altogether a false picture. What son of Oxford or Cambridge who has known how to take advantage of his privileges can ever speak of those years without a touch of emotion,—those years ~ deeply enjoyed and so warmly remembered ! To malign the University is to confess that one's career there waa failure; to give the University ever more than its due meed of honour. an. to close one's eyes to its defects, is more than pardonable in one who has derived from it benefits which cannot be enumerated in words and which defy exact analysis.

And yet, familiar as all this i there are comparatively few people who could give a really satisfactor definition of a University, or say what it essentially is. There is perhaps no word which is more generally misunderstood than this; and it unfortenately happens that one particular misconception is not unlikely to have a mischievous effect in hindering the project which is now in the air for establishing a great University in the Midlands; a project, let me ada. which every year is bringing morand more within the range of practical politics, and which has quite recently received a new impulse from the Acc of Parliament incorporating Masor College, Birmingham, under the title

of Mason University College, and also from the largely increased Treasury grant awarded this year to the various University Colleges of the country. The Report of the Commissioners appointed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to enquire into the character and quality of the work done by these Colleges should act as a powerful encouragement to the scheme for uniting the Colleges of the Midlands into an organic whole, bearing ample testimony, as it does, to the high ideals of teaching and research which they are pursuing, and their general fitness for University privileges, in cases where such privileges are still withheld. "These Colleges." say the Commissioners, "are becoming, more and more, so many homes and rallying points of science and learning. offering, moreover, opportunities of advanced work and research and altogether in some measure doing in England, for higher studies, what has been done with so much success in Germany by her many Universities."

The popular error to which I have alluded as standing in the way of any scheme for the creation of a new local University, is based, like so many other popular errors, upon a supposed etymology. University it is commonly said, denotes universality, and a seat of learning which is not universal in one sense or another cannot be a true University: a true University must be either a seat of universal learning. or a universal seat of learning, as existing for the whole kingdom, or From this point of view it ppears doubtful to some people vhether a Midland University would e anything better than a contradicion in terms. Now this line of argunent is unfair in several ways to the deals which the promotors of the Midand University have in mind; but hat I wish to call attention to at he present moment is that the etymology on which it is founded is entirely unsound. University universality are no doubt related by a certain family connexion; but they are very far from being the same either etymologically or in meaning. the Latin adjective universus (whole) comes a noun universitas, and also, by a different line of derivation, an adjective universalis, from which again is formed the noun universalitas. It is impossible, therefore, to derive universitas from universalitas, though both of them come from the same source. Let us now turn to the positive side of If university does not the matter. mean universality, what does it mean? The answer is a question of historical fact, which can only be solved by diligent search into the usage of the word at various stages of its history. Rashdall has shown, what indeed was already known to philologists, that the word unpersitas, as used in the Middle Ages, denoted no more than association or community, or what is the same thing, guild; for a guild is an association or corporation of men belonging to the same class or engaged in the same pursuits, formed for mutual aid and protection. That is just what a University essentially is.

The abstract noun formed from an adjective denoting whole must of course denote wholeness, totality, or unity; and the learned Universities founded towards the end of the twelfth century in Europe were simply scholastic unions, — that is bodies of teachers or students bound together by the possession of certain common rights and privileges into a whole. there were other Universities in those days besides the scholastic Universi-Every association of men. formed for mutual protection, whether as citizens or traders, or members of a common social or religious society, was called a University (Universitas). In addressing such a community, the writer, or speaker, usually commences with the words Universitas vestra, which means "you, the associated members of this community." municipality was commonly called a University; a guild of artizans or traders was called a University; the Oxford Union Society, if it had existed in those days and had been established by an act of incorporation, would have been called a University. fact, universitas is the word for guild, community, or association. The communities of students or teachers at towns like Bologna, or Paris, or Oxford, bore, therefore, a name which did not originally connote their learning or their scholastic character, but the mere fact that they were united into a brotherhood with legal rights. At first the word was always qualified by the addition of a genitive, which showed what particular kind of guild was meant; for example, "Universitas scholarium (guild of stustudents)" or "Universitas magistrorum (guild of teachers)." The modern sense of the word university as a guild of learning is thus an interesting example of the survival of a word in a limited sense. For some reason or other, probably the decay of the other kinds of guilds, university (without a genitive) came to mean a guild of learning only.

Of course it is quite open to anyone to reply that the historical origin of a word does not always furnish a clue to its present meaning, and that nowadays the word university has come to connote the attributes of universality. But how can this contention be maintained in the face of the fact that of the hundred and more Universities now existing in Europe, no less than twelve exist in the United Kingdom, twenty in Germany, twenty in Italy, and so forth; and that of these hundred and more Universities several are deficient in more than one faculty? A little consideration will show that universality is no part of the connotation of the term, whether as applied to the existence of these institutions for the whole country or to the all embracing scope of their A great University should of course be catholic in its spirit, and this catholicity is an attribute which need not be absent from a Midland University; but that a University must necessarily draw students from all parts of the country and teach al subjects of study is a contention supported neither by history nor by present In the Middle Ages the term universitas was so far from denoting a school of universal learning that it was less comprehensive even than : single faculty. The Faculty of Lav at Bologna included in itself two Universities, that of the Citramontanand that of the Ultramontani, and as an earlier date probably four. students of Arts and Medicine a: Bologna formed separate Universitie. which were of later origin than the Universities of Law. For over a century and a half there was no Faculty of Theology at Bologna Nor did universitas denote a school in which students from all parts were received; on the contrary, each of the four, seven, or eight Universities which existed at different times in the city of Bologna was limited to studentfrom one particular part of the world The term which marks Bologna as the seat of schools frequented by studentfrom all parts of the world is not universitas, but studium general. The adjective general or common), therefore, denoted a certain kind of universality, but not universality of studies; for few medieval studia generalia possessed all the The noun universitas dic faculties. not denote any kind of universality at all.

The twelve existing British Univer-

sities belong to four different types. (1) Oxford and Cambridge, which are teaching Universities in the full sense of the term, as having a body of professors, whose function and whose sole function it is to teach. Side by side with these Universities there exist a number of Colleges, also teaching institutions, each of which is an independent corporation, owing, theoretically at any rate, no legal obligation to obey the statutes of the University. These Colleges sprang up later than the University under whose ægis they flourish, and were originally intended simply as places of residence for students attending the University lectures, not as themselves teaching institutions; but gradually teaching functions were added and developed on a large scale, so that at the present day the Colleges by their wealth and importance to some extent eclipse the University which gave rise to them. (2) The four Scottish Universities of St. Andrews, Aberdeen. Glasgow, and Edinburgh, and the Universities of Dublin and Durham. These also are teaching Universities, but they differ from Oxford and Cambridge in having no longer Colleges distinct from the University. Many of these Universities have at some period of their history had Colleges, existing side by side with them; but the Colleges have in all such cases been merged in the University, or the University in the College. Thus for instance, Glasgow once had a College, called the Pædagogium, founded in 1460, ten years after the Trinity College, University; and Dublin, has been called the *Mater* Universitatis. (3) The University of London and the Royal Irish University; these are in no sense teaching Universities, but only examining and degree-giving Universities. (4) The Victoria University and the University of Wales; these are not teaching Universities in the same sense as Oxford or Cambridge, but Universities of teaching Colleges. Their sole functions (as distinct from the functions of their constituent Colleges) are to prescribe courses of study, and to grant degrees, mostly on the basis of examination. There are no University lectures, and the only teaching which students receive is in the Colleges. These two Universities, therefore, occupy a peculiar position; the University has in each case sprung up later than the Colleges which are its constituents, whereas at Oxford and Cambridge the University existed before the Colleges were dreamed of: and in both these modern creations the University may be regarded as a function of the Colleges in their associated aspect.

To these twelve British Universities we may soon have to add a thirteenth, a fourteenth, and a fifteenth. The scheme for a teaching University of London is, it may be hoped, in a fair way of becoming an accomplished fact. With the scheme for a new Catholic University in Ireland, national in character and in touch with the aspirations of the Irish people, the Government has already expressed its sympathy. It is surely then an impossible contention that the Midlands should for ever remain in the position of being the only part of Great Britain which is possessed of Colleges of University rank and which is nevertheless excluded from participation in University privileges. The importance of the right to grant degrees in furthering the development of local Colleges as homes of science and learning and centres of the higher intellectual life, has been recently emphasised by the Commissioners, and it is clear that their sympathy would be accorded to a scheme for a Midland University. This is not the place in which to discuss the precise form of organisation which such a University should adopt; but there can be no doubt that among the four types enumerated above the organisers of the new University will be able to select the one most suited to the conditions and circumstances of the locality; or they may be able, by selecting and combining features derived from more than one source, to create a University of a somewhat new type, which would be all the more likely on that account to carry with it an immediate claim on the sympathies of the district and the country generally.

There are, however, two points in regard to which it may be safe to predict the future form of the Midland University. In the first place, it is certain to differ in one important matter from the great medieval Universities; in the second place, it must differ to some extent from Universities of the Scottish type.

In speaking of the associations of students or teachers which formed the medieval Universities, I advisedly used the conjunction or. Strange as it may seem, the oldest Universities were not communities of students and teachers. but communities of either students or teachers; and the oldest and most famous of the Italian Universities, the University of Bologna, founded towards the end of the twelfth century, was a University of students and not of The teachers were excluded from the University, which consisted of students alone. Not that Bologna was not a teaching University; the student-association engaged the services of professors for the delivery of lectures, and the students were good enough to attend those lectures; but they permitted to the professors no rights in their University, not even a vote in the election of their Rector. So far the same custom prevails in the cottish Universities to the present y; but at Bologna matters went

much further than this. There the professor was reduced to a state of subjection which is hardly credible, and which certainly presents a startling contrast to the present position of the Scottish professors. As Mr. Rashdall tells us, the professors had to take an oath of obedience to the students' Rector and to all regulations which the University might impose upon them. At any moment their lectures might be interrupted by a summons to appear before the Rector. They were not permitted to absent themselves from the town without the consent of the students and their Rector, and they had also to deposit a sum of money as a security for their return, in cases when leave of absence was granted. They were fined twenty solidi if their lectures had not begun as the bell of St. Peter's rang for mass; they were fined if they continued to lecture one minute after the bell had begun to ring for tierce. Moreover the students were required, under penalty of a fine of ten solidi. not to remain in the lecture-room after the bell had begun, but, if the lecture was not then concluded, to go their several ways. Even in the mode of conducting his lectures the professor was bound down by hard and fast rules, backed up by fines. He was fined if he skipped a chapter, fined if he postponed a difficulty to the end of the lecture (lest this should be used as a mere excuse for evading the difficult point altogether). No wonder that. as Mr. Rashdall says, students were generally more eager to learn than professors were to teach. Think of the note-books filled with calculations of the fines incurred by the unfortunate professor, to be reported to the Rector and to be defrayed out of the scanty fees paid by the students, which were at first the sole source of the professor's income. If we ask for the origin of this anomalous state of

things, Mr. Rashdall supplies the answer. The University of Bologna was originally a guild of foreign students, Germans, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Englishmen, and Italians from other parts of Italy. The Bologna students were a mere sprinkling. Now an Italian city was pre-eminently a place in which the foreigner needed protection; in those days he enjoyed no civic rights in the city of his sojourn beyond the most elementary protection to life and liberty; for example, he could not appear as a party in a court of law. In these circumstances it became eminently desirable for the large body of foreigners studying at Bologna to secure for themselves a kind of artificial citizenship in the city of their sojourn. civitas in civitate was the association called the *Universitas*, which protected its members from the exactions of grasping lodging-house keepers, from hostile legislation on the part of the municipality, and from the brutality of the mob. The student-guild was tolerated by the civic community in consideration of the commercial prosperity which it conferred on the town; and the weapon in its hands was the threat of migration,—a threat which was often put into execution.  $\mathbf{W}$ hen we remember the large number of the students at Bologna (some six thousand or more at the time of its greatest prosperity) and the high social position and influence of some of them (dignitaries of the Church were often among their number), we begin to understand how strong such a University might become, especially when supported by the authority of the Pope. At the same time we see why the professors, who were generally Bolognese by birth or permanent settlement in the town, had no need of such protection, and indeed could hardly have accepted it without forfeiting their rights as citizens of Bologna. Thus they remained outside the University, being merely its paid servants.

Such was a medieval Student-University. If we turn to Paris or Oxford, on the other hand, we find a precisely opposite state of affairs. Here the University originated in an association of teachers, masters, doctors, or regents, not of students. was the professors who had leagued themselves together for mutual protection, and with them all real power These and similar Universities may, therefore, be called Master-Universities, as distinct from Universities like Bologna. Nowadays, of course, an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate is a member of the University; but this could hardly have been the case in any real sense of the term in the earliest days. In the twelfth century when the University of Oxford was founded, and early in the thirteenth century, when the University of Cambridge was founded through a migration from Oxford, the students could not have been, strictly speaking, members of the University, though the Legatine Ordinance of 1214, by which the University of Oxford was reinstated after the great migration and received its first charter of privileges, recognised the existence students, and secured for them certain rights at the hands of the citizens.

It is obvious that no such separation of professors and students into two distinct bodies with hostile interests would be tolerated in any modern University; and the Midland University must be an association of professors and students, not of professors or students.

In regard to the second point, the special conditions of the case make it highly probable that the Midland University will be a Federal University, embracing more than one College, and

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1209; see Rashdall, ii., 2, 349.

will therefore differ in organisation from the general type of the Scottish Universities. There are at least three cities in the Midland district which have Colleges of University rank, but not possessed of University powers,-Birmingham, Bristol and Nottingham -and the whole district concerned has resources of wealth and influence which give all its parts a claim to participation in the new University. This point was hardly present to the mind of the late Sir John Seeley, when he delivered his eloquent address on "A Great Midland University," in Birmingham ten years ago. Probably the conditions of the problem had hardly developed themselves with perfect clearness of outline in those days. But everyone interested in the Midland University must be intensely grateful to Professor Seeley for the boldness and clearness with which he grasped some of the essential condiditions of the problem, and especially for his vigorous protest against the assumption that because we cannot set up in the Midlands a University exactly like Oxford and Cambridge in material beauty and splendour, we cannot therefore set up a true University at all. The essential feature of a University is not a collection of magnificent buildings, or even any building at all. Many a German University contents itself with a single plain building; many of the medieval Universities had originally no buildings at all, the instruction being given in private houses. Nor does it follow that because we cannot, and do not desire to imitate in the Midlands the duplication of teaching functions which marks the present system of Oxford and Cambridge, and which puts those Universities into a wholly exceptional and abnormal position if judged by the standard of all the other Universities of Europe, we cannot therefore resemble Oxford and

Cambridge at all, or reproduce any of the features which have given them so strong a hold on the affections of the country.

The essential features of a University are well summed up by Mr. Rashdall in these words: "The two most essential functions which a true University has to perform, and which all Universities have more or less discharged amid the widest possible variety of system and method and organisation, are to make possible the life of study, whether for a few years or during a whole career, and to bring together during that period, face to face in living intercourse, teacher and teacher, teacher and student, student and student." In other words, the true University secures for its professors the opportunity of leading the intellectual life and of contributing not merely to the conservation and diffusion of knowledge, but also to its advancement; and for its studentthe opportunity of coming into contact with the best knowledge of the time, and also of learning from one another those lessons which can only be learnt from the intercourse of the club, the debating society, and the playing-grounds. This life of the University cannot be fully realised by a College not participating in the power of granting degrees; for such a College must necessarily prepare its students for external examinations. and external examinations are inconsistent with the full enjoyment of what in Germany is called Lehrfreiher and Lernfreihiet, freedom in teaching and freedom in learning. This essential feature of the higher student-life has been recently emphasised by Mr. Balfour in his speech on the proposed Catholic University for Ireland, when he said that he was more and more impressed with the disadvantages from an educational point of view of divorcing the function of examining from the function of teaching, as it is divorced at present under the system of the Royal Irish University.

If the foundations of the Midland University are securely laid on these lines, there is no danger of its sinking into a merely parochial institution. It has been shown that universality is no part of the meaning of the word university; but if the opposite of universal be parochial, then there is much in the ideal of those who plead for the universality of Universities with which I sympathise. land University ought to bear a national character like the old studia generalia, and to be, what few of these medieval studia were, a University possessed of a full complement of Faculties. The curriculum of studies at present pursued in the Midland Colleges is a sufficient guarantee that the Midland University will not be lacking in those features of a generous catholicity which mark the highest type of University of the present day.

But whatever subjects we teach, it should be remembered that a University which is worthy of the name ought to be a centre of light on all the questions of the day, a workshop in which new ideas are forged, and where, through the subtle interaction of mind upon mind, they emerge into clear consciousness and shape them-

selves in discoveries, in inventions, in systems, for the benefit of the world at large. The professors must not be too heavily burdened in preparing students for examination and examining them. They must have time to think, time to make their lectures really worthy of the highest class of students. If they do so, students will be attracted even from distant parts; if they have no opportunity of doing so, not only will they lose that for the sake of which they have chosen the career of a professor, but the University will lose its chance of developing into a truly national institution.

Let us contemplate rather the consummation of the hopes of men like Professor Seeley, when he said: in this way several new Universities should spring up, full of fresh life and spontaneity, and created not by the mere caprice of some private founder or the intervention of the State, but by a spontaneous demand and a gradual ripening of public opinion, and therefore no mere imitation of Universities founded in the past, but freely and wisely planned to meet the wants of the new time, is it not evident that such an occurrence will be one of the grandest in the history of English culture?"

E. A. Sonnenschein.

## MONSIEUR LE COLONEL.

ALTHOUGH not so fine a looking man as Monsieur le Général nor so amusing as the Commandant, nor so rich as Monsieur Clément, the Colonel was, nevertheless, the one whom we all loved most. He was the universal favourite, from Madame Lecour down to Victor, who used to polish his boots to that degree of brightness that the Colonel could quite easily have made his careful toilet in their glittering surface instead of in his mirror. He was old: with the exception of Madame la Comtesse, he was the oldest person in the pension; but the burden of his years sat not too heavily upon his still upright shoulders. His moustache and hair were snow white, but his dark eyes had some of the fire that must have made them irresistingly bright half a century ago. We all offered him the homage of our affection, but it was from Estelle Crane that he accepted it most freely. Their friendship indeed was quite touching. It was cemented, if indeed it was not founded, by a nasty rejoinder made by Madame la Comtesse, who was never known to say an agreeable thing when it were possible to say a disagreeable one. Estelle was an American, who had drifted into our pension along with her mother whom she was leading around Europe. We liked Americans, especially if they were young and pretty, because they used to tell us with such charming frankness how they did everything better at home than we did, and yet that they were always eager to come and see our inferior land and observe our inefficient ways.

Estelle was seventeen years old,

and she was just learning in a hurry those few things which had been omitted in her college course. of these things was the French language. However, she had great industry and the daring of her nationality, so she soon made an attempt at conversation. Estelle and her mother had been to the Louvre where there used to be a whole suite of relics of the first Napoleon. Those relics are all swept away now, but if Napoleon could arise from his tomb at the Invalides, we should see all France clamouring after him, shouting to be led to another Essling and Friedland; but this is mere idle vapouring and has nothing to do with Estelle. Well, she came back from the Louvre one day, after having steeped her soul in relics, from the camp-bedstead upon which Napoleon died, to the gold spoon with which he ate his soup on the night before Austerlitz. American girls she was an ardent admirer of Napoleon, but when she beheld these venerated objects her soul overflowed in a rapturous ocean of adoration.

She talked Napoleon all the way home in the omnibus until her mother (who had a headache and didn't care a button about Napoleon, except because he interested Estelle,) begged her to stop, and let her try to shut out the affairs of this world from her weary brain. Full of her pet subject Estelle determined to talk about it to the people at the pension. A good many of them were old enough to have seen Napoleon and to be able to remember the great man. Here was an opportunity for a zealot like herself.

She would talk; she didn't care what mistakes she made; nothing mattered in so great a cause; she would tell the people whom Napoleon had led to a hundred victories what admiration was felt for him in America.

Madame la Comtesse was in the salon, along with Madame Bellehomme and Monsieur le Colonel, when the young girl proceeded to put her valiant resolve into execution. She had exchanged nods and other brief greetings more often with Madame Bellehomme than with any other person in the house, therefore, she sat down beside that stout, good-natured woman full of her determination.

"Well, my dear mees, and where have you been to-day?" inquired Madame Bellehomme.

"At the Louvre," replied Estelle, who could follow French, when slowly spoken, far better than she could frame her replies.

"And you saw the glorious pictures of that superb gallery " remarked Madame Bellehomme.

"No, Madame. I saw the campbed of Napoleon, and his tooth-brush," answered Estelle, who had meant to enumerate other objects, but could not at the moment recollect the French names.

Monsieur le Colonel looked up from his paper with a beaming smile on his old face. "Ah, Mademoiselle, you have visited the relics of the Great Napoleon? Receive my felicitations. He was the greatest soldier the world has ever seen, and the greatest man France has ever produced."

Encouraged by this remark, Estelle began, with some hesitation and a harming blush, to tell the Colonel hat when she was a very little girl he had decided that the first thing he would do on getting to Heaven yould be to seek out Napoleon.

"Mademoiselle," said the Countess
her thinnest voice and most rasping

tones, "it will be needless to disturb yourself; you will not find him there."

Monsieur le Colonel bounded from his chair while his old eyes shot glances of flame. "Comment, Madame la Comtesse, you have the temerity to give expression to such an opinion, here on French soil, here in the presence of one of Napoleon's old soldiers! Ah, such an infamy hardly lets itself be comprehended!"

Madame la Comtesse shrugged her shoulders most expressively. "One respects the prejudices of Monsieur le Colonel, and one pities him," she remarked. Although very old and decrepid looking, Madame la Comtesse had not lost the nimble tongue of her youth, nor had that tongue lost anything of its acerbity.

"Madame," retorted the Colonel, regaining control of himself with effort, "it is impossible even for you, since you are French, not to admit that the deeds of Napoleon fixed the eyes of the world upon our nation."

"Monsieur, the crimes of a notorious assassin might do that, and yet we should not necessarily admire him for them, nor wish to cast ourselves at his feet in adoration."

"Napoleon led the eagles of France where the *fleurs-de-lys* had never been," replied the Colonel.

This was one for the Countess, who was a rabid Royalist, but she was equal to the occasion. "And flying distressfully back, they showed the enemy the road to Paris," was her rejoinder. "Monsieur, I am old enough to remember the Allies in Paris. That was the work of your great man."

"Ah, mon Dieu, and do not I remember it too," exclaimed the old man, "remember it with tears of rage in my heart! The savage Cossacks in the Champs-Elysees! It makes me boil with shame and anger whenever I think of it."

"The work of Napoleon," commented the Countess.

"No, Madame, you mistake; it was the work of the miserable politicians who closed in around him, and kept his old soldiers away. We would have rallied for a supreme effort; we would have marched to victory under him once more, only for those miserable politicians. I speak of what I know, for was not I one of his old soldiers?"

Of course when this fierce discussion arose between the two old people, Estelle was left stranded high and dry by the torrent of their swift words. She did not catch one in twenty; all she knew was that they were disputing about Napoleon, and that the Colonel was passionately defending his hero. When he had left the room she began to seek explanations of the ladies.

"The Colonel, excellent man, is devoted to the memory of the Emperor," said Madame Bellehomme. "It is for him a religion; therefore he is agitated when one criticises Napoleon."

"Of course," said Estelle, with a wrathful glance towards the aged Countess who was holding her skinny fingers towards the fire. The noble lady turned her hooked nose and beady eves towards the young American, regarding her with interest for a moment "Tiens," she said, "but it is or two. droll how you Republicans admire the greatest tyrant of the century. You do not remember all the wars he made, and all the milliards he sacrificed in men and in money for his private ambition. I do not explain it to myself."

"We admire greatness in America," replied Estelle, forced to be brief in her replies on account of the paucity, not of her reasons, but of her French.

"And yet you do not give your admiration to our great kings," observed the Countess meditatively.

"Kings are wicked," announced Estelle emphatically, all her nationality rising in her rebellious at the mere mention of the abhorred word, which affects the average American as a red rag affects an angry bull.

"Drôle!" said the Countess again.
"What, then, was Napoleon!"

"A great Captain, an Emperor."

"Très bien, but he overthrew the Republic. Do you admire him forthat, you who boast yourself Republican!"

Estelle, driven into a corner, took refuge in a question. "Do you admire him for that, Madame?"

"Certainly; it was the only commendable action of his whole life. Even a Napoleon is better than a Republic in France—bah!"

Madame la Comtesse snapped her skinny fingers with the pent-up scom of half a life-time spent in exile and poverty on account of the political convulsions of her country. That sort of thing makes bitter partisans of people.

"Momma," remarked Estelle when alone with her obedient parent, "I think that old Colonel is just splendid!"

"The General is handsomer, I should say," replied her mother.

"Who cares for looks in a soldier' Why, he's fought under the Great Napoleon. Just think of that!"

"Oh, if he's a Napoleon man, I guess it don't matter about anything else, and he'll do first-rate," answered Mrs. Crane with resignation.

"I'm going to get him to talk to me slowly, when we are by ourselves and that old cat of a Countess isn't there. She's just downright mean, I think."

"If you are going to talk Napoleon to him, I guess I won't get ready to travel yet awhile. Napoleon will last you most a month anyhow," observed Mrs. Crane briefly, with a prompt eye to the practical bearings of the situation.

"Ain't you pretty comfortable here, Momma?" asked Estelle, anxious that her mother should not be more inconvenienced than was inevitable by her own pursuit of knowledge and instruction. "I don't expect we shall find any place better than this."

"Paris is as good as anywhere else once we've left home. Only it's kind of lonesome not being able to talk with one's fellow-creatures, and those pictures we go to see by the mile don't give me much satisfaction anyhow. Shameless naked hussies most of them are!"

Estelle broke into a merry laugh, and tapped her mother playfully on the chin. "Poor old Momma! You ought to study art and the French language."

"No, child, I'll leave that to you. I did most of my studying at Dearfield Seminary forty years ago. I guess I won't start again."

We used gently to make fun of the Colonel and his pretty and youthful adorer, and he accepted our banter with the kindly grace that was habitual to him. "Ah, yes, Mademoiselle Estelle and I have a grande passion in common. We both adore the same object. It is a firm bond of union."

They used to sit in the garden together on the fine October days, the old man talking and she listening with a rapt look on her face. He fed her enthusiasm with his stories.

"Monsieur le Colonel, tell me about the first time you saw Napoleon. You remember it, don't you?"

"Mademoiselle, no moment in my long life is more vividly marked in my memory."

- "When was it?"
- " In October, 1799."
- "But that is very long ago."
- "True, Mademoiselle, but then, you see, I am very old now. I was young enough then,—just nine years old. My father was the mayor of a town

on the Rhône. We were in great danger, for the country was alarmed. General Buonaparte and his army were shut up in Egypt, winning victories which nevertheless could not bring them back to us, for the English, cette maudite nation, had destroyed our fleet at Aboukir. Enemies around us and traitors within; the government of the day impotent for all but evil! This I learned afterwards; what I knew at the time was that my father kept saying: 'We are lost unless General Buonaparte returns; no one can save France now but General Buonaparte.' He was a keen partisan of the General, was my excellent father. 'France belongs to the soldier, and the soldier belongs to France,' he used to say. Buonaparte was that soldier. Those were the first words of the creed of my life, Mademoiselle, I learned them young and I learned them well. Suddenly great news came up from the South. Buonaparte had landed at Fréjus; he had come to save us from our enemies, and also from ourselves. My father caused the bells to ring, and the cannon to fire. He prepared a little reception for the General. The whole town was in excitement; we were en fête. A travelling carriage was seen coming swiftly along the Montélimar road, throwing up a cloud of dust. It was the General, hurrying towards Paris with feverish haste. The bells rang, the guns fired, the people shouted. The excitement was extreme. General stopped his carriage, and my father read an address of welcome. He received it graciously, and invited my father to a seat beside him in the carriage. I threw up my cap and shouted, 'Vive Buonaparte!' smiled at me; I saw him. 'Who is that brave garçon who shouts, Vive Buonaparte, so lustily?' he asked of my father. 'It is my son,' he replied, with feelings of parental pride. Again

the carriage was stopped; this time it was I myself who was bidden to a seat beside the General. 'Thou art a brave little man,' he said; and I replied, 'Oui, mon Général,'and saluted as I had seen soldiers salute their 'Wilt thou be a soldier and fight in my army?' 'Oui, mon Général,' I replied again, saluting. 'Tiens,' he said, 'I will decorate thee beforehand, for I see thou art going to be a fine soldier.' He took the cockade out of his own hat and fastened it into my little cap, as I sat upon his knee in the travellingcarriage. Thus it was, Mademoiselle, that I enlisted under the Great Captain in October, 1799."

The Colonel's eyes rested dreamily upon the little birds who were hopping about on the gravel, but he did His memory was not see them. wandering back across sixty-eight years, to that great day of his childhood which had shaped his life and decreed his destiny. What a road he had come through those long years! What a blood-stained road, where mangled corpses lay in hideous heaps on the field of Napoleon's glory! And yet in the end here he was, a gentle old man, gracious in manner, dignified in bearing, placidly sitting in the autumn sunshine of his last days. talking over the fierce scenes of his youth with a fair young girl from the other side of the world.

Monsieur le Colonel was our model of courtesy. He never complained, but always received with the greatest gratitude any of those attentions which it was our delight to bestow.

"The excellent man is always satisfied, he never finds fault," Madame Lecour would observe; and to a boarding-house keeper what higher virtue could there be?

"Where did you get that talent, Monsieur?" asked Monsieur Clément, who, for his part, complained all day long of everything, from the sky downwards.

"At Cabréra, Monsieur, where I was prisoner for several months along with thousands of other Frenchmen, and where many of us went quite naked, and where we all had but the scantiest of rations served out once in three days, which we supplemented by such berries and insects as we could dig with our fingers out of the ground. The stony soil of Cabréra was trenched by our fingers, and my nails have never grown properly again. See. Monsieur."

Was this then the explanation of the somewhat misformed finger-tips of the dear old man? He was in that hideous Spanish prison-isle, where and many of Napoleon's soldiers had left their bones, and yet in all these years he had never before spoken about it.

"Ah, but that was frightful," ex claimed Estelle, who had read about battles and sieges and heaps of slain but who nevertheless did not realisthat prisons and starving captive were part and parcel of the glory of She rather gloated on horror. as people do who have never cominto contact with anything but the smoothest side of life. She desire: to be told particulars of that famous or rather infamous island, and the Colonel looked at her with a queer sort of smile, as his memory called up scenes of daily occurrence at Cabrera so unspeakably horrible that it waalmost impossible not to imagine they must be the remnants of some hideounightmare of long ago.

"There was sometimes the comiceven there, Mademoiselle," he said at length. "For example, I fell into debt for nine pinches of snuff to the Hebrew booth-keeper in the shant we named the Palais Royal; and I remember the despair I felt whereinformed that my credit was gone and that I could have no more snuff

All things are relative, but at the moment that caused me as keen annoyance as any hardship I ever had to undergo."

As the winter wore on we saw with concern that our dear Colonel was failing, not that he ever complained, for he never did, but he had an attack of bronchitis from which he never rallied. He made a gallant effort to appear well, and even came among us once more, taking his place at déjeuner and dinner. were shocked to see how white he looked, and how bent he had become in those weeks of illness. It was as if the fire had suddenly died out from those dark eyes of his. They shone no more.

He took to his bed during the cold weather at the end of February. It was evident that he was on his last march, and evident too that the long halt would soon be sounded for him. Old friends came to see him and to say good-bye, amongst others a veteran from Les Invalides, one who had been corporal under him in Napoleon's last campaign.

The old man looked long and sadly at his dying colonel. "Monsieur," he said at length, "I am following close behind you, as I did at Ligny and Quatre Bras."

"My brave Ricaud," said the Colonel slowly and with difficulty, "we have seen death before, very near. He comes now as an old friend with rest and peace in his gift; he is welcome."

Estelle also took leave of him, with the hot tears of youth streaming down her pretty face.

"Chut, chut, Mademoiselle," he said faintly, "why grieve?"

"I shall never see you again, Monsieur le Colonel," sobbed Estelle in childish sorrow.

"Ah, but think; I precede you to heaven. I shall be the first to see him."

A faint flash of pride and pleasure flickered for a moment in his old eyes; and then he closed them as if too weary to look further upon this world.

They gave him a military funeral, and young soldiers, whose grandfathers were boys when Monsieur le Colonel was decorated, marched after his hearse and fired a volley over his grave. In this last sad scene many a tear was shed for the Colonel. His brave heart alone was unmoved; it slept too soundly beneath the scrap of faded ribbon under the folded hands with the worn-down fingertips.

#### THE CHILDHOOD OF HORACE.

IT will be unfortunate if classical scholars ever lose the hope of reaching more exact knowledge about the lives of the great Greek and Roman poets, and the circumstances in which their We shall works were produced. continue to go with ever fresh interest to the scenes amid which they grew up and the cities in which their life was spent, and we shall return with renewed zest to their works, so long as we retain the hope of penetrating behind the veil which hides the deeper mysteries from the "profane mob" but not from the privileged worship-And, if we are not entirely successful,-if, after all, Tennyson's words are spoken to us:

'I will go forward,' sayest thou,
'I shall not fail to find her now:'
Look up, the fold is on her brow—

we have at least strengthened our love for the world's youth, and we shall have given our critics, when they criticise wisely, the pleasure of reading once more the familiar words.

Even after all the learning applied to the study of the ancient poets, there remains perhaps something to be done in investigating how an author's words spring from the circumstances of his life, and conversely how the circumstances of his life can be inferred from his words. To make my meaning clearer by an example, we know that Horace was a native of Apulia, and it does not surprise us that he selects the Marsian and the Apulian as types of Italian courage and chivalry (Odes, III. v. 9). All

Italians were agreed that the Marsian was a true example of Italian bravery. for no Roman triumph had ever been won over the Marsians or without the Marsians; but only an Apulian born would pair the Apulian with the Marsian. Now, let us imagine that all record of the poet's Apulia birth had perished; every one who will contrast the uniform praise a corded to the energetic Apulian (Opu III. xvi. 26) and his sun-burne wife, pattern of the Italian virte-(EPODE II. 41), with the occasions gibes at the boorish Calabrian (Ens. I. vii. 14), the Marsian and Pelignic witches, and so on, must feel that \* could confidently gather the postorigin from a review of his langua; about the Italian tribes. He admit the fault of heat and drought is Apulia, but that only adds to it active virtues of its people; and he could never feel the same hatred Apulian heat as of Pelignian co: (Odes, III. xix. 8).

In one of the most familiar passage in all his poems, Horace describes have he was marked out from childhood by a marvellous portent as a favourite of the Muses, protected by the watching care of the Gods from all harm, as child of genius whose life was to be always devoted to literature (ODES, III iv. 9-20).

When from my nurse erewhile

Voltur's steep
I strayed beyond the bound
Of our small homestead's ground.
Was I, fatigued with play, beneath
heap
Of fresh leaves sleeping found.

Strewn by the storied doves; and wonder fell

On all their nest who keep On Acherontia's steep,

Or in Forentia's low rich pastures dwell, Or Bantine woodlands deep;

That safe from bears and adders in such place

place
I lay, and slumbering smiled,
O'erstrewn with myrtle wild
And laurel, by the Gods' peculiar grace
No craven-hearted child.

It is apparent that there is in these verses an intentional contrast between the strangeness of the incident and the plainness and minuteness of detail in which the local surroundings are marked out, as well as the abundance of witnesses who are cited. The marvel was known to all the neighbourhood, high and low, to Forenza in the valley that breaks down to the southern sea, to the upland glades of Banzi, and to Acerenza, which

Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest Of purple Apennine.

It seems to be the poet's purpose to corroborate his account of the marvel, and constrain the reader to believe it, by insisting on the wide circle of witnesses that can attest it.

Further, in order to lend credibility to a tale, it is a recognised method in literature to specify exactly where the incidents occurred, and to relate various accompanying details, not in hemselves important, but useful as oringing the wonder down to earth and associating it with a local habitaion and homely surroundings. was Apulian Voltur; olace Horace, while still a child, was playng near his nurse's home, until vercome by fatigue he sank to sleep utside the house. Four of the oldest nanuscripts read the very name of he nurse, Pullia; and it seems to ne that this additional specification

' I quote from Sir Theodore Martin's anslation of the Odes.

is the sort of detail, binding down the facts to definite surroundings, which meets the intention of the poet in this passage.

If I had to choose among the many conjectures that have been proposed to replace Pullia's name, the best seems to me to be that which has been proposed independently by Professor A. E. Housman and the late Dr. Bährens, namely pergulæ instead of Pullia. It is an interesting fact that Sir Theodore Martin, whether intentionally or guided by a poet's unconscious instinct, has adopted that conjecture in his second edition (from which I have quoted), though he followed the vulgar reading in his first edition. Professor Housman may justifiably claim a poet's judgment about a poet as a strong argument in his favour. So far as our present investigation is concerned, the two forms, "outside the threshold of my nurse Pullia," and "outside the threshold of the humble house of my nurse," mean practically the same thing. But I prefer the reading Pullia, which appears in the oldest manuscripts; for the change to pergulæ sacrifices a slight detail conducing to the effect aimed at by the poet, even though it does not, like some of the conjectural readings, add anything out of keeping with the rest of the description.

In this passage a further detail is added, which it is the chief aim of this paper to study carefully. Why does Horace speak of his nurse as altrix instead of nutrix, which is the word he usually employs both in lyric poetry and in his more familiar style ?

<sup>1</sup> Apulia, the vulgar text, and that of the vast majority of manuscripts, is an ancient conjecture, and the worst of them all.

<sup>2</sup> It may be assumed that this is the true text. The common Horatian form nutrice has been substituted for it in the majority of manuscripts, according to a common practice. Had nutrice been the original text, there would be no reason to substitute for it the less common word altrice.

I think he selected a word which he never uses elsewhere with a definite purpose; he wished to mark himself as being the alumnus of Pullia, and he does so by applying to her the correlative term altrix. Two questions here arise: was Horace an alumnus, and if so, why should he mention, or rather suggest, the fact in this passage?

The most characteristic meaning of alumnus is to denote a child who has been exposed in infancy by his parents and brought up by strangers. The crime of infanticide by exposure was far commoner in the Greeco-Roman world than would appear from its literature, where it is rarely mentioned except as an incident in mythology and romantic stories, or as a practice to be regulated by laws. Inscriptions of the imperial period contain many proofs of the extent to which this exposure was practised; for example, a deed of manumission in an obscure Phrygian city briefly records a domestic romance, the exposure of a child in accordance with a vision, his adoption and upbringing by a stranger, and his liberation through dedication to a God after he had been trained as a slave.1 Children thus exposed were often brought up by strangers, either from charity, or in anticipation of gain by selling them as slaves when grown; and a number of laws regulating the rights of alumni and the claims of their adoptors for the cost of their keep were passed by the Roman emperors. The early Christian Church made a practice of caring for exposed children, just as missionaries in China do at the present day; and this practice perpetuated itself in Rome until quite recent time in a form that became a fruitful cause of scandal.

It is certain that Horace was not

'It is published in my CITIES AND BISHOPRICS OF PHRYGIA, p. 150.

an alumnus in that sense; but the word is also often applied to children who were brought up by persons other than their parents with the full consent of the latter. The essential point is that the alumnus lived in the house of persons who took the place There are, for of his proper parents. example, various inscriptions in which two married couples unite in making the grave of a child, who is called alumnus of the one couple and son of the other. Many passages in Horace become more luminous aud significar: on the hypothesis that he was an alumnus in this sense, trained by a nonna, or foster-mother, in his earlie: years, and taken to his father's houin more advanced childhood.

As has often been noticed, it is it itself a suggestive fact that Horamowhere mentions his mother, while he frequently refers to his father it terms of warm affection, and once it least speaks of his nurse. It is precisely when a boy has no mother that his affection is most likely to cling closely to his father; and the tone many passages in Horace seems hard, explicable, unless he had lost in mother, whether by death or in secondary way, so early that he had tender memories associated with her

The lessons in elementary moralism which many men owe to their mother were taught to Horace by his father

When my good father taught me to a good,
Scarecrows he took of living flesh and blood . . .
"Twas thus he formed my boyhood.
(Sat. I., iv. 105 ff...)

The translations of Horace's Satires at Epistles by the late Professor Coning are the most careful in studying inceties of Horace's style, and the mesuccessful in reproducing them in English that I know. I have therefore used in metrical version, as more likely to place to preader at the proper point of view that proper endering of my own.

But the references to his father, on the whole, suggest the intercourse of a grown boy, not a young child, with his parent. For example:

I owe it to my father, who, though poor,

Passed by the village-school at his own door,

The school where great, tall urchins in a row,

Sons of great, tall centurions used to go, With slate and satchel on their backs, to pay

Their monthly quota punctual to the day,

And took his boy to Rome, to learn the

Which knight or senator to his imparts.
Whoe'er had seen me, neat and more than neat,

With slaves behind me, in the crowded street,

Had surely thought a fortune fair and large,

Two generations old, sustained the charge.

Himself the true, tried guardian of his son,

Whene'er I went to class, he still made one.

(SAT. I., vi. 71 f.)

But, apart from the references to his own parent, a tone of warm, tender, kindly feeling often breathes through the lines where the word father occurs. The very name has music in it to Horace's ear. Thus, it is the kindly eye of the father that is blind to the ugliness of the son; it is the father's heart that prompts him to call the blemishes in the son by endearing terms.

Come, let us learn how friends at friends should look

By a leaf taken from a father's book. Has the dear child a squint? At home

he's classed
With Venus' self; "her eyes have just
that cast."

Is he a dwarf like Sisyphus? His sire Calls him "sweet pet," and would not have him higher.

(SAT. I., iii. 43 f.)

Most people would go to a mother's love and tenderness for illustration of love's blindness; but Horace's experience in his own case makes him turn to the father. When he speaks about accusations so ridiculously and obviously false that they do not touch his feelings, it is the charge of patricide that makes the climax.

Well now, if "Thief" and "Profligate" they roar, Or lay my father's murder at my door,

Am I to let their lying scandals bite?
(EPIST. I., xvi. 86 f.)

Observe, again, how often the idea of friendly companionship between fathers and sons appears in Horace.

Suppose some day
You should take courage and compose
a lay,

Entrust it first to Mœcius' critic ears, Your sire's, or mine, and keep it back nine years.

(ART. PORT., 888.)

Other examples may be found in the same poem, 24, and in SATIRES II., iii. 178, and in the following lines, where he describes the universal craze for poetry,—no fault, but merely the pardonable excess of a good quality.

Now our good town has taken a new fit:

Each man you meet by poetry is bit; Boys and prim fathers dine in wreaths of bay;

And twixt the courses warble out their lay.

(Epist. II., i. 109.)

Though Horace never refers to his own mother, except in indirect reference to his parents, whom he declares that he would not change, if Fate allowed him to live his life anew and choose his parents at his own caprice (Sat. I., vi. 94ff), yet he often uses the word mother in a way that is in-

structive in our investigation. When

he thinks of a mother's love and care for her child, it seems to him generally either mistaken and foolish, or irksome and unwelcome. In Sat. II., iii. 288ff, when he speaks of the folly which, while praying for a child's health, will sacrifice the child's health, and sometimes even its life, by ignorant superstition, it is the mother that rises to his mind. On the other hand, it is the nurse, and not the mother, who represents to him wise, prudent solicitude for her charge.

What could fond nurse wish more for her sweet pet<sup>1</sup>

Than friends, good looks, and health without a let,

A shrewd clear head, a tongue to speak his mind,

A seemly household, and a purse well lined? (EPIST. I., iv. 8.)

Here the nurse is not given as the type of foolish fondness; she does not pray sillily for worthless gifts to her alumnus. Horace could think of a nurse as loving and tender, but not as foolish and mistaken.

/ A comparison with two Latin poets who are saturated with Horace's ideas, and constantly imitate him, will add strength to our argument. Persius speaks of that mistaken kind of love which would injure its objects, if its foolish prayers on their behalf were granted (SAT. ii., 31-40). mother and aunt and nurse are the types that suggest themselves to him; but he does not speak of a mother in this connexion. He sneers at the bad teaching given by fathers, but not by mothers (SAT. i., 796). Persius lived with his mother, gave her his love during his life, and left her his fortune at his early death; and his experience

<sup>1</sup> Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno? Conington is compelled to sacrifice the strict sense of alumno, which can hardly be rendered in English, as the difference of manners and society deprives us of any word to correspond.

would not permit him to speak slightingly of a mother's prayers for her son. But just as we recognise in the language of Persius the expression of a spirit that had grown up from infancin tender relations to a mother, so do we not in Horace feel the tone of one to whom a nurse had taken the mother's place?

In a different spirit Juvenal (x. 289) speaks of the fond mother. prayers on behalf of her son or daughter as hurtful, since her love carries her into extravagance and fastidiousnes But his point is that all human being are foolish: none know what is bestive themselves or their beloved ones; and even a mother, with her supreme lovfor her children, only succeeds in ask ing from the Gods what will do then harm. But Juvenal's intense and even exaggerated denunciation 1totally different from the restraine. and more than half-playful tone d Horace, even when his satire > keenest.

In the Epistle which I have just quoted Horace's tone is kindly are serious, such as may cheer the depressed and melancholy spirit of the friend whom he addresses, the poet Tibulis who amid the pine-forests on the outer slopes of the Apennines was vain't seeking for health and escape from the death that pursued him. It passages where he assumes the two of pure comedy, he speaks of mother love for their children.

When fathers all and fond mammgrow pale

At what may happen to their your heirs male;

And courts and levees, town-bred mortals' ills,

Bring fevers on, and break the seak wills. (Epist. I., vii. 7.)

Omnis pater et matercula pallet: is fact that father as well as mother is her mentioned shows that a single passage in not enough to found a rule on.

Again, he addresses the bore who had seized on him in the Sacred Way.

Have you a mother? have you kith or kin
To whom your life is precious?
(SAT. I., ix. 26.)

In another passage the son's duty to his mother is represented as the plea, not of a really loving child, but of the crafty client, begging, indirectly for his own advantage, from a rich patron.

My mother's poor, my sister's dower is due. (Epist. I., xvii. 46.)

Several times Horace, in speaking of a father's training, implies that it was severe; but that is the true type of old Roman manners, and it was felt as a compliment to call a Roman father Severity carried to the extreme is not the most marked quality characteristic of a mother's care for her child. Yet after reading passages like those just quoted, we are not surprised to find that in Horace a mother's care is proverbial for an irksome guardianship, and the minor trained under a mother's charge is pictured as chafing at her discipline and longing for the coming of full age and emancipation.

Slow as the year to the impatient ward Who feels his mother's discipline too hard. (EPIST. I., i. 21.)

The murder of a father, as we saw, is alluded to as the type of utterly incredible crime; but matricide is mentioned in passages that are almost jocular.

Take worthy Scæva now, the spendthrift heir,

And trust his long-lived mother to his care;

He'll lift no hand against her. No, forsooth!

Wolves do not use their heel, nor bulls their tooth:

But deadly hemlock, mingled in the

With honey, will take off the poor old soul. (SAT. II., i. 56.)

And in another place:

When with a rope you kill your wife, with bane

Your aged mother, are you right in brain? (SAT. II., iii. 181.)

These passages are, of course, not serious, but they suggest that no trace exists in Horace of the feeling which lies deep in the heart of some men, both ancient and modern, that mother is almost a sacred name, not to be spoken rudely or jestingly. I need not go over all the places where the word occurs; but any one who does so will be struck with the fact that in the Satires and Epistles the name mother often serves as a beacon to guide us to something jocose and something almost heartless; rarely, if ever, does it occur where the spirit is emotional or tender, whereas, in such passages, the word father is often found.

In all investigations of this kind, it is advisable to leave Horace's Odes out of consideration, except where they are explicitly biographical, because there exists a doubt in most cases whether the poet speaks from his own heart and is not rather simply following a literary pattern. In most of the Odes, even though we cannot specify the Greek model, yet we feel that the topics are selected according to the Greek rules of art and not according to the promptings of the Roman poet's nature. Take, for example, the sentiment of the well-known words:

As on her boy the mother calls, Her boy whom envious tempests keep Beyond the vex'd Carpathian deep. (Odes, IV., v. 9f.)

Here the very name of the sea suggests the influence of a Greek model, for a mother speaking in Italy would naturally name a sea beside the Italian coast as the obstacle, and not a remote and unfamiliar part of the

Greek seas. Hence a passage like this constitutes no argument against the thesis which I am supporting, that Horace's early childhood was not spent under a mother's care, but under a nurse's.

Even as to the passage from which our investigation started, the opinion has been freely expressed that the incident of the doves is a pure invention, on the principle that a Roman lyric poet ought to narrate an omen similar to Pindar's adventure with the bees.1 If that be so, (and it would not be out of keeping with Horace's lyric style), he is careful to bring the marvel down to earth, and surround it with matter-of-fact details, to such an extent that even questions of textual criticism turn into discussions of the poet's home and family. The readings which I believe correct illuminate the situation in which the

poet's earliest years were spent; and the character of the passage demands that facts of that kind should be Herein lies the reason whr stated. Horace selected the word altriz. His father lived in Venusia, where he was in business. But in this Ode we find the son, in his early childhood, in a country-place south of Venna between Acerenza and Forenza. I: suits his purpose to state the circuistances of the marvel in a precise way: and he conveys in a word the reason why it happened near Pullia's hour and not beside his father's house; he was an alumnus playing beside the home of his altrix.

Small as this point is in itself, nothing is devoid of importance which has contributed to form the mind and to determine the expression of one of the great poets, whose work is part the common patrimony of the human race.

W. M. RAMSAY.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Compare the stories told about Stesichorus, Æschylus, Plato, &c.

## IN A GARDEN OF PROVENCE.

It was a rambling country-house, with open casements and blinds drawn outwards to the balcony irons because of the dazzling glare, and a quaint little flower-garden sloping away from the terrace steps, bounded on one side by a grove of olives and on the other by a lichen-clad orchard-wall over whose coping peep the first gold of the orange and the last delicate blossoms of apple A quiet, slumberous old and pear. place it was, with a certain grace about it which our modern villas strive after vainly; very pleasant at all times, and just now looking its best in the opening days of summer. Eastward the view is closed by distant snowy peaks, the last spurs of the Maritime Alps; nearer, beyond the olives, there is a sparkle of light, the flash of the swift-rushing Rhone. You may meet twenty such restful and silent old dwellings on your road from Vienne to Avignon.

It was close upon noon; a gentle breeze ruffled the lowered blinds and wafted out between the lilac-blooms an air which someone within was playing on the mellow notes of an old The garden was deserted, and the flowers, left to themselves, were all astir, chatting with one another or with the butterflies and bees; the former fluttering from bloom to bloom, happy in their gorgeous raiment, and pausing only where the noblest flowers raised their stately heads; the latter, careful citizens as they are, going about their business methodically, droning their budget of scandal concerning the whole countryside into the eager petals. Of course the maxim nothing for nothing holds good

always, and the liliputian merchants took care to get an ample supply of honey in exchange for their tittle-tattle which touched on every thing under the sun, because if nothing be sacred to a sapper, believe me less is sacred to a bee; and I may add that the gain was altogether theirs, since no knowledge is more useless than a knowledge of the sins of men, and to a flower it is the most useless thing on earth.

Rightly or wrongly, however, the flowers were very willing listeners; and when one gets over the ethical considerations it must be admitted that the bees had a good many interesting things to tell, rumours of war, achievements of peace, idyls they had seen amid the low, rounded thyme-crowned hills whither the wind brings the salt scents of the sea, comedies, such as Labiche never dreamed of, played out beneath the broad porches of village inns or under the gay awnings of fairbooths; in a word, the thousand incidents of the great shifting panorama we call life, that huge, tragi-comedy each day sees renewed as if the world had but begun with the morning, and all the garnered experience of six thousand painful years were but an idle figment for the breeze to whirl beyond the walls of the world.

"And you saw it yourself, Monsieur?" asked a knot of sweet Wood-Violets, lifting their meek, innocent faces and trembling with excitement over a tale of rustic gallantry, all the more interesting because its heroine was yellow-haired Agnes, the gardener's daughter.

"With my own eyes," replied the

Bee, "just in the field yonder, where the wild strawberries and honeysuckle grow. He had his arm around her, and the little fool was drinking in his promises; his mouth was so close to her ear that even if I had taken the trouble to buzz she would not have heard me. But, after all, it is her own affair. Jules is a bon garçon, and we bear him no grudge. Why, only last year he refused when his mother wanted him to rob our house in the garden and take us on a fool's errand round the orchard, banging a brass candlestick against a pot-'No, mother,' says he; bottom. 'let the poor things enjoy themselves and keep the honey they stored up with such trouble. God forbid I should rob them of it!' and off he goes, good lad, to the Quatre Fleurs and spends nearly four francs with his comrades; ah, the silver pieces soon melt into golden wine when Babet pours it out! Oh he's good-hearted, is Jules, one of us, you know; you should hear him toasting the Bee and the Violet at the Clefs Croissées. But you have a new ally, I observe, ladies."

"Who?" cried the Violets, eagerly, forgetting the previous subject.

"Why, the Carnations there. They were quite the rage in Paris some years ago; a genius discovered they were poor Boulanger's favourite flower, and thus they got a political and social lift at the same time. I do not care for them so much myself," added the cunning little trimmer, knowing well that the green, acorn-like sheathes would not burst yet awhile; "their perfume is too,—too overpowering; they force the note and invariably convey the idea of cheap popularity."

"But they are so delightfully oldfashioned," simpered the Violets.

"Exactly," replied the Bee; "then let them keep so, say I!" And he rose in what he thought a very elegant manner.

"Ah, there you go," cried a young bud; "what can you see interesting in those awkward yellow things yonder!"

"Ah, Madonna Violetta," responded the Bee with a consolatory buzz, but trembling lest the Daffodik had overheard, as indeed they had, "each of you possesses her own pealiar beauty, and it is absolutely neces sary for me to visit each, for as vot know, I am Nature's tax-gatherer: but you surely cannot doubt where I should stay if inclination only were my guide." And as he flew off, the Daffodils cried to the Violets: "Why give yourselves such airs? Are we not your equals? Every year we light the march of Spring through the blusterous days when you cower be neath your leaves. Our tint is the colour of joy, yours, of repentance and shame. We bloom even in the under-world, and keep Aurora's tear between our petals. If Virgil san of you, he sang of us also. There is a garden in Tarentum whose perfum has come down through the ages."

"Where do you intend going for the season, Monsieur Papillon?" asked: tall young languid Lily learning agains her supporting pole; she spoke slowly with a curious drop at the end of her sentences, and gave the impression of being very much surprised at her sur roundings. Her companion was a gorgeous butterfly clad in crimson white, and gold, as perfect a course, as ever lounged upon the gilded stair case of Versailles.

"I have not yet decided," he re plied, speaking with becoming gravity "to the Ionian Isles, I think, ultimately; but one cannot be quite surthe East is hardly desirable at present. My plans will, of course, in great measure depend upon the wind

"And so Henriette Normande to marry a De Joinville!" continue the Lily.

"Yes, and they say a good match to

"Oh, no doubt, — for her. The family is most distinguished, — the Crusades, you know, and so on; her grandfather was a pork-butcher at Marseilles; I had it on the best authority."

"But she has been carefully educated," remarked the Butterfly.

"Yes, and from her earliest youth, too," assented the Lily; "such associations may do a good deal. It was at a branch house of the Sacred Heart, where Mademoiselle's neice is going through her novitiate; that one just over the hill."

"Yes, yes, I observed it the other day," answered the Butterfly, with a fine pretence of enthusiasm. "Attracted by the incense, I flew in; High Mass was being celebrated, and the nuns were singing behind a screen; it was heavenly, the faces hidden, but the voices,—ah, exquisite! I flew along the nave, for indeed, the incense was rather overpowering, and I succeeded in catching a glimpse of the young lady. She has the white veil now."

"I trust she will persevere," the Lily remarked judicially. "I heard some gossip among the other flowers about her parentage,—nothing disreputable, I assure you,—but Mademoiselle has been very kind to the poor young woman. Listen, how prettily she plays that morceau. By the way, I am looking forward to my own reception, for I also am intended for the Church," the white flower went on, looking if possible more stately than ever.

"Oh, indeed; but you will not leave us yet awhile," observed the Butterfly anxiously, "now when life is just beginning to unfold?"

"Ah, where better could I yield my life and my perfume," replied the Lily, "than within those sacred walls, amid the peace which passes all under standing?" "Where, indeed?" echoed the courtier, who was beginning to feel the least bit bored. "I congratulate you; you will hear the nuns sing."

"Ah, sir, you should reserve your congratulations for my sister here, who is only a green spiral yet. She is to be presented on the Fête Dieu. that is, if those who rule the destinies of this unhappy country permit the festival," said the flower with something approaching animation. "For myself, I assure you it is no sacrifice to leave this place; there are few here with whom I have anything in common, except an English rose who comes from Warwickshire, and she is too far away. Her fate is harder than mine; they planted her between the pagan Centifolia and that creature Valérie Marneffe. am sure she feels her position keenly. Oh, tell me, does François De Brissac still belong to the Hussars?"

"No; he left the regiment as soon as he married; but he will soon enter the Chamber as deputy for his province; we think it a certainty."

"I am not surprised he left the service," remarked the Lily languidly; "the personnel of the Army has changed much. They give commissions to the rank and file now, nor is it at all unlikely that we may one day see our gardener's son with the epaulets of a lieutenant, if he choose to remain after his term has expired,-imagine those people choosing to do anything! But what would you have? They banished the Church from the State, and it is only right they should banish the gentleman from the Army. have even taken me from banners, as if resolved to cast aside the last thing which could remind them of the glorious days when the golden lilies waved above the levelled spears and fell or flew where the noblest deeds were done. No land ever had a more haughty standard

than the flag of Arques and Ivry," continued the flower, oddly enough in all conscience; and through the opened casements came the notes of that air which once sent the mad blood bounding in swollen veins one fateful October night in old Versailles, when the flash of Marie Antoinette's imperial eyes found answer in the gleam of unsheathed swords. The Lily bent her noble head to better catch the stirring sounds, but with them came a vulgar tittering from a bed of tri-coloured Annuals! She did not feel ridiculous: it is the compensation of faith; but she did not care for unsympathetic laughter any more than you or I.

"We are tired of this old regime nonsense" they cried. "Henri Quatre was the best king the lilies ever saw, better a thousand times than the dancing-master they called great; but he was only fit to command a cavalry division under the little Corporal. For all your boasting you never made the grand tour!"

"I never knew a Waterloo or a Sedan," the Lily condescended to reply, and the Annuals were stricken dumb. Being only ignorant little things, they had never heard of Courtrai, or Pavia, or Minden. And here be it observed that every repartee has its rejoinder, as every thrust its parry,—but one must have learned it; so, the great secret of saying crushing things is to know your man.

Seeing the Lily taken up with the music and disposed to regard everything very seriously, the Butterfly, after a graceful leave-taking, poised himself daintily, and then fluttered away down the trellis-shaded walks where clematis, passion-flower, and sweet jasmine blended their foliage.

Just opposite, where the ivy-clad orchard-wall served as a boundary, the White Rose, of which the Lily had spoken, was looking very mortified. She had permitted herself to be drawn into a discussion by La Valérie, a discussion which began with fashions and ended with politics.

"You weary me with your White Rose leagues and all the paraphernalia of dilettante conspiracy," the latter was saying. "Do you dream that those whom you call Socialists will dethrone the Guelphs to ask you back! Oh fools, as if men who see through the farce of a constitutional monarchy would endure you again and your discredited trumpery! Ah, you Legitimists and Ultramontanes, you never have succeeded, and you never will You are always behind the age, but you will die rather than admit it You are plagiarists as well as failure: what your fathers cursed you admit and what you curse to-day your children will accept to-morrow. Yes cannot dare a great crime, but stand aside with hand on lip to profit by those of others, for, alas, you cannot forget the part you and the Lily yonder once played. But there were giant in those days, and you are no giant. You would hold the balance of power again, -will you get it by whimpering! One plot hatched under the Borgis skull-cap, one stroke of his son's good sword, were worth all the prayers you have said or sung in the ears of the laughing world. It is only by crime successful crime, that men are ruled But you, poor dreamers, if you had the brains to plan you have not the nerve to execute."

The Stuart Rose was paler that her wont, yet she answered gently. "I did not know we wanted courage. I thought we had given proof of even in those days. A crime is always a blunder. Cæsar Borgia did not will even the success you value so highly all his evil deeds, all his breathlest ambitions profited him nothing; has an eagle it is true, but a chaine one; he could not fly farther than his master Charles chose to allow him

The Rè di Romagna died in exile, when all is said."

"And how did your last Stuart King die?" answered Valérie; but the White Rose was silent.

"Aha, you know," pursued the other remorselessly. "Such are your gods, and yet you wonder that you are never on the winning side."

"Truth and Justice rarely are," retorted the White Queen.

"You are only one whit less ridiculous than that idiotic Tournesol who stared us all out of countenance last year," continued Valérie.

"Fidelity must ever be a riddle and a jest to such as you," said the White Rose calmly.

The Annuals tittered; they disliked her but appreciated retort. This stung La Valérie to fury. "After all," she remarked, "you are no better than anyone else, all white as you are. If the gardener did not mulch your roots with manure every spring you would not be quite so splendid, I fancy."

Now this was vulgar, and furthermore had nothing whatever to do with the subject under discussion; but the White Queen, disdaining this advantage and the obvious reply, treated her rival with a chilling contempt, answering nothing but serenely lifting her noble clusters against the deep blue of the sky in a way the other could never imitate. The latter felt the insult and took refuge in a sneer.

"Ah my dear, you are too pure," she said. "In a world such as this the only place for you should be some snow-clad inaccessible height."

"And the only place for you is the Quartier Breda," replied the White Queen coldly.

Valérie was not at all annoyed; on the contrary her wicked buds shook all over with hidden laughter. "Eh bien!" she cried. "I should not object; it would at least be amusing. I have not seen a pleasant face since last Carnival."

"What are you saying about the Quartier Breda?" asked the Centifolia looking up. She had been dozing, and her splendid pink beauty glowed as she woke refreshed. "What do you know of life? You should have seen the Suburra the year Verres came home from Cilicia, or when Clodius was tribune. Ohe! how he did hunt that poor vain Cicero from pillar to post; I remember well the day they pelted him out of the forum, and his black-robed crowd too. You talk of your Carnivals; bah, you ought have seen the Saturnalia in the days of Messalina or Fausta! What can you know of the sights I saw, you children of yesterday? The masters of the world loved me and wore my blossoms. I tell you, I witnessed spectacles the historians have never told you of, and heard poems lost for ever. I saw the face of Orestella when she learned how Catiline fell; I watched the grooved visage of Sulla looking down upon the Rome whose hate he scorned, thinking it may have been of the blood which the springs of Ædipsus could not wash away. I knew the one woman Horace married, but never owned, nor ever sang of,—she was a Sabine. know the reason of Ovid's banishment. I crowned the low, wanton forehead of Cytheris when she recited young Virgil's ecloque to the Romans: you should have seen the eyes of Gallus devouring her,-the poor fool who slew himself in Egypt because they called him robber, as if one thief more or less mattered to my Rome! Aye, and that sprightly jade Arbuscula carried a handful of my blooms the very time she shouted to the howling plebs Satis est equitem mihi plaudere! Gods, how they roared! Your scholars wrangle still over the identity of Cynthia. Pshaw, I knew golden

Cynthia well; a commonplace wanton; if you threw a stone anywhere in the Rue de Rivoli to-day you would strike one of her sisters. Many and many a day have I watched her whirling down the Appian Way in her brazen chariot, as if ædiles were not, with the Molossian dogs, their silver collars glittering in the sun, bounding beside her, while the idlers at the taverndoors bandied her name between them as one tosses the ball at trigon. and often have I seen that sensitive poet she fooled so cleverly coming along the Sacred Way to buy my clusters, and other things he could less afford; and at night the petals of those same roses fell, withered by the banquet-lights, from her hot brows into the wine she loved too well; and he, watching, saw in them only a symbol of life's joys, and not of his wasted life. Oh I knew them all, soldiers, poets, idlers, gentle maids and haughty matrons, courtezans,all; and they have not changed one whit. They are the same to-day those mortals, throwing flowers at the carnival in Nice yonder or watching the bull-fighters and wrestlers at Marseilles. Ah the old life! I hear you talk of banquets, what would you say if you had supped with Lucullus in the Hall of Apollo? Lucullus, there was a man! How would your under-bred millionaires show beside him? Many a time I have watched him walking in his gardens on the Pincian where the ilex boughs diapered the ways, just as they do today, I dare say, when the sun shines. By Pollux! he was lucky in not living longer, or the imperial harlot who coveted those gardens of his would have dealt with him as she did with Valerius Asiaticus. Venus, what a jade she was, with her brow of bronze and jaw of steel! But the eye was a queen's through it all; she never killed her Roman soul. Aye, would

you believe it? I watched with her that last awful night when the storm from Ostia had broken, and when deserted by all save the mother who bore her, she sobbed the hours away. Aye, I heard them talk and murnur together of many things; and if suck knowledge may appease the spirits of the dead they must have found sweet solace in the knowing that she tasted at length what she had made other feel, as she cursed and cursed again her nerveless hand! Yet, when the dawn and death came, she met them not unworthily, I thought."

"Oh cease," murmured a noble Provence Rose blowing near; "your Rome was all blood and mud!"

"Nay, not so; they were good to... those Roman dames," replied the Centifolia dreamily, "and they loved me Think of Octavia taking that drunken fool's children into her how when Actium had avenged his insulta Have you never heard of Agrippina the pride of Roman matrons or of Cecilia Metella? I knew them bott. and that gentle lady her husband called the light of his house. But I loves Octavia best; the sweet dame, it seems only yesterday I saw her seated beside Augustus, listening to Virgil. silver voice extolling the lost hope of Rome. Ah, how her head dropped when he came to the line Tu Maralle eris!"

"He was well paid for that," remarked an odd, wheezing voice; it came from a spray of Ivy nodding it the breeze.

"And what if he was, old eavedropper?" cried the Centifolia, angreat the interruption, and moreovedisliking the Ivy who is, gardeners will tell you, the enemy of all flowers.

"Only this," replied the Ive smoothly; "that if one elects to celebrate departed worth, it surely in no disadvantage if the deceased has imperial relations. The brothers Sosii could hardly afford ten thousand sesterces a line. After all, a good deal depends upon the power of selection, as the critics say. But you were speaking of good women; surely the list is not exhausted; there were saints in Cæsar's household?"

"There were, and beyond it," answered the Centifolia gallantly. "I have known them as numerous as your leaves upon that wall; yet, they are all gone, forgotten just like the petals of my roses which bloomed two thousand years ago!"

"Dites moi où en quel pays Est Flora, la belle Romaine," quoted La Valérie flippantly.

"What do you know about those things," continued the Centifolia turning on her, "you who can only tell us dull tales of the boulevards and the absinthe-drinkers? Or even you, White Queen? When you are not sulking you are edifying us with pious conversation, as Père Meudon calls it, though he always smiles saying so, for he is a dear human creature. By Hercules! I have seen priests just like him sunning themselves upon the Capitol steps a thousand times, simple kindly men who kept my Rome sweet by their lives. Look there, where that slip is leafing in the corner yonder; he planted it last October, and told Mademoiselle a story about one Francis d'Assissi and roses that bloomed twice in the year on account of his sanctity. Well, my sisters, I shook all over, for of course I remembered Pæstum and its twice blooming roses,—biferique rosaria Pæsti. course he believed it; but there is no new thing under the sun as the Jewish book says."

The White Rose felt called upon to testify. "You do not distinguish between a miracle and a merely natural phenomenon," she said quietly.

The Centifolia made a noise with

her leaves, which in a mortal would have been equivalent to the sound produced by fillipping the tongue against the roof of the mouth. "I do not deny anything you say, my lady," she observed; "and I decline to draw distinctions. I am not a Greek; but you are by no means so original as you would have usbelieve. All you taught has been taught before you."

"But," cried Valérie, "she practised

what you preached!"

"You will spare me your champiouship," said the White Rose coldly.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," observed the Ivy to the Provence Rose. "Oh, my cabbage, how those Christians love one another! Kill them all; God will know His own!"

The flower grew a deep red, crimson as the blood that flowed at Beziers, but she did not take the bait. "You shall not set us by the ears," she said. "You act as if you were a mortal; why were you not a man? Machiavelli would have appreciated you."

"There were worse than he," answered the Ivy. "I am older than any of you, and I should know the world by this; and to know men is to despise them."

"And to know women?" asked Valérie, who had overheard.

The Ivy's leaves twinkled leeringly in the sun, but there was no reply, and the Centifolia shook her buds indignantly. "By Pollux, this old fellow wearies me with his shrugs!" she cried. "Oh Bacchus, why did you choose so crabbed a thing to wreathe your thyrsus, when you had my blooms?"

"Because Bacchus knew love is only a thing of an hour, but that folly is perennial; and so he took a plant that never fades to crown his winecup, emblem of the maddest folly of all, the folly which buys forgetfulness at such a price."

"Hear how he preaches," whispered the Centifolia.

"Ah, my sermons do not hurt," retorted the Ivy, "for, as the Devil said when he took the Priest's place, there is no unction in them."

"Come," said Valérie, "you must have known something good in all your time; did you ever meet a woman like the dead ladies the Centifolia has told us of, a woman you could respect?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the Ivy; because I think all women equally

worthy of respect."

"Oh Bacchus, how he carps!"
muttered the Centifolia. "What do
you here in a garden? Get back to
the libraries and the critics, and
poison them with your own bitterness."

"Let us hear about the good woman the Ivy knew," continued La Valérie; "it is sure to be amusing. Was she a Vestal?"

"She died one," replied the Ivy drily; "and whether it be amusing, you shall judge. Once upon a time there lived two sisters in Rome, born at the same birth and as much alike as two of your twin buds. Thev were called Hilaria and Claudia. The former was a Vestal; the latter dwelt with her father and brothers on the Cœlian Hill in a mansion whose atrium boasted trophies of the Jugurthine and Mithridatic wars. Hers was a pleasant life, and the hour when she should be borne over the threshold of a husband's home was rapidly approaching with each day's march of a returning legion in which her betrothed, one Sempronius, held a command. had been engaged two years before, on the eve of his departure for a Parthian campaign. She was a winsome wench, keeping something of the high Roman look about the eyes; many a time I noted it as I watched her tripping down to the forum to consult the Golden Milestone, the focus of the myriad roads that

ran to Rome, or over to the Aventine where she would weary Diana for an And she got one, I recollect; it said happiness should come to her through the Capenan Gate. Poor maid, she was delighted, for, as you know, the gate spanned the Appian Way by which the legion would enter the city from Brundusium; but I understood. On the same day she received another message by no means so oracular. It informed her that the fatal misfortune of discovery had befallen her sister, who had chosen to solace her dreary hours by playing Egeria to the Nums of an unknown lover, though there were whispers that he was no other than the madman who then ruled the Empire. The penalty was death, and Hilaria prayed for help. Claudia was rich: the guards were bribed; and that night the sisters fled from the They might as well have stayed on the Coelian, for the walls of Rome stretched then from the Pillars of Hercules to the banks of the Euphrate. Next day the lictors came up with them at shadow-haunted Tibur. The guilty sister strove to stab herself, bu: failing fainted; Claudia surrendered herself as the Vestal, and ere the morrow's noon drank the hemlod which had been mercifully substituted for the older punishment."

"But where was the other!" cried

"Ah, this is the amusing part," replied the Ivy. "Finding herself, a returning to consciousness, alone, and divining what had occurred, Hilari retraced her steps and sought, like some poor hunted thing, the how upon the Cælian. Here she was actually received as Claudia, and taking up the thread of her sister's like cultivated, you may believe, the fallentis semita vitæ. Finally she marre. Sempronius, as Claudia, and made him a very good wife; but it was most amusing to see her going gravely in the seminal state.

the temple of Juno on great festival days, like the Matronalia, though she always kept within doors on that of the Vestalia."

"How accommodating of Sempronius!" said the Rose dreamily.

"Oh, he was thinking only of her dower, and how it might yet help him to a consulship," answered the Ivy. "A proud, pre-occupied, ambitious fool! Such men have ever made laughter for Olympus."

"And Claudia?" asked La Valérie.

"Ah, they never spoke of her," replied the Ivy. "Besides, she was not so great a heroine after all, for she secretly hoped Vesta would vindicate her as she vindicated the other Claudia; but the age of miracles was past. However, it is all one now."

The Centifolia expanded her leaves. "That is quite true," she said. "Oh, the millions I have seen, just like Claudia! She was fortunate in dying at once; but the others,—waiting on the happiness of some selfish woman, or worse, upon the gratitude of some man! Righteousness, abnegation,—I never saw either come to more than badness. The good die and are forgotten, as are the bad; only their days are sadder,—that is all!"

La Valérie uttered a short laughing rustle; the White Queen disdained reply.

"Oh shame upon you sisters!" said a gentle voice from a clump of Way Bennet, a learned plant which had bloomed in many a Benedictine garden. "Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten. Did not a poet, older than any your Rome knew, say that though the path of virtue was steep, yet not one drop of sweat from upward-toiling mortals would be lost? And were they happy, those mighty Cæsars? Ah, you could ell how their faces looked when the mask slipped aside, and they thought :hemselves alone! It is not in fable >raly that the Furies pursue Orestes. And even men themselves bear witness. Yonder, in that England whence the White Rose comes, there is a mighty abbey, and in it the graves of two queens. One was great and lionhearted, and died the mistress of a glorious realm; the other died upon a scaffold! Yet, for one who goes to see Elizabeth's eagle face looking upward from her alabaster bed, a hundred throng to find the spot where Marie lies."

"Paul, Paul, thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian!" sneered the Centifolia.

"And they grow better, those poor mortals who love us so well," said a tuft of Lavender over whose spikes two white butterflies were hovering. "The shadow of the Cross has not fallen upon the world in vain. The Empire which to-day has taken the place of Rome in men's eyes is better than the Rome we knew, the Empire——"

"Republic, if you please," remarked La Valérie, humbly.

"Forgive me," murmured the Lavender; "our France yields to none, and if we seek for goodness we need not cross her frontier. Only the allseeing God can tell what priests like Père Meudon do in this groaning world; if we seek for good women we need not go beyond our Mademoiselle. Upstairs in her chamber is a bridaldress carefully laid away with my sprays among its folds; it is made after a fashion forgotten these thirty years. The man whom she was to marry jilted her. She never complained, but went her way as before, though she wept sometimes. married the woman who had won his fickle love, but falling on evil times and sickness, she deserted him and his child. When he died Mademoiselle sought her out, a girl of seventeen now, and strove vainly to save her from the road whither her instincts pointed. Trouble lost, you say!

Wait; no good thing is ever done in vain. Only last week Père Meudon received a letter written from that unhappy woman's death-bed, praying forgiveness of Mademoiselle and commending to her care her own little daughter whom she would have rescued from the life and the fate of her illstarred mother. Do you not think Mademoiselle's sweet patience blossomed and bore fruit? Père Meudon brings the child here to-day, the grandchild of the man who wrought so cruel Ah, my sisters, goodness a wrong. grows unseen of mortal eyes; but vice flaunts herself in the streets, and so men are blinded, seeing only the outside of things."

"I never knew before that the linen-press was so excellent a field for observation," observed La Valérie.

"I was the companion of queens," said the little grey lady coldly. "I have known the home-lives of the women in that far-off England we spoke of, and I know the grey old world must grow better if the hand which rocks the cradle rules it. From splendid Eliza to imperial Victoria I have companioned them; and I am sure that for one good woman of ancient Rome I could count a thousand, east and west, daughters of the great Empire which I have watched increase until it shadowed the globe."

"Nevertheless, the sun shines brightly here," said Valérie Marneffe. She uttered the phrase so lightly that she seemed unconscious of its significance; but the Lily, who had often caught the brave smile upon the face of Jeanne D'Arc, looked across the garden towards the Warwick Rose, who answered with a clear, high glance; the Marguerites nodded gaily to a dancing sprig of yellow Broom, and the Pansies to the knightly Columbine

growing beside some Trefoil in an unweeded border. The Lavender was silent.

"Ah, why should we quarrel for names?" said the Herb Bennett gently. "We belong to the world we are the dear God's gift to mortals. Let us brighten their brief and troubled hours as we may, for soon the night comes and they see us no more. Oh the pity of their little lives! How they fret and struggle and plan, as if they had Eternity behind them,—they who cannot count upon an instant of time! But still through it all they do fight on, wounded by their sins, blinded by their senses, to the goal where Truth stands waiting—

"Quid est Veritas," interrupted the Centifolia wearily. "What a pity Pilate did not stay for an answer; it would have saved much ink!"

The Ivy twinkled. "How little you know men!" he said. "It would have made no difference; they would squabble about authorised versions at the same."

"But they are getting better, you know," coold La Valérie. "The lion will lie down with the lamb presently, — when he has finished dinner. Progress? they babble over some such shibboleth at the end of every century. Yesterday it was Jear Jacques Rousseau: to-day it is some other charlatan; but they remain beasts and fools always."

"Nevertheless," said the Ivy, in the charitable hope of provoking: fresh discussion, "they are very interesting studies. Evil we can under stand and expect; but when all is said there remains a vast residuum of ur accountable good in human nature."

Then the flowers were silent, for up the gravelled walk came an old man leading a little child.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

## THE BLUE ROOM.

It happened twice in my time. will never happen again, they say, since Miss Erristoun (Mrs. Arthur, that is now,) and Mr. Calder-Maxwell between them found out the secret of the haunted room, and laid the ghost; for ghost it was, though at the time Mr. Maxwell gave it another name, Latin, I fancy, but all I can remember about it now is that it somehow reminded me of poultry-rearing. the housekeeper at Mertoun Towers, as my aunt was before me, and her aunt before her, and first of all my greatgrandmother, who was a distant cousin of the Laird, and had married the chaplain, but being left penniless at her husband's death, was thankful to accept the post which has ever since been occupied by one of her descen-It gives us a sort of standing with the servants, being, as it were, related to the family; and Sir Archibald and my Lady have always acknowledged the connection, and treated us with more freedom than would be accorded to ordinary dependants.

Mertoun has been my home from the time I was eighteen. Something occurred then of which, since it has nothing to do with this story, I need only say that it wiped out for ever any idea of marriage on my part, and I came to the Towers to be trained under my aunt's vigilant eye for the duties in which I was one day to succeed her.

Of course I knew there was a story about the blue tapestry room. Everyone knew that, though the old Laird had given strict orders that the subject should not be discussed among the servants, and always discouraged any allusion to it on the part of his family and guests. But there is a strange fascination about everything connected with the supernatural, and orders or no orders, people, whether gentle or simple, will try to gratify their curiosity; so a good deal of surreptitious talk went on both in the drawing-room and the servants' hall, and hardly a guest came to the house but would pay a visit to the Blue Room and ask all manner of questions about the ghost. The odd part of the business was that no one knew what the ghost was supposed to be, or even if there were any ghost at all. I tried hard to get my aunt to tell me some details of the legend, but she always reminded me of Sir Archibald's orders, and added that the tale most likely started with the superstitious fancy of people who lived long ago and were very ignorant, certain Lady Barbara because a Mertoun had died in that room.

I reminded her that people must have died, at some time or other, in pretty nearly every room in the house, and no one had thought of calling them haunted, or hinting that it was unsafe to sleep there.

She answered that Sir Archibald himself had used the Blue Room, and one or two other gentlemen, who had passed the night there for a wager, and they had neither seen nor heard anything unusual. For her part, she added, she did not hold with people wasting their time thinking of such folly, when they had much better be giving their minds to their proper business.

Somehow her professions of incredu-

lity did not ring true, and I wasn't satisfied, though I gave up asking questions. But if I said nothing, I thought the more, and often when my duties took me to the Blue Room I would wonder why, if nothing had happened there, and there was no real mystery, the room was never used; it had not even a mattress on the fine carved bedstead, which was only covered by a sheet to keep it from the dust. And then I would steal into the portrait gallery to look at the great picture of the Lady Barbara, who had died in the full bloom of her youth, no one knew why, for she was just found one morning stiff and cold, stretched across that fine bed under the blue tapestried canopy.

She must have been a beautiful woman, with her great black eyes and splendid auburn hair, though I doubt her beauty was all on the outside, for she had belonged to the gayest set of the Court, which was none too respectable in those days, if half the tales one hears of it are true; and indeed a modest lady would hardly have been painted in such a dress, all slipping off her shoulders, and so thin that one can see right through the There must have been something queer about her too, for they do say her father-in-law, who was known as the wicked Lord Mertoun, would not have her buried with the rest of the family; but that might have been his spite, because he was angry that she had no child, and her husband, who was but a sickly sort of man, dying of consumption but a month later, there was no direct heir; so that with the old Lord the title became extinct, and the estates passed to the Protestant branch of the family, of which the present Sir Archibald Mertoun is the head. Be that as it may, Lady Barbara lies by herself in the churchyard, near the lych-gate, under a grand marble tomb indeed, but all

alone, while her husband's coffin haits place beside those of his brother who died before him, among their ancestors and descendants in the great vault under the chancel.

I often used to think about her, and wonder why she died, and how: and then It happened and the mysten grew deeper than ever.

There was a family-gathering that Christmas, I remember, the first Christmas for many years that had been kept at Mertoun, and we had been very busy arranging the roomfor the different guests, for on New Year's Eve there was a ball in the neighbourhood, to which Lady Mertoun was taking a large party, and for that night, at least, the hone was as full as it would hold.

I was in the linen-room, helping :sort the sheets and pillow-covers for
the different beds, when my Lady
came in with an open letter in her
hand.

She began to talk to my aunt in a low voice, explaining something which seemed to have put her out, for when I returned from carrying a pile of linen to the head-housemaid, I heard her say: "It is too annoying to up-all one's arrangements at the last moment. Why couldn't she have left the girl at home and brought another maid, who could be squeezed in some where without any trouble?"

I gathered that one of the visites. Lady Grayburn, had written that she was bringing her companion, and a she had left her maid, who was ill a home, she wanted the young lady that a bedroom adjoining hers, so that she might be at hand to give any her that was required. The request seems a trifling matter enough in itself, her it just so happened that there really was no room at liberty. Every betroom on the first corridor was occupied, with the exception of the Black Room, which, as ill-luck would have

it, chanced to be next to that arranged for Lady Grayburn.

My aunt made several suggestions, but none of them seemed quite practicable, and at last my Lady broke out: "Well, it cannot be helped; you must put Miss Wood in the Blue Room. It is only for one night, and she won't know anything about that silly story."

"Oh, my Lady!" my aunt cried, and I knew by her tone that she had not spoken the truth when she professed to think so lightly of the ghost.

"I can't help it," her Ladyship answered: "beside I don't believe there is anything really wrong with the room. Sir Archibald has slept there, and he found no cause for complaint."

"But a woman, a young woman," my aunt urged; "indeed I wouldn't run such a risk, my Lady; let me put one of the gentlemen in there, and Miss Wood can have the first room in the west corridor."

"And what use would she be to Lady Grayburn out there?" said her Ladyship. "Don't be foolish, my good Marris. Unlock the door between the two rooms; Miss Wood can leave it open if she feels nervous; but I shall not say a word about that foolish superstition, and I shall be very much annoyed if any one else does so."

She spoke as if that settled the question, but my aunt wasn't easy. "The Laird," she murmured; "what will he say to a lady being put to sleep there?"

"Sir Archibald does not interfere in household arrangements. Have the Blue Room made ready for Miss Wood at once. I will take the responsibility,—if there is any."

On that her Ladyship went away, and there was nothing for it but to carry out her orders. The Blue Room was prepared, a great fire lighted, and when I went round last thing to see all was in order for the visitor's arrival, I couldn't but think how handsome and comfortable it looked. were candles burning brightly on the toilet-table and chimney-piece, and a fine blaze of logs on the wide hearth. I saw nothing had been overlooked, and was closing the door when my eyes fell on the bed. It was crumpled just as if someone had thrown themselves across it, and I was vexed that the housemaids should have been so careless, especially with the smart new quilt. I went round, and patted up the feathers, and smoothed the counterpane, just as the carriages drove under the window.

By and by Lady Grayburn and Miss Wood came up-stairs, and knowing they had brought no maid, I went to assist in the unpacking. I was a long time in her Ladyship's room, and when I'd settled her I tapped at the next door and offered to help Miss Wood. Lady Grayburn followed me almost immediately to inquire the whereabouts of some keys. She spoke very sharply, I thought, to her companion, who seemed a timid, delicate slip of a girl, with nothing noticeable about her except her hair, which was lovely, pale golden, and heaped in thick coils all round her small head.

"You will certainly be late," Lady Grayburn said. "What an age you have been, and you have not half finished unpacking yet." The young lady murmured something about there being so little time. "You have had time to sprawl on the bed instead of getting ready," was the retort, and as Miss Wood meekly denied the imputation, I looked over my shoulder at the bed, and saw there the same strange indentation I had noticed It made my heart beat faster, for without any reason at all I felt certain that crease must have something to do with Lady Barbara.

Miss Wood didn't go to the ball. She had supper in the schoolroom with the young ladies' governess, and as I heard from one of the maids that she was to sit up for Lady Grayburn, I took her some wine and sandwiches about twelve o'clock. She stayed in the schoolroom, with a book, till the first party came home soon after two. I'd been round the rooms with the housemaid to see the fires were kept up, and I wasn't surprised to find that queer crease back on the bed again; indeed, I sort of expected it. I said nothing to the maid, who didn't seem to have noticed anything out of the way, but I told my aunt, and though she answered sharply that I was talking nonsense, she turned quite pale, and I heard her mutter something under breath that sounded like "God help her!"

I slept badly that night, for, do what I would, the thought of that poor young lady alone in the Blue Room kept me awake and restless. I was nervous, I suppose, and once, just as I was dropping off, I started up, fancying I'd heard a scream. I opened my door and listened, but there wasn't a sound, and after waiting a bit I crept back to bed, and lay there shivering till I fell asleep.

The household wasn't astir as early as usual. Every one was tired after the late night, and tea wasn't to be sent to the ladies till half-past nine. My aunt said nothing about the ghost, but I noticed she was fidgety, and asked almost first thing if anyone had been to Miss Wood's room. I was telling her that Martha, one of the housemaids, had just taken up the tray, when the girl came running in with a scared, white face. "For pity's sake, Mrs. Marris," she cried, "come to the Blue Room; something awful has happened!"

My aunt stopped to ask no questions. She ran straight up-stairs, and as I followed I heard her muttering to herself, "I knew it, I knew it. Oh Lord! what will my Lady feel like now?"

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget that poor girl's face. It was just as if she'd been frozen with terror. Her eyes were wide open and fixed, and her little hands clenched in the coverlet on each side of her as she lay across the bed in the very place where that crease had been.

Of course the whole house was aroused. Sir Archibald sent one of the grooms post-haste for the doctor, but he could do nothing when is came; Miss Wood had been dead for at least five hours.

It was a sad business. All the visitors went away as soon as possible, except Lady Grayburn, who was obliged to stay for the inquest.

In his evidence, the doctor stated death was due to failure of heartaction, occasioned possibly by some sudden shock; and though the jury did not say so in their verdict, it was an open secret that they blamed her Ladyship for permitting Miss Wood to sleep in the haunted room. N. one could have reproached her merbitterly than she did herself, por lady; and if she had done wrong she certainly suffered for it, for she never recovered from the shock of that dreadful morning, and became mor or less of an invalid till her death five vears later.

All this happened in 184—. It was fifty years before another woman slept in the Blue Room, and fifty years had brought with them manichanges. The old Laird was gathere to his fathers, and his son, the present Sir Archibald, reigned in French his sons were grown men, and Mr. Charles, the eldest, married, with a fine little boy of his own. My aunt had been dead many a year, and I was an old woman, though activities.

and able as ever to keep the maids up to their work. They take more looking after now, I think, than in the old days before there was so much talk of education, and when young women who took service thought less of dress and more of dusting. Not but what education is a fine thing in its proper place, that is, for gentlefolk. If Miss Erristoun, now, hadn't been the clever, strong-minded young lady she is, she'd never have cleared the Blue Room of its terrible secret, and lived to make Mr. Arthur the happiest man alive.

He'd taken a great deal of notice of her when she first came in the summer to visit Mrs. Charles, and I wasn't surprised to find she was one of the guests for the opening of the shooting-season. It wasn't a regular house-party (for Sir Archibald and Lady Mertoun were away), but just half-a-dozen young ladies, friends of Mrs. Charles, who was but a girl herself, and as many gentlemen that Mr. Charles and Mr. Arthur had invited. And very gay they were, what with lunches at the covert-side, and tennis-parties, and little dances got up at a few hours' notice, and sometimes of an evening they'd play hide-and-seek all over the house just as if they'd been so many children.

It surprised me at first to see Miss Erristoun, who was said to be so learned, and had held her own with all the gentlemen at Cambridge, playing with the rest like any ordinary young lady; but she seemed to enjoy the fun as much as any one, and was always first in any amusement that was planned. I didn't wonder at Mr. Arthur's fancying her, for she was a handsome girl, tall and finely made, and carried herself like a princess. She had a wonderful head of hair, too, so long, her maid told me, it touched the ground as she sat on a chair to have it brushed. Everybody seemed to take to her, but I soon noticed it was Mr. Arthur or Mr. Calder-Maxwell she liked best to be with.

Mr. Maxwell is a Professor now, and a great man at Oxford; but then he was just an undergraduate the same as Mr. Arthur, though more studious, for he'd spend hours in the library poring over those old books full of queer black characters, that they say the wicked Lord Mertoun collected in the time of King Charles the Second. Now and then Miss Erristoun would stay indoors to help him, and it was something they found out in their studies that gave them the clue to the secret of the Blue Room.

For a long time after Miss Wood's death all mention of the ghost was strictly forbidden. Neither the Laird nor her Ladyship could bear the slightest allusion to the subject, and the Blue Room was kept locked, except when it had to be cleaned and But as the years went by aired. the edge of the tragedy wore off, and by degrees it grew to be just a story that people talked about in much the same way as they had done when I first came to the Towers; and if many believed in the mystery and speculated as to what the ghost could be, there were others who didn't hesitate to declare Miss Wood's dying in that room was a mere coincidence, and had nothing to do with supernatural agency. Miss Erristoun was one of those who held most strongly to this theory. She didn't believe a bit in ghosts, and said straight out that there wasn't any of the tales told of haunted houses which could not be traced to natural causes, if people had courage and science enough to investigate them thoroughly.

It had been very wet all that day, and the gentlemen had stayed indoors, and nothing would serve Mrs. Charles but they should all have an old-fashioned tea in my room and "talk ghosts," as she called it. They made me tell them all I knew about the Blue Room, and it was then, when every one was discussing the story and speculating as to what the ghost could be, that Miss Erristoun spoke up. "The poor girl had heart-complaint," she finished by saying, "and she would have died the same way in any other room."

"But what about the other people who have slept there?" someone ob-

jected.

"They did not die. Old Sir Archibald came to no harm, neither did Mr. Hawksworth, nor the other man. They were healthy, and had plenty of pluck, so they saw nothing."

"They were not women," put in Mrs. Charles; "you see the ghost only appears to the weaker sex."

"That proves the story to be a mere legend," Miss Erristoun said with decision. "First it was reported that everyone who slept in the room died. Then one or two men did sleep there, and remained alive; so the tale had to be modified, and since one woman could be proved to have died suddenly there, the fatality was represented as attaching to women only. If a girl with a sound constitution and good nerve were once to spend the night in that room, your charming family-spectre would be discredited for ever."

There was a perfect chorus of dissent. None of the ladies could agree, and most of the gentlemen doubted whether any woman's nerve would stand the ordeal. The more they argued the more Miss Erristoun persisted in her view, till at last Mrs. Charles got vexed, and cried: "Well, it is one thing to talk about it, and another to do it. Confess now, Edith, you daren't sleep in that room yourself."

"I dare and I will," she answered directly. "I don't believe in ghosts,

and I am ready to stand the test. I will sleep in the Blue Room to-night, if you like, and to-morrow morning you will have to confess that whatever there may be against the haunte: chamber, it is not a ghost."

I think Mrs. Charles was sorry she'd spoken then, for they all took Mis Erristoun up, and the gentlemen werfor laying wagers as to whether she'd see anything or not. When it was too late she tried to laugh aside he challenge as absurd, but Miss Erristoun wouldn't be put off. She said she meant to see the thing through and if she wasn't allowed to have a being made up, she'd carry in her blankes and pillows, and camp out on the floor

The others were all laughing and disputing together, but I saw Mr. Maxwell look at her very curiously. Then he drew Mr. Arthur aside, and began to talk in an undertone. I couldn't hear what he said, but Mr. Arthur answered quite short:

"It's the maddest thing I even heard of, and I won't allow it for a moment."

"She will not ask your permissic perhaps," Mr. Maxwell retorted. Thet he turned to Mrs. Charles, and inquired how long it was since the Blackoom had been used, and if it wakept aired. I could speak to that and when he'd heard that there wan bedding there, but that fires were kept up regularly, he said he mean to have the first refusal of the gheand if he saw nothing it would be time enough for Miss Erristoun to take her turn.

Mr. Maxwell had a kind of knad of settling things, and somehow withis quiet manner always seemed: get his own way. Just before dinner he came to me with Mrs. Charles, assaid it was all right, I was to get tiroom made ready quietly, not for a the servants to know, and he was going to sleep there.

I heard next morning that he came down to breakfast as usual. He'd had an excellent night, he said, and never slept better.

It was wet again that morning, raining "cats and dogs," but Mr. Arthur went out in it all. almost quarrelled with Miss Erristoun. and was furious with Mr. Maxwell for encouraging her in her idea of testing the ghost-theory, as they called it. Those two were together in the library most of the day, and Mrs. Charles was chaffing Miss Erristoun as they went up-stairs to dress, and asking her if she found the demons interesting. Yes, she said, but there was a page missing in the most exciting part of the book. They could not make head or tail of the context for some time, and then Mr. Maxwell discovered that a leaf had been cut out. They talked of nothing else all through dinner, the butler told me, and Miss Erristoun seemed so taken up with her studies, I hoped she'd forgotten about the haunted room. But she wasn't one of the sort to forget. Later in the evening I came across her standing with Mr. Arthur in the corridor. He was talking very earnestly, and I saw her shrug her shoulders and just look up at him and smile, in a sort of way that meant she wasn't going to give in. I was slipping quietly by, for I didn't want to disturb them, when Mr. Maxwell came out of the billiard-room. "It's our game," he said; "won't you come and olay the tie?"

"I'm quite ready," Miss Erristoun inswered, and was turning away, when Mr. Arthur laid his hand on her arm. Promise me first," he urged, "pronise me that much, at least."

"How tiresome you are!" she said uite pettishly. "Very well then, I romise; and now please, don't worry any more."

Mr. Arthur watched her go back to

the billiard-room with his friend, and he gave a sort of groan. Then he caught sight of me and came along the passage. "She won't give it up," he said, and his face was quite white. "I've done all I can; I'd have telegraphed to my father, but I don't know where they'll stay in Paris, and anyway there'd be no time to get an answer. Mrs. Marris, she's going to sleep in that d--- room, and if anything happens to her—I——"he broke off short, and threw himself on to the window-seat, hiding his face on his folded arms.

I could have cried for sympathy with his trouble. Mr. Arthur has always been a favourite of mine, and I felt downright angry with Miss Erristoun for making him so miserable just out of a bit of bravado.

"I think they are all mad," he went on presently. "Charley ought to have stopped the whole thing at once, but Kate and the others have talked him round. He professes to believe there's no danger, and Maxwell has got his head full of some rubbish he has found in those beastly books on Demonology, and he's backing her up. She won't listen to a word I say. She told me point-blank she'd never speak to me again if I interfered. She doesn't care a hang for me; I know that now, but I can't help it; I—I'd give my life for her."

I did my best to comfort him, saying Miss Erristoun wouldn't come to any harm; but it wasn't a bit of use, for I didn't believe in my own assurances. I felt nothing but ill could come of such tempting of Providence, and I seemed to see that other poor girl's terrible face as it had looked when we found her dead in that wicked room. However, it is a true saying that "a wilful woman will have her way," and we could do nothing to prevent Miss Erristoun's risking her life; but I made up my

mind to one thing, whatever other people might do, I wasn't going to bed that night.

I'd been getting the winter-hangings into order, and the upholstress had used the little boudoir at the end of the long corridor for her work. made up the fire, brought in a fresh lamp, and when the house was quiet, I crept down and settled myself there to watch. It wasn't ten yards from the door of the Blue Room, and over the thick carpet I could pass without making a sound, and listen at the keyhole. Miss Erristoun had promised Mr. Arthur she would not lock her door; it was the one concession he'd been able to obtain from The ladies went to their rooms about eleven, but Miss Erristoun stayed talking to Mrs. Charles for nearly an hour while her maid was brushing her hair. I saw her go to the Blue Room, and by and by Louise left her, and all was quiet. It must have been half-past one before I thought I heard something moving outside. I opened the door and looked out, and there was Mr. Arthur standing in the passage. He "You gave a start when he saw me. are sitting up," he said, coming into the room; "then you do believe there is evil work on hand to-night? The others have gone to bed, but I can't rest; it's no use my trying to sleep. I meant to stay in the smoking-room, but it is so far away; I couldn't hear there even if she called for help. I've listened at the door; there isn't a sound. Can't you go in and see if it's all right? Oh, Marris, if she should-

I knew what he meant, but I wasn't going to admit that possible,—yet. "I can't go into a lady's room without any reason," I said; "but I've been to the door every few minutes for the last hour and more. It wasn't till half-past twelve that Miss Erristoun

stopped moving about, and I don't believe, Mr. Arthur, that God will let harm come to her, without giving those that care for her some warning. I mean to keep on listening, and if there's the least hint of anything wrong, why I'll go to her at once, and you are at hand here to help."

I talked to him a bit more till be seemed more reasonable, and then we sat there waiting, hardly speaking a word except when, from time to time. I went outside to listen. The house was deathly quiet; there was something terrible, I thought, in the still ness; not a sign of life anywhere save just in the little boudoir, where Mr. Arthur paced up and down, or sat with a strained look on his face, watching the door.

As three o'clock struck, I went out There is a window in the corridor, angle for angle with the boudoir-door. As I passed, some or stepped from behind the curtains and voice whispered: "Don't be frightene: Mrs. Marris; it is only me, Calde: Maxwell. Mr. Arthur is there, isn't He pushed open the bouder "May I come in?" he sa door. softly. "I guessed you'd be abox. Mertoun. I'm not at all afraid my but if there is anything in that littlegend, it is as well for some of us: be on hand. It was a good ides : yours to get Mrs. Marris to kewatch with you."

Mr. Arthur looked at him as black as thunder. "If you didn't know there was something in it," he sak "you wouldn't be here now; as knowing that, you're nothing less that blackguard for egging that girle to risk her life, for the sake of tryic to prove your insane theories. You are no friend of mine after this, as I'll never willingly see you or speato you again."

I was fairly frightened at h words, and for how Mr. Maxw-

might take them; but he just smiled, and lighted a cigarette, quite cool and quiet.

"I'm not going to quarrel with you, old chap," he said. "You're a bit on the strain to-night, and when a man has nerves he mustn't be held responsible for all his words." Then he "You're a sensible turned to me. woman, Mrs. Marris, and a brave one too, I fancy. If I stay here with Mr. Arthur, will you keep close outside Miss Erristoun's door? She may talk in her sleep quietly; that's of no consequence; but if she should cry out, go in at once, at once, you understand; we shall hear you, and follow immediately."

At that Mr. Arthur was on his feet. "You know more than you pretend," he cried. "You slept in that room last night. By Heaven, if you've played any trick on her I'll——"

Mr. Maxwell held the door open. "Will you go, please, Mrs. Marris?" he said in his quiet way. "Mertoun, don't be a d— fool."

I went as he told me, and I give you my word I was all ears, for I felt certain Mr. Maxwell knew more than we did, and that he expected something to happen.

It seemed like hours, though I know now it could not have been more than a quarter of that time, before I could be positive someone was moving behind that closed door.

At first I thought it was only my we heart, which was beating against my ribs like a hammer; but soon I ould distinguish footsteps, and a sort f murmur like someone speaking continuously, but very low. Then a oice (it was Miss Erristoun's this me) said, "No, it is impossible; I am reaming, I must be dreaming." There as a kind of rustling as though she ere moving quickly across the floor. had my fingers on the handle, but I

seemed as if I'd lost power to stir; I could only wait for what might come next.

Suddenly she began to say something out loud. I could not make out the words, which didn't sound like English, but almost directly she stopped short. "I can't remember any more," she cried in a troubled tone. "What shall I do? I can't——"There was a pause. Then—"No, no!" she shrieked. "Oh, Arthur, Arthur!"

At that my strength came back to me, and I flung open the door.

There was a night-lamp burning on the table, and the room was quite light. Miss Erristoun was standing by the bed; she seemed to have backed up against it; her hands were down at her sides, her fingers clutching at the quilt. Her face was white as a sheet, and her eyes staring wide with terror, as well they might, —I know I never had such a shock in my life, for if it was my last word, I swear there was a man standing close in front of her. He turned and looked at me as I opened the door, and I saw his face as plain as I did He was young and very handsome, and his eyes shone like an animal's when you see them in the dark.

"Arthur!" Miss Erristoun gasped again, and I saw she was fainting. I sprang forward, and caught her by the shoulders just as she was falling back on to the bed.

It was all over in a second. Mr. Arthur had her in his arms, and when I looked up there were only us four in the room, for Mr. Maxwell had followed on Mr. Arthur's heels, and was kneeling beside me with his fingers on Miss Erristoun's pulse. "It's only a faint," he said, "she'll come round directly. Better take her out of this at once; here's a dressing-gown." He threw the wrapper round

her, and would have helped to raise her, but Mr. Arthur needed no assistance. He lifted Miss Erristoun as if she'd been a baby, and carried her straight to the boudoir. He laid her on the couch and knelt beside her, chafing her hands. "Get the brandy out of the smoking room, Maxwell," he said. "Mrs. Marris, have you any salts handy?"

I always carry a bottle in my pocket, so I gave it to him, before I ran after Mr. Maxwell, who had lighted a candle, and was going for the brandy. "Shall I wake Mr. Charles and the servants?" I cried. "He'll be hiding somewhere, but he hasn't had time to get out of the house yet."

He looked as if he thought I was crazed. "He—who?" he asked.

"The man," I said; "there was a man in Miss Erristoun's room. I'll call up Soames and Robert."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he said sharply. "There was no man in that room."

"There was," I retorted, "for I saw him; and a great powerful man too. Someone ought to go for the police before he has time to get off."

Mr. Maxwell was always an odd sort of gentleman, but I didn't know what to make of the way he behaved then. He just leaned against the wall, and laughed till the tears came into his eyes.

"It is no laughing matter that I can see," I told him quite short, for I was angry at his treating the matter so lightly; "and I consider it no more than my duty to let Mr. Charles know that there's a burglar on the premises."

He grew grave at once then. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Marris," he said seriously; "but I couldn't help smiling at the idea of the police. The vicar would be more to the point, all things considered. You really must

not think of rousing the household it might do Miss Erristoun a great injury, and could in no case be of the slightest use. Don't you understand It was not a man at all you say, was an—well, it was what haunt the Blue Room."

Then he ran downstairs leaving is fairly dazed, for I'd made so sur what I'd seen was a real man, the I'd clean forgotten all about the ghost

Miss Erristoun wasn't long regain ing consciousness. She swallowed the brandy we gave her like a lamb, a. sat up bravely, though she started : every sound, and kept her hand ? Mr. Arthur's like a frightened chill It was strange, seeing how indepdent and stand-off she'd been with him before, but she seemed all the sweeter for the change. It was a: they'd come to an understanding wit out any words; and, indeed, he mahave known she had cared for him a along, when she called out his nanin her terror.

As soon as she'd recovered hera little, Mr. Maxwell began askir questions. Mr. Arthur would have stopped him, but he insisted that was of the greatest importance hear everything while the impressive was fresh; and when she had over the first effort, Miss Erriste seemed to find relief in telling he experience. She sat there with and in Mr. Arthur's while she spead and Mr. Maxwell wrote down whe she said in his pocket-book.

She told us she went to bed quesy, for she wasn't the least nervand being tired she soon dropped to sleep. Then she had a sort dream, I suppose, for she thought was in the same room, only different furnished, all but the bed. Stranged. She had the stranged arranged. She had the stranged too, that she was not herbut someone else, and that she

going to do something,—something that must be done, though she was frightened to death all the time, and kept stopping to listen at the inner door, expecting someone would hear her moving about and call out for her to go to them. That in itself was queer, for there was nobody sleeping in the adjoining room. In her dream, she went on to say, she saw a curious little silver brazier, one that stands in a cabinet in the picture-gallery (a fine example of cinque cento work, I think I've heard my Lady call it), and this she remembered holding in her hands a long time, before she set it on a little table beside the bed. Now the bed in the Blue Room is very handsome, richly carved on the cornice and frame, and especially on the posts, which are a foot square at the base and covered with relief-work in a design of fruit and flowers. Erristoun said she went to the lefthand post at the foot, and after passing her hand over the carving, she seemed to touch a spring in one of the centre flowers, and the panel fell outwards like a lid, disclosing a secret cupboard out of which she took some papers and a box. She seemed to know what to do with the papers, though she couldn't tell us what was written on them; and she had a disinct recollection of taking a pastille from the box, and lighting it in the ilver brazier. The smoke curled up and seemed to fill the whole room with heavy perfume, and the next thing he remembered was that she awoke o find herself standing in the middle f the floor, and,—what I had seen hen I opened the door was there.

She turned quite white when she ame to that part of the story, and auddered. "I couldn't believe it," he said; "I tried to think I was fill dreaming, but I wasn't, I wasn't, was real, and it was there, and,—

1, it was horrible!"

She hid her face against Mr. Arthur's shoulder. Mr. Maxwell sat, pencil in hand, staring at her. "I was right then," he said. "I felt sure I was; but it seemed incredible."

"It is incredible," said Miss Erristoun; "but it is true, frightfully true. When I realised that I was awake, that it was actually real, I tried to remember the charge, you know, out of the office of exorcism, but I couldn't get through it. The words went out of my head; I felt my will-power failing; I was paralysed, as though I could make no effort to help myself and then,—then I—," she looked at Mr. Arthur and blushed all over her face and neck. "I thought of you, and I called,—I had a feeling that you would save me."

Mr. Arthur made no more ado about us than if we'd been a couple of dummies. He just put his arms round her and kissed her, while Mr. Maxwell and I looked the other way.

After a bit, Mr. Maxwell said: "One more question, please; what was it like?"

She answered after thinking for a minute. "It was like a man, tall and very handsome. I have an impression that its eyes were blue and very bright." Mr. Maxwell looked at me inquiringly, and I nodded. "And dressed?" he asked. She began to laugh almost hysterically. "It sounds too insane for words, but I think,—I am almost positive it wore ordinary evening dress."

"It is impossible," Mr. Arthur cried. "You were dreaming the whole time, that proves it."

"It doesn't," Mr. Maxwell contradicted. "They usually appeared in the costume of the day. You'll find that stated particularly both by Scott and Glanvil; Sprengergives an instance too. Besides, Mrs. Marris thought it was a burglar, which argues that the,—the manifestation was objective,

and presented no striking peculiarity in the way of clothing."

"What?" Miss Erristoun exclaimed.
"You saw it too?" I told her exactly what I had seen. My description tallied with hers in everything, but the white shirt and tie, which from my position at the door I naturally should not be able to see.

Mr. Maxwell snapped the elastic round his note-book. For a long time he sat silently staring at the "It is almost past belief," he said at last, speaking half to himself, "that such a thing could happen at the end of the nineteenth century, in these scientific rationalistic times that we think such a lot about, we, who look down from our superior intellectual height on the benighted superstitions of the Middle Ages." He gave an odd little laugh. "I'd like to get to the bottom of this business. I have a theory, and in the interest of psychical research and common humanity, I'd like to work it out. Miss Erristoun, you ought, I know, to have rest and quiet, and it is almost morning; but will you grant me one request. Before you are overwhelmed with questions, before you are made to relate your experience till the impression of to-night's adventure loses edge and clearness, will you go with Mertoun and myself to the Blue Room, and try to find the secret panel?"

"She shall never set foot inside that door again," Mr. Arthur began hotly, but Miss Erristoun laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Wait a moment, dear," she said gently; "let us hear Mr. Maxwell's reasons. Do you think," she went on, "that my dream had a foundation in fact; that something connected with that dreadful thing is really concealed about the room?"

"I think," he answered, "that you hold the clue to the mystery, and I believe, could you repeat the action of

your dream, and open the secret panel you might remove for ever the legacy of one woman's reckless folly. Only if it is to be done at all, it must be soon, before the impression has had time to fade."

"It shall be done now," the answered; "I am quite myself again. Feel my pulse; my nerves are perfectly steady."

Mr. Arthur broke out into angreprotestations. She had gone through more than enough for one night, he said, and he wouldn't have her health sacrificed to Maxwell's whims.

I have always thought Mis-Erristoun handsome, but never, no even on her wedding-day, did she kok so beautiful as then when she stoo up in her heavy white wrapper, with all her splendid hair loose on he shoulders.

"Listen," she said; "if God give us a plain work to do, we must d it at any cost. Last night I didn believe in anything I could not undstand. I was so full of pride in m own courage and common-sense, the I wasn't afraid to sleep in that ro: and prove the ghost was all super stitious nonsense. I have learne there are forces of which I knnothing, and against which to strength was utter weakness. took care of me, and sent help in time; and if He has opened a way which I may save other women fra the danger I escaped, I should worse than ungrateful were I to shirt the task. Bring the lamp, Mr. Ms. well, and let us do what we can Then she put both hands on M: Arthur's shoulders. "Why are vi troubled?" she said sweetly. "Yo will be with me, and how can I afraid ?"

It never strikes me as strange at that burglaries and things can go in a big house at night, and not a si one whit the wiser. There were fi

people sleeping in the rooms on that corridor while we tramped up and down without disturbing one of them. Not but what we went as quietly as we could, for Mr. Maxwell made it clear that the less was known about the actual facts, the better. He went first, carrying the lamp, and we followed. Miss Erristoun shivered as her eyes fell on the bed, across which that dreadful crease showed plain, and I knew she was thinking of what might have been, had help not been at hand.

Just for a minute she faltered, then she went bravely on, and began feeling over the carved woodwork for the spring of the secret panel. Mr. Maxwell held the lamp close, but there was nothing to show any difference between that bit of carving and the other three posts. For full ten minutes she tried, and so did the gentlemen, and it seemed as though the dream would turn out a delusion after all, when all at once Miss Erristoun cried, "I have found it," and with a little jerk, the square of wood fell forward, and there was the cupboard just as she had described it to us.

It was Mr. Maxwell who took out the things, for Mr. Arthur wouldn't let Miss Erristoun touch them. There were a roll of papers and a little silver box. At the sight of the box she gave a sort of cry; "That is it," she said, and covered her face with her hands.

Mr. Maxwell lifted the lid, and emptied out two or three pastilles. Then he unfolded the papers, and before he had fairly glanced at the sheet of parchment covered with queer black characters, he cried, "I knew it, I knew it! It is the missing eaf." He seemed quite wild with excitement. "Come along," he said. Bring the light, Mertoun; I always aid it was no ghost, and now the whole thing is as clear as day-

light. You see," he went on, as we gathered round the table in the boudoir, "so much depended on there being an heir. That was the chief cause of the endless quarrels between old Lord Mertoun and Barbara. had never approved of the marriage, and was for ever reproaching the poor woman with having failed in the first duty of an only son's wife. His will shows that he did not leave her a farthing in event of her husband dving without issue. Then the feud with the Protestant branch of the family was very bitter, and the Sir Archibald of that day had three boys, he having married (about the same time as his cousin) Lady Mary Sarum, who had been Barbara's rival at Court and whom Barbara very naturally hated. So when the doctors pronounced Dennis Mertoun to be dying of consumption, his wife got desperate, and had recourse to black magic. It is well known that the old man's collection of works on Demonology was the most complete in Europe. Lady Barbara must have had access to the books, and it was she who cut out this leaf. Probably Lord Mertoun discovered the theft and drew his own conclusions. That would account for his refusal to admit her body to the family vault. The Mertouns were staunch Romanists, and it is one of the deadly sins, you know, meddling with sorcery. Well, Barbara contrived to procure the pastilles, and she worked out the spell according to the directions given here, and then,-Good God! Mertoun, what have you done?"

For before any one could interfere to check him, Mr. Arthur had swept papers, box, pastilles, and all off the table and flung them into the fire. The thick parchment curled and shrivelled on the hot coals, and a queer, faint smell like incense spread heavily through the room. Mr. Arthur stepped to the window and threw the casement wide open. Day was breaking, and a sweet fresh wind swept in from the east which was all rosy with the glow of the rising sun.

"It is a nasty story," he said; "and if there be any truth in it, for the credit of the family and the name of a dead woman, let it rest for ever. We will keep our own counsel about to-night's work. It is enough for others to know that the spell of the Blue Room is broken, since a brave, pure-minded girl has dared to face its unknown mystery and has laid the ghost."

Mr. Calder-Maxwell considered a

moment. "I believe you are right." he said, presently, with an air of resignation. "I agree to your prosition, and I surrender my change of world-wide celebrity among the votaries of Psychical Research; but do wish, Mertoun, you would call things by their proper names. It was not a ghost It was an

But as I said, all I can remember now of the word he used is, that it somehow put me in mind of poultryrearing.

NOTE.—The reader will observe that the worthy Mrs. Marris, though no student d Sprenger, unconsciously discerned the readfinity of the incubator of the hen-yard at the incubus of the MALLEUS MALLEUGH.

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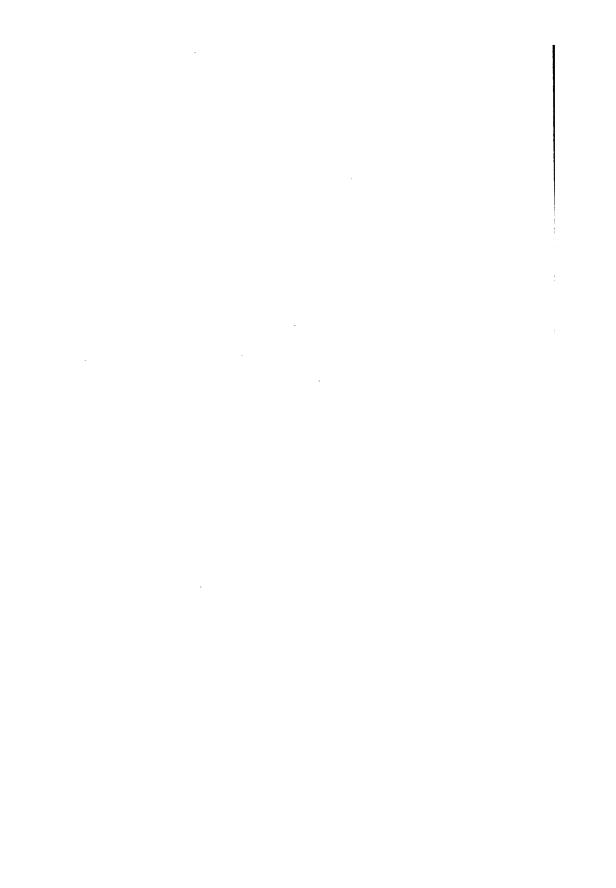
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